



Ex bibliotheca
Steph. Quatremeri.



CHANDOS LEIGH.

P.O. angl. 9ⁿ in 4^e

Milton



JOHN MILTON *Ætat 62.*

London: Published Nov. 23^d 1709 by T. Heptinstall Holborn.

MILTON'S Paradise Lost,

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

To which is prefixed the Celebrated Critique by Sam^l Johnson LL.D.



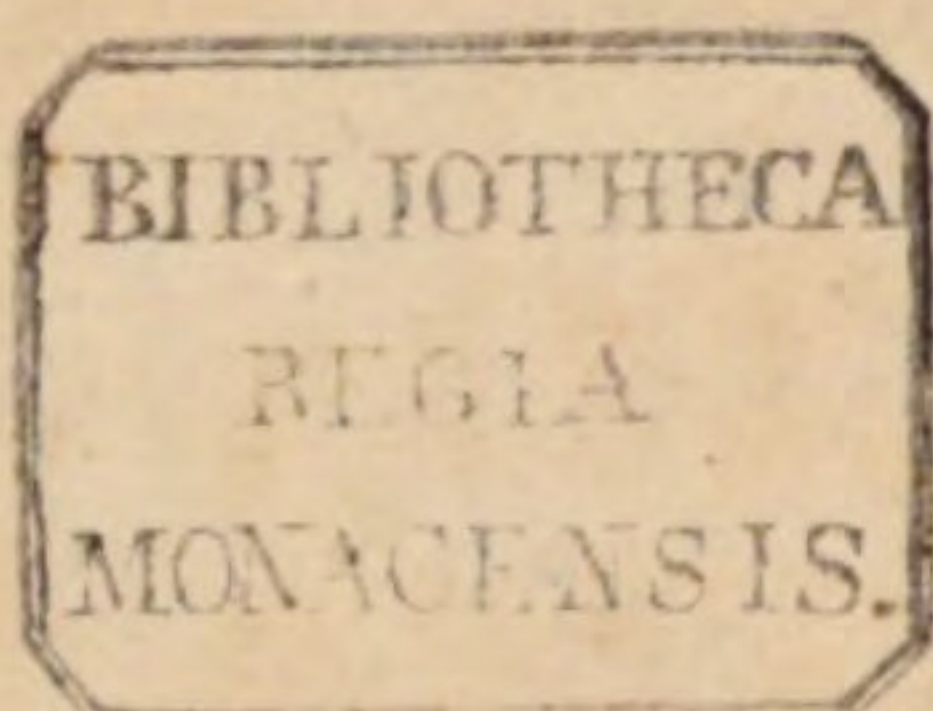
*Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
Curs'd his creation* Book X. line 851.

NOVELL'S

Printed by C. Whittingham Dean Street, Fetter Lane, for
T. Heptinstall N^o 304 Holborn.

And Sold by H.D. Symonds Paternoster Row; J.H. Hookham Bond Street;
J.I. Black Leadenhall Street; R.H. Wesley Strand; and all the
principal Booksellers in England, Scotland, Ireland, & America.

1799



BIBLIOTHECA

REGIA

MONACENSIS.

SKETCH
OF
THE LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
JOHN MILTON.

BY
THE REV. JOHN EVANS, A.M.

What is Biography in its fairest point of view? A tribute paid by justice and esteem
to genius and to virtue. HAYLEY.

BIOGRAPHY is with the public a favourite species of composition, for it imparts a large portion of instruction and entertainment. To record with fidelity the virtues and vices of men in every condition of life is its peculiar province, and hence its details have employed writers whose talents have claimed the admiration of mankind. The useful labours of a JOHNSON, and of a KIPPIS, in this department of literature, will be recollected with pleasure by a grateful posterity.

The Life of the illustrious JOHN MILTON has been written by so many different authors, that no fresh information can be expected on the subject. It may, however, prove useful to collect into a small compass,

the scattered particulars which have already been related concerning this prodigy of genius, whose writings will be coeval with our language, conferring a permanent splendour on our national dignity. HOMER in Greece, VIRGIL among the Romans, and MILTON in Britain, are a triumvirate of epic poets, whose names will be pronounced by every scholar with sentiments of delightful veneration.

JOHN MILTON was born at the house of his father, in Bread Street, London, on the 9th of December, 1608. His parents were both of them persons of great respectability. The father was a scrivener, a profession which at that period embraced the two lucrative branches of drawing contracts and of lending money. His mother, according to his own account of her, sustained an excellent character, and was much beloved for her extensive charities.

The father, who possessed eminent musical abilities, must have perceived the extraordinary genius of his son, and must have fostered its first openings towards maturity. Accordingly we find that such care was taken in the improvement of his mind, that his education blended the advantages of private and public instruction. The avidity with which MILTON availed himself of these advantages is happily described in his *Second Defence*; "My father (says he) destined me from my infancy to the study of polite literature, which I embraced with such avidity, that from the age of twelve I hardly ever retired from my books before midnight. This proved the first source of injury to my eyes, whose natural weakness was attended by frequent pains of the head; but as all these disadvantages could not repress my ardour for learning, my father took care to have me instructed by various preceptors both at home and at school." What a sweet picture is here drawn of parental affection, vigorously intent on the improvement

of its child, and also of filial regard, displaying itself in the constant use of means thus liberally furnished! *Such* a parent and *such* a son are worthy of admiration. Witness the following beautiful Address of MILTON to his Father, translated from the Latin by the late Mr. COWPER, the author of that incomparable poem the *Task*, and of other charming pieces of poetry:

My FATHER! for thou never bad'st me tread
The beaten path and broad, that leads right on
To opulence, nor didst condemn thy son
To the insipid clamours of the bar,
To laws voluminous and ill-observ'd;
But wishing to enrich me more—to fill
My mind with treasure—led'st me far away
From civic din to deep retreats—to banks
And streams Aonian, and with free consent
Didst place me happy at Apollo's side.

MILTON's first domestic tutor was the Rev. THOMAS YOUNG, for whom he entertained the warmest regard and affection. To him he addressed two Latin epistles, full of the tenderest wishes for his welfare and happiness. This worthy man was exiled on account of his religious sentiments, and took up his abode at Ham-burgh. It may, however, gratify the benevolent reader to be informed, that he was in a few years returned to the circle of his friends, and became master of Jesus College, Cambridge.

The pupil after having quitted Mr. Young, was placed at St. Paul's school, where he made a rapid progress in the Latin language. This seminary was then under the care of Mr. Gill and his son, to the latter of whom he wrote three Latin epistles, which are pleasing memorials of the friendship which subsisted between them.

On the 12th of February, 1624, MILTON (now sixteen years of age) became pensioner of Christ College,

Cambridge. At first, his treatment was not liberal, owing, it is supposed, to some free expressions which he dropt relative to their mode of education. The animosity, however, subsided ere his removal. This unexpected alteration of their conduct towards him impressed him in a very grateful manner. In his prose works we meet with the following passage, which amply records his feelings on the occasion: "It has given me (says he, addressing his enemies) an apt occasion to acknowledge publicly, with a grateful mind, that more than ordinary favour and respect which I found, above any of my equals, at the hand of those courteous and learned fellows of that college, wherein I spent some years, who at my parting, after I had taken two degrees as the manner is, signified many ways how much better it would content them that I would stay, as by many letters full of kindness and loving respect, both before that time and long after, I was assured of their singular good affection towards me."

After seven years passed in Cambridge he retired to the house of his father, who now resided at Horton, in Buckinghamshire. Here he devoted himself to assiduous study. In a curious letter to his friend, Charles Diodati, we are informed of his intense application. The poet, however, speaks with great modesty of his attainments, though it is supposed that he had already written his *Comus*, his *Lycidas*, his *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, at this delightful retreat in the country. This may be deemed a fresh proof of the alliance between merit and modesty.

Having lived beneath the roof of his father five years, he took lodgings in London, and devoted himself to the cultivation of music and mathematics. His mother, however, dying soon after, he prevailed with his surviving parent to permit him to visit the continent,

He obtained some directions for his travels from the accomplished Sir Henry Wotton *, and set off for Paris in 1638, where he met with the politest reception.

During his travels he had the supreme pleasure of becoming acquainted with three most eminent men in the republic of letters—*Grotius*, *Galileo*, and *Manso*, the friend and biographer of Tasso, the Italian poet of famous memory. His interview with such men must have been extremely interesting, and it were to be wished that more particulars had been communicated to us respecting it. *Grotius* he found at Paris, then minister of Sweden—*Galileo* in the prisons of the Inquisition at Florence—and *Manso* at Naples, who treated our poet with the kindness of genuine hospitality.

From Naples Milton designed to proceed to Sicily and Greece—but the state of his native country called him home. The Parliament and Charles the First were now unhappily falling out, and our illustrious traveller relinquished the extension of his travels, that he might take a part in that grand national contention.

Upon his return to England, he took up his residence in St. Bride's-church-yard, London—here he received the two sons of his sister, John and Edward Philips, for his pupils. His ability for education cannot be doubted, for he was acquainted with the whole range of literature, and was ardently desirous of its diffusion among his fellow creatures. His present situation was soon exchanged for a house in Aldersgate-

* The pious and venerable Isaac Walton wrote the life of this excellent man, and it has been lately republished by Mr. Zouch—in conjunction with the lives of *Donne*, *Herbert*, and *Bishop Sanderson*, all which proceeded from the pen of the same faithful biographer. To this volume the reader is referred, and upon the perusal of it he must feel himself obliged to the editor for having put such a treasure into his possession. Mr. Zouch is a respectable clergyman of the Church of England.

street, which, on account of its spaciousness, was more suited for his purpose. Here he received other scholars, and laboured for some time with uncommon industry in the useful and respectable employ of instructing the rising generation.

At this period Milton began to take a part in the rough and tempestuous controversies of the times. *Four Pieces* were written within the compass of two years; but justice requires it to be mentioned, that his controversial writings are too abusive—for which fault an apology may be found when we recollect the turbulence of the period in which he lived. The passions of both parties were violently inflamed—hence each partizan indulged himself in the language of reprobation.

In 1643, at the age of thirty-five, our famous controversialist married Mary, daughter of Richard Powell, of Forest Hill, near Shotover, in Oxfordshire. A few weeks after their marriage a curious incident occurred. The lady, under the pretence of visiting her father, deserted him—for having given her permission to stay till Michaelmas, she refused to return at the expiration of that period. Indeed his nephew Philips intimates, that upon his application for his wife, the *husband* was treated with contempt. The cause of this procedure is attributed to politics, for *her* family was attached to the king, and Milton himself to the parliament. Be this as it may, the poet resented this injurious treatment. In the year 1644, he published the *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*, wherein he contended that other causes besides adultery may be just grounds for separation. This piece procured Milton many enemies; but he published some intrepid vindications of the doctrine he had maintained. It is a little remarkable, that speaking of matrimonial infelicity, he terms it a “secret affliction of an unconscionable size to human

strength." This phraseology shews that his sensibility was awakened to the extent of the evil which he had sustained.

During this affliction, however, his vigorous mind produced his *Tractate on Education*, and his *Areopagitica*, being a speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing. The former production evinces how conversant the mind of its author was with every part of literature, and how desirous he was that the understandings of youth should be impregnated with the richest stores of information. As to the latter treatise, Mr. Hayley justly remarks—"Had the author of the *Paradise Lost* left us no composition but his *Areopagitica*, he would be still entitled to the affectionate veneration of every Englishman, who exults in that intellectual light which is the noblest characteristic of his country, and for which England is chiefly indebted to the liberty of the press. Our constant advocate for freedom in every department of life vindicated this most important privilege with a mind fully sensible of its value; he poured all his heart into this vindication, and to speak of his work in his own energetic language, we may justly call it, what he has defined a good book to be—"the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

In 1645 appeared his early poems, both in the English and Latin languages—they were comprised in a small volume, and their publication in this compact form was obtained by the author's permission.

Milton began to be weary of his solitary life, occasioned by the flight of his spouse, and was about to carry his doctrine of divorce into action. He even paid his addresses to a lady, and nothing but her scruples respecting the legality of such a connection prevented the union. But at this critical juncture a

most unexpected incident occurred. One day conversing with a relative, whom he frequently visited, in St. Martin's-lane, his wife was suddenly introduced to him, kneeling and beseeching his forgiveness! He forgave her—for it seems “his generous nature was more inclinable to reconciliation than to perseverance in anger and revenge.”

Fenton in his neat biographical sketch ingeniously observes, that this singular interview might have suggested to Milton the following beautiful passage, in which Eve's situation after transgression is most happily delineated:

—————Her lowly plight
Immoveable, till peace obtained from fault
Acknowledged and deplored, in Adam wrought
Commiseration; soon his heart relented
Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,
Now at his feet submissive in distress!
Creature so fair his reconciliation seeking,
His counsel whom she had displeas'd, his aid
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost.

Soon after this reconciliation between Milton and his wife, he received into his house her family also, who, having attached themselves to the royal party, were along with them almost ruined. Here they remained till their affairs were properly adjusted. This was in itself a generous action—but considered with regard to their former behaviour towards him, it may be denominated a deed of the purest benevolence. This circumstance shews the poet in the most amiable point of view, and should operate in his behalf with those prejudiced persons who are intent on blackening his reputation.

Having published, in 1649, *The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, he began to write an *History of his own Country*, but was unexpectedly called to be *Latin Secre-*

tary to the Parliament. For this office he was well capacitated, and acquitted himself with singular ability. His first performance in this new station was his *Iconoclastes*, or the Image Breaker. This work was designed to counteract the effect of that celebrated book known by the name of *Icon Basilike*, or Royal Image, supposed to have been written by Charles the First, and circulated by his adherents, in order to excite the public commiseration. The next production of his pen attracted great attention, and was the means of rendering his name celebrated in foreign nations. Salmasius, a learned foreigner, undertook to vindicate the character and memory of the decapitated monarch, and of course spoke of the proceedings of Parliament towards him in terms of the strongest indignation. Milton was appointed to answer him, and this task he accomplished in a manner that drew upon him universal attention. In 1651, therefore, he produced his most elaborate Latin performance, his *Defence of the People of England*. Here he exerted all the energy of his extraordinary mind, and overwhelmed his adversary with confusion. Compliments flowed in upon him from almost every quarter; for he himself declares, "This I can truly affirm, that as soon as my *Defence of the People* was published, and read with avidity, there was not in our metropolis any ambassador from any state or sovereign, who did not either congratulate me, if we met by chance, or express a desire to receive me at his house, or visit me at mine." Milton was particularly gratified by the applause of Christiana, Queen of Sweden, who, in the commendation of the performance, had made this just distinction—that Milton was friendly to good sovereigns, though an inveterate enemy to tyrants of every description.

Not long after this period he became blind—the left eye losing its sight in 1651, the other in 1654. Under

this sore affliction he retained his usual cheerfulness, and herein appears the native dignity of his mind. To a friend he thus happily expresses himself on the subject—it is impossible to read the whole sonnet without admiration.

Cyriac, this three years day these eyes, tho' clear
 To outward view of blemish or of spot,
 Bereft of sight, their seeing have forgot,
 Nor to their idle orbs does day appear,
 Or sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
 Or man or woman; yet I argue not
 Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate one jot,
 Of heart, or hope, but still bear up and steer
 Right onward. What supports me dost thou ask?
 The conscience, friend, to have lost them over ply'd
 In liberty's defence, my noble task,
 Of which all Europe talks from side to side:
 This thought might lead me thro' the world's vain mask,
 Content tho' blind, had I no better guide*.

In 1654, Milton, at this time entirely deprived of sight, again buckled on his armour, and entered the field of controversy. His *Second Defence of the People* now appeared, and in the ensuing year he put forth a *Defence of Himself*, in which he ably refuted the calumnies which the malevolence of his enemies had heaped upon him. Of the former piece, Mr. Hayley remarks—"it proves that the mind of this wonderful man united to the poetic imagination of Homer the argumentative energy of Demosthenes."

* It seems that the appearance of Milton's eyes was not injured by the loss of sight; they continued to possess that clearness and even brightness for which they had been always distinguished. Hence, in the admirable portrait prefixed to this volume, the engraver has very properly attended to this circumstance, and no marks of blindness are discernible. Milton, alluding to this deceitfulness of his eyes, addresses his enemies, who had accused him of hypocrisy, with this pleasant remark—"This is the *only* instance of my hypocrisy; but *this*, I can assure you, is sorely against my will."

He had now for some time lost his wife; but the lone condition of a widower did not accord with his social feelings. Accordingly he soon entered into the matrimonial state, for he married Catherine, the daughter of Captain Woodcock, with whom he lived many years, and enjoyed no small share of connubial felicity. Upon her decease he dedicated a sonnet to her memory, expressed in terms highly panegyric, and fraught with the tenderest affection. The effusion does honour to his sensibility.

In 1659, he published two treatises—the one *On Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes*, the other, *On the likeliest Means of removing Hirelings out of the Church*. By these productions their author meant to subserve the advancement of religion, which has been materially injured by the secular purposes to which it has been appropriated.

But the restoration of Charles the Second, 1660, was now approaching, and this event for a time greatly endangered his safety. From April to August of that memorable year, he secreted himself at a friend's house in Bartholomew Close, and at the expiration of that period, being included in the Act of Oblivion, he came abroad. This unexpected deliverance is ascribed to Sir William Davenant, in return for the preservation of his own life, procured by Milton's interest, when he himself was under condemnation, 1650. This proceeding reflects great credit on both parties. Sir William had been Poet Laureat to Charles the First—between these two brother poets, therefore, a kindred sympathy subsisted, which the violence of opposite and jarring politics was not able to extinguish. In such turbulent times, it is gratifying to discover traits of character so honourable to humanity. Of the fact no doubt can be entertained. Johnson admits that Milton's life was saved by Davenant—and Anthony Wood records that

Davenant's life was preserved by Milton. These are authorities which place the procedure beyond any further suspicion. It rests on a basis which cannot be overthrown.

Some persons have supposed that Milton began his *Paradise Lost* about two years before, and finished it three years after the Restoration. Upon this supposition a fine allusion is made to his situation in the opening of the Seventh Book :

More safe I sing, with mortal voice unchanged
To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n and evil tongues,
In darkness and with dangers compass'd round
And solitude; yet not alone while thou
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the east, still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few;
But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodope, where rocks and woods had ears
To rapture, till the savage clamour drown'd
Both harp and voice, nor could the muse defend
Her son: so fail not thou who thee implores,
For thou art heavenly—she an empty dream!

Certain lines in this paragraph forcibly depict the turbulent joy and festivity which attended the restoration of the ancient monarchy in Britain.

Milton, after this his fortunate escape, having terminated his political life, took a house in Holborn, then removed to Jewin-street, where, in the 54th year of his age, he espoused his third wife, Elizabeth Minshall, a lady of Cheshire.

In 1661 he published a small piece, entitled, *Accidence commenced Grammar*, by the use of which the elements of the Latin language might be more easily attained. His *Sampson Agonistes* is supposed to have

been written about this period, and it contains many exquisite passages, which allude not only to his own singular situation, but to the fate of many of his contemporaries, who perished on the scaffold. The concluding lines of this interesting drama constitute a prayer, evidently for himself, peculiarly devout and appropriate:

—————In fine
Just or unjust alike seem miserable,
For oft alike both come to evil end.
So deal not with this once thy glorious champion,
The image of thy strength and mighty minister.
What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already?
Behold *him* in his state calamitous, and turn
His labours, for thou can'st, to peaceful end.

The prayer appeared to have been abundantly fulfilled from the tenor of the remaining portion of his mortal pilgrimage.

It was at this time, the honest quaker, Thomas Elwood, was introduced to Milton for the purpose of reading to him the classical writers. From him, we first learn that Milton wrote the *Paradise Lost*, for to him was shewn the manuscript, who having read it, upon returning it asked the poet what he had to say on *Paradise Found*? This natural question, it seems, gave birth to *Paradise Regained*! So trifling a circumstance not unfrequently gives rise to valuable performances.

His *Paradise Lost* appeared in 1667, and was sold to a bookseller for the paltry sum of five pounds. The agreement, indeed, further stipulated, that the same sum should be paid after the sale of 1300 copies of the first edition, and *five* in the same manner both on a second and third. The number of each edition being limited to 1500 copies. In April 1669, the Author received his second payment of five pounds. The second edition came forth in the year of his death, and

the third in four years after that event. His widow, who inherited a right to the copy, sold all her claims to Simmons the Bookseller, for eight pounds, in December 1680—so that *twenty-eight pounds*, paid at different times in the course of *thirteen* years, is the whole pecuniary reward which this great performance produced to the poet and his widow. Such is the account given by Mr. Hayley, and he justly remarks, that the terms of this contract are such, as a lover of genius can hardly hear without a sigh of pity and indignation *.

With respect to the reception of this wonderful poem various opinions have been entertained. Some contend that its merits were not instantly discerned, and that it lay neglected by readers of almost every description. Others, rejecting this statement are inclined to a different view of the subject; they insist, and justly, that the sale of *thirteen hundred* copies in two years affords satisfactory proof of its favourable reception, especially as Johnson observes, “the sale of books was not in Milton’s age what it is in the present; for the nation had been satisfied from 1623 to 1644, that is forty-one years, with only two editions of the works of Shakespeare, which probably did not together make one thousand copies.” He was also honoured with several flattering tokens of approbation. Marvel and Barrow, in their verses prefixed to the ordinary editions of *Paradise Lost*, shew that they were sensible of the excellencies of the poem, and were desirous of blazoning forth its merits to the world. Dryden declared that, in the muse of Milton, the excellencies of Homer and

* The original form of *Paradise Lost* was somewhat altered in subsequent editions. The first impression contained only ten books, in a small quarto—but the long narration of the *seventh* and of the *tenth* was divided, which produced *two* Books more, the state in which it has since remained.

Virgil were combined. Witness his famous lines almost too well known to be here introduced :

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
The first in loftiness of thought surpast,
The next in majesty, in both the LAST;
The force of nature could no farther go,
To make a THIRD, she join'd the other two !

A higher compliment could not be paid to our author, who upon the perusal of these lines must have been in an extraordinary degree gratified. But notwithstanding these praises, which poured in upon him from many quarters, the work itself, it must be confessed, did not attain to the full meridian of its celebrity till Addison wrote his illustrative papers in the year 1712, in which the excellencies of the poem were pointed out with singular ability. With a view therefore to this its *future* success, Johnson penned the following beautiful passage: "Fancy can hardly forbear to conjecture with what temper Milton surveyed the silent progress of his work, and marked his reputation stealing its way in a kind of subterraneous current through fear and silence. I cannot but conceive him calm and confident, little disappointed, not at all dejected, relying on his own merit with steady consciousness, and waiting without impatience the vicissitudes of opinion, and the impartiality of a future generation."

With respect to the blank verse, in which *Paradise Lost* was written, and for which the bookseller thought proper to apologise at its first publication, Lord Orford has made the following just observations on the subject: "MILTON's soul (says he) was full of poetry, sense, and fire, and he had improved all those qualities by studying the best models. Thus prepared, he gave aloose to his genius, which was too impetuous and

sublime to be curbed by the mechanism of rhyme, which would often have impeded his expressing all he felt, and oftener, perhaps, have obliged him to add frigidities to help out the return of the sound. The language therefore of MILTON's blank verse was not studied, but *the natural application of his own tongue to deliver his own ideas.*"

After the publication of *Paradise Lost*, Milton, in 1670, presented himself to the public in a new character, that of the historian of his country. He produced, however, only six books, which, commencing at the earliest period of our history, brought it down to the Conquest. It abounds with erudition and shrewd remarks. It exhibits the wonderful mind of the Author, whose talents were commensurate with his subject. His character of Alfred has been much admired—impressed with the virtues of this great monarch in a dark and barbarous age, his pencil has sketched a vivid portraiture of them with admirable fidelity!

The next year came forth his *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*, both of which have been already mentioned, and somewhat explained. The former piece, it has been said, was preferred by Milton to his *Paradise Lost*, but this it seems is not strictly correct, for he only expressed himself hurt by the very inferior opinion entertained of *Paradise Regained*; Mr. Hayley, therefore, pertinently remarks on this subject—"To censure the *Paradise Regained*, because it does not more resemble the preceding poem, is hardly less absurd than it would be to condemn the moon for not being a sun, instead of admiring the two different luminaries, and feeling that both the greater and the less are visibly the work of the same divine and inimitable power."

In 1672 he condescended to publish, *A New Scheme of Logic according to the Method of Ramus*, for the ini-

tiation of students in philosophy, and in 1673 he favoured the world with his last publication—*A Treatise of True Religion, Heresy, Schism, Toleration, and the best Means to prevent the Growth of Popery*. The title of this performance indicates that regard for religion which always predominated in the breast of Milton. Unlike the witlings of the present day, his comprehensive mind was sensible of the value of revelation. Protesting also against its abuses he laboured to promote its purity, persuaded that its unadulterated doctrines and genuine precepts accord with the best interests of mankind. Indeed to the Bible, the poet stands indebted for many of the finest passages of his works. His fancy, naturally fervid, was heated and sublimed by the discoveries of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Impregnated by its richest truths, and led forth in imagination to survey the vast territories of happiness and misery, which lie concealed in the eternal world, his muse ventured upon

Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme*!

Milton now drew near his latter end; for the gout at different times had violently shattered his constitution. On Sunday evening, the 15th of November, 1674, he expired at his house in Artillery-walk, near Bunhill-fields, without a sigh or groan. The attendants in the chamber were not apprised of his dissolution; so quietly

* The late Dr. Gillies, of Glasgow, published an edition of *Paradise Lost*, inserting at the bottom of the page the passages of scripture to which Milton is supposed to have referred, or rather from which he has derived his principal beauties. At the close of each book also is to be found a list of the passages from the classics, to which the poet stands indebted. On account of these two circumstances, that plain edition of the *Paradise Lost* is entitled to particular commendation.

did this great and good man terminate his mortal career.

With respect to the person of Milton, curious particulars have been transmitted down to us. Aubrey informs us that "his harmonical and ingenuous soul dwelt in a beautiful and well proportioned body."—"His deportment (says Anthony Wood) was affable, and his gait erect and manly, bespeaking courage and undauntedness." Richardson also tells us, "that an ancient clergyman of Dorsetshire found John Milton in a small chamber hung with rusty green, sitting in an elbow chair, and dressed neatly in black, pale but not cadaverous, his hands and fingers gouty, and with chalk stones." The same writer likewise assures us, "that HE used also to sit in a grey coarse cloth coat, at the door of his house near Bunhill-fields, in warm sunny weather, to enjoy the fresh air, and so, as well as in his room, received the visits of people of distinguished parts as well as quality." These brief sketches of Milton's person are too interesting to be omitted, and it may be added, that his hair was light brown, his eyes dark grey, and his complexion so fair, that at college, according to his own expression, he was stiled, "The Lady," an appellation used by way of distinction.

He left behind him a widow and daughters, who were not distinguished for any extraordinary qualities, either of body or mind. Of the several branches of the family there seems now to be an entire extinction.

His remains were interred in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, and his obsequies were attended by persons of the greatest respectability. Near the spot was erected, in the year 1793, an elegant monument, containing a bust of the deceased, and the following inscription beneath it:

JOHN MILTON,

Author of *PARADISE LOST*,

Born, December, 1608,

Died, November, 1674.

His Father, John Milton, died March, 1646.

They were both interred in this Church.

SAMUEL WHITBREAD POSUIT, 1793.

At the bottom of this inscription the sculptor has placed a flaming sword, around which a serpent entwines itself, and in whose mouth an apple is held, emblematical of the transgression of our first parents!

I scarcely ever pass this repository of the dead without feeling a kind of reverence for the spot where my favourite poet lies interred; and when I went thither to copy the above inscription, my admiration was kindled by contemplating the munificence of the late excellent Mr. Whitbread, who had paid this elegant tribute of respect to his memory. Mr. Benson, in the year 1737, offered a similar token of regard, by placing his bust in Westminster Abbey.

Not long since, the spot where Milton lay buried was opened, and an imperfect skeleton, supposed to be his, was subjected to public inspection. Great doubt, however, has been entertained respecting the reality of these remains; nor can the contemplation of them be by any means denominated a laudable curiosity. The accurate Mr. Loft has made the following beautiful remarks on the subject:—"He was buried in St. Giles, Cripplegate, where a sordid mischief was committed lately, and a market made of the eagerness with which curiosity or admiration prompted persons to possess themselves of his supposed remains, which, however, there is reason to believe, far from being MILTON's, were the bones of a person not of the same age or sex. It were to be wished that neither superstition, affectation, idle curiosity, or avarice, were so

frequently invading the silence of the grave—far from honouring the illustrious dead, it is rather outraging the common condition of humanity, and the last melancholy state in which our present existence terminates. Dust and ashes have no intelligence to give, whether beauty, genius, or virtue, informed the animated clay. A tooth of HOMER or MILTON will not be distinguished from one of a common mortal, nor a bone of ALEXANDER acquaint us more with his character than one of *Bucephalus*. Though the dead be unconcerned, the living are neither benefited nor improved—decency is violated, and a kind of instinctive sympathy infringed, which, though it ought not to overpower reason, ought not without it, and to no purpose, to be superseded. But whether the remains of that body which once was MILTON's, or those of any other person, were thus exposed and set to sale, death and dissolution have had their empire over these. The spirit of his immortal WORKS survives invulnerable, and must survive. These are his best image, these the reliques which a rational admiration may cherish and revere! The memory of the perfections which we esteem effaces the humiliation and horrors of the tomb, and instead of ransacking the sepulchre with idolatrous superstition, for the mouldering and undistinguished fragments which it decently conceals, such a remembrance operates no weak spells with bones and dust; its holier and diviner magic invests its object with anticipated immortality, and loses every frail and perishable idea in those contemplations which pursue the future progress of renovated and exalted existence, through the ages of eternity! For minds susceptible of *these* hopes and aspirations MILTON wrote. Views less animated, sublime, and interminable, would have been too narrow for the mind which could conceive and execute *such* a poem."

On this incomparable work, *Paradise Lost*, no explanatory remarks will be here expected. Indeed the writer of this article might be justly accused of presumption, even in attempting to add any of *his* illustrations, after the utmost efforts of genius and taste have been already exhausted on the subject. To the amiable Addison, the laborious Newton, the acute but eccentric Warburton, the masculine Johnson, and lastly, to the ingenious Mr. Hayley, we are under great obligations for their services in the elucidation of this master piece of English poetry. The criticisms of Johnson are subjoined; for though that eminent man entertained prejudices against the political and religious tenets of Milton, yet to *his* POEM he has done ample justice. The superlative merits of *Paradise Lost* extorted from the rude critic a most handsome tribute of applause, which otherwise would have been assuredly denied*.

Nor would it be proper to omit the opinion of Dr. Hugh Blair on this poem, whose genius and taste enabled him to pronounce this honourable judgment:—“On the whole, PARADISE LOST is a poem that *abounds with beauties of every kind*, and that justly entitles its author to a degree of fame not inferior to any poet, though it must be also admitted to have many inequalities. It is the lot of almost every high and daring genius not to be uniform and correct. Milton is too frequently theological and metaphysical, sometimes harsh in his language, often too technical in his words, and affectedly ostentatious in his learning. Many of his faults must be attributed to the age in which he

* The purport of Mr. HAYLEY's elegant and spirited narrative is to vindicate MILTON from the aspersions of Johnson, which he has satisfactorily accomplished. The subjoined conjectures on the origin of *Paradise Lost*, together with its Appendix, are curious, and well worthy of attention.

lived. He discovers a vigour, a grasp of genius, equal to every thing that is great; if at sometimes he falls much below himself, at other times *he rises above every poet of the ancient and modern world!*"

The poets also have been liberal in their commendations of our immortal bard. The testimonies of two gentlemen, and of two ladies, on the subject shall be transcribed.

Mr. *Hayley* thus poetically expresses himself:

Apart, and on a sacred hill retir'd,
Beyond all mortal inspiration fir'd,
The mighty MILTON sits—an host around
Of listening angels guard the holy ground;
Amaz'd they see a human form aspire,
To grasp with daring hand a seraph's lyre,
Inly irradiate with celestial beams,
Attempt those high, those soul-subduing themes,
(Which humbler denizens of Heaven decline,)
And celebrate with sanctity divine
The starry field from warring angels won,
And God triumphant in his victor son!
Nor less the wonder and the sweet delight
His milder scenes and softer notes excite,
When at his bidding Eden's blooming grove
Breathes the rich sweets of innocence and love.
With such pure joy as our forefather knew,
When Raphael, heavenly guest, first met his view,
And our glad sire, within his blissful bow'r,
Drank the pure converse of th' ethereal pow'r,
Round the blest bard his raptur'd audience throng,
And feel their souls imparadis'd in song!

The late Mr. *Cowper* thus illustrates his admiration of our poet with his accustomed energy:

Ages elaps'd ere Homer's lamp appear'd,
And ages ere the Mantuan swan was heard;
To carry nature lengths unknown before,
To give a MILTON birth, ask'd ages more!

Thus genius rose and set at ordered times,
And shot a day-spring into distant climes;
Ennobling ev'ry region that he chose,
He sunk in Greece, in Italy he rose,
And tedious years of gothic darkness pass'd,
Emerg'd all splendour in our Isle at last!
Thus lovely halcyons dive into the main,
Then shew far off their shining plumes again.

Lady Manners, in her *Review of Poetry*, has thus happily characterised the Author of *Paradise Lost*:

Strong description, thoughts sublime,
Soaring beyond place or time,
Scenes of wonder, terror, pain,
Glow through MILTON's lofty strain!
Whether his aspiring flight,
Joins the dazzling sons of light,
Or amid the infernal reign
Meets the fall'n angelic train,
Or in Eden's blissful groves
With the first of mortals roves;
Awful grandeur still is shewn,
Unexampled and alone!

Mrs. *West*, in her *British Poetry*, thus feelingly mentions our poet, and alludes to the distressing circumstances under which the poem was written, and by which the energies of an ordinary mind would have been exhausted:

See where the *British Homer* leads
The epic choir of modern days!
Blind as the Grecian bard, he speeds
To realms unknown, to pagan lays;
He sings no mortal war—his strains
Describe no hero's amorous pains;
He chaunts the birth-day of the world,
The conflict of angelic powers,
The joys of Eden's peaceful bowers,
When fled th' infernal host thro' thundering chaos hurl'd!

Yet as this deathless song he breath'd,
 He bath'd it with affliction's tear,
 And to posterity bequeath'd
 The cherish'd hope to nature dear.
 No grateful praise his labour cheer'd,
 No beam beneficent appear'd
 To penetrate the chilling gloom;
 Ah! what avails that Britain now
 With sculptur'd laurel decks his brow,
 And hangs the votive verse on his unconscious tomb!

Could the soaring mind of MILTON, however, be made acquainted with the extent of his fame, it must give birth to elevated and refined emotions. He could not with sullen disdain turn away from the *sculptured laurel* and the *votive verse*, but deeming them to be the tokens of honourable commendation, he would receive them with grateful delight and rational satisfaction. An indifference to the praise of our fellow creatures oftentimes arises from an unamiable insensibility.

Nor must it be forgotten that Mr. FUSELI, the celebrated painter, has recently paid the highest compliment to the talents of MILTON, by making his writings the ground work of a series of paintings, which are exhibited in a spacious room, Pall Mall, entitled, the MILTON GALLERY. Of *forty* pictures, *twenty-seven* represent scenes out of PARADISE LOST, of the sublimest and most beautiful kind. The spectator of taste must find the collection to be a delicious repast to his imagination, and the recollection that they are all the production of a *single* artist, excites our warmest admiration *.

* The author of the above narrative drew up a sketch of the *Miltonic Gallery* immediately after his inspection of it, and it may be found in the Number for June, 1799, of the MONTHLY VISITOR, a respectable periodical publication.

Before this sketch closes, it may be proper just to introduce to the notice of the reader one circumstance respecting *Paradise Lost*, not unworthy of his attention. Milton through life seems to have been uniformly intent on some great work. This may be gathered from various passages of his works, which Mr. Hayley has carefully pointed out, and they shall be here enumerated.

In Milton's *Elegy on Spring* occur the following prophetic lines :

I mount, and, undepressed by cumb'rous clay,
Thro' cloudy regions win my easy way ;
My spirit searches all the realms of light,
And no Tartarean depths elude my sight !

In his *English Vacation Exercise*, addressing his native language as applied to inferior purposes, we meet with the following apostrophe :

Yet I had rather, if I were to chuse,
Thy service in some graver subject use,
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound ;
Such where the deep transported mind may soar
Above the wheeling poles, and at heaven's door
Look in and see each blissful deity,
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie !

In our perusal of these passages it must be remembered that Milton was only in his *nineteenth* year at the time they were written. Even at this early period he experienced anticipations of those sublime flights with which he was afterwards destined to astonish the world !

The interpretation given to the above extracts is still further confirmed by passages from his prose writings. A letter of Milton's to his friend Diodati is upon record,

where he opens his heart with the most engaging familiarity. In this curious epistle is to be found the subsequent passage—"You enquire with a kind of solicitude even into my thoughts. Hearken Diodati, but let me whisper in your ear, that I may not blush at my reply—I think (so help me Heaven) of IMMORTALITY! You enquire also what I am about? I nurse my wings, and meditate a flight, but my Pegasus rises as yet on very tender pinions. Let us be humbly wise!"

How expressive are these sentiments, communicated with a modest consciousness of his talents! How worthy of that superior mind by which they were dictated!

In another part of his writings he uses these remarkable expressions—"By labour and intense study (which I take to be my portion in this life) joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might, perhaps, leave something so written to after times, as they should *not willingly let it die!*" But having not yet ascertained the specific work on which his muse was to be employed, he then adds, "These thoughts at once possessed me, and these other, that if I were certain to write, as men buy leases, for three lives and downwards, there ought no regard to be sooner had than to God's glory, by the honour and instruction of my country; for which cause, and not only for that, I knew it would be hard to arrive at the second rank among the Latins, I applied myself to that resolution which Ariosto followed against the persuasions of Bembo, to fix all the industry and art I could unite to the adorning of my native tongue; not to make verbal curiosities the end, (that were a toilsome vanity) but to be an interpreter and relater of the best and sagest things among mine own citizens throughout this island in the mother dialect; that what the greatest and choicest wits of Athens, Rome, or modern Italy, and

those Hebrews of old, did for their country, I in my proportion, with this over and above of being a christian, might do for mine, not caring to be once named abroad, though, perhaps, I could attain to that, but content with these *British Islands* as my WORLD!"

Who can read this passage without indulging a secret heart-felt pleasure in the contemplation of those germs of future greatness, which were afterwards expanded and matured into such an abundant harvest? Methinks I see their silent but sure progress through every revolving year, till at last fully ripened, they burst on our vision with a resplendent glory!

One passage more shall be brought forward on this subject, brief indeed in itself, but full of expression. MILTON is speaking of the termination of his political and religious controversies, and is congratulating himself on the leisure which he would then enjoy for the execution of his favourite work: "Then, amidst the hymns and hallelujahs of saints, *some one* may perhaps be heard offering at high strains, in *new and lofty measures* to sing and celebrate thy divine mercies and marvellous judgments in this land throughout all ages!" Now it is well known that the *measures* of *Paradise Lost* were so *new* and *lofty*, that the bookseller was afraid that this circumstance would injure the sale of the work, and therefore apologised for this novelty in a short advertisement prefixed to its first edition. Hence we have strong presumptive proof that the above eloquent passage has a direct reference to his *PARADISE LOST*. With what intenseness therefore must his mind have contemplated the immense plan, in its commencement, in its progress, and in its termination! The toil and labour incurred by the rearing of such a fabric must have been lost in the supreme pleasure arising from its execution. With an inconceivable dignity must the high and justly confident mind of Milton have

consigned it over to the judgment of the public, and to the fervent applauses of future generations! His emotions upon its completion must have resembled the sensations of an eminent genius, Mr. Gibbon, who, speaking of the conclusion of his *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, thus beautifully and frankly expresses himself in his own life: "I have presumed (says he) to mark the moment of conception, I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote *the last lines of the last page* in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame!" Such, and even still greater, must have been the feelings of our Bard, when he arrived at the conclusion of a work which ever will be the subject of UNIVERSAL ADMIRATION!

Here this narrative must be brought to a close, for it is already extended beyond the limits which were first assigned it. Should the reader reap any instruction or experience any entertainment in the perusal of it, he will recollect that the writer claims only a very slender portion of merit to himself. His humble province has been, to bring together a few of the sheaves which lay scattered in the wide field of Miltonic Biography. He concludes in the words of Mr. HAYLEY, to whose *Life of Milton* he stands chiefly indebted, and for which assistance, not having the pleasure of being personally acquainted with that gentleman, begs leave thus publicly to return him his best thanks:

“ It is by the epic compositions of MILTON alone, (says that elegant poet and ingenious writer) that ENGLAND may esteem herself as a rival to antiquity, in the highest province of literature, and it appears therefore just, that the memory of the man to whom she is indebted for the purest, the most extensive, and permanent glory, should for ever excite her AFFECTIONATE VENERATION.”

May 9, 1800.
Pullin's Row, Islington.

CRITICISM

ON

PARADISE LOST,

BY

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

“ I AM now to examine *Paradise Lost*; a poem which, considered with respect to design, may claim the first place, and with respect to performance, the second, among the productions of the human mind. By the general consent of critics, the first praise of genius is due to the writer of an epic poem, as it requires an assemblage of all the powers which are singly sufficient for other compositions. Poetry is the art of uniting pleasure with truth, by calling imagination to the help of reason. Epic poetry undertakes to teach the most important truths by the most pleasing precepts, and therefore relates some great event in the most affecting manner. History must supply the writer with the rudiments of narration, which he must improve and exalt by a noble art, must animate by dramatic energy, and diversify by retrospection and anticipation;

morality must teach him the exact bounds, and different shades, of vice and virtue ; from policy, and the practice of life, he has to learn the discriminations of character, and the tendency of the passions, either single or combined ; and physiology must supply him with illustrations and images.

To put these materials to poetical use is required an imagination capable of painting nature and realizing fiction. Nor is he yet a poet, till he has attained the whole extension of his language, distinguished all the delicacies of phrase, and all the colours of words, and learned to adjust their different sounds to all the varieties of metrical modulation.

Bossu is of opinion, that the poet's first work is to find a moral, which his fable is afterwards to illustrate and establish. This seems to have been the process only of Milton ; the moral of other poems is incidental and consequent ; in Milton's only it is essential and intrinsic. His purpose was the most useful and the most arduous ; to vindicate the ways of God to man : to shew the reasonableness of religion, and the necessity of obedience to the Divine law.

To convey this moral there must be a fable, a narration artfully constructed, so as to excite curiosity, and surprise expectation. In this part of his work Milton must be confessed to have equalled every other poet. He has involved in his account of the Fall of Man the events which preceded, and those that were to follow it : he has interwoven the whole system of theology with such propriety, that every part appears to be necessary ; and scarcely any recital is wished shorter for the sake of quickening the progress of the main action.

The subject of an epic poem is naturally an event of great importance. That of Milton is not the destruction of a city, the conduct of a colony, or the

foundation of an empire. His subject is the fate of worlds, the revolutions of heaven and of earth; rebellion against the Supreme King, raised by the highest order of created beings; the overthrow of their host, and the punishment of their crime, the creation of a new race of reasonable creatures; their original happiness and innocence, their forfeiture of immortality, and their restoration to hope and peace.

Great events can be hastened or retarded only by persons of elevated dignity. Before the greatness displayed in Milton's poem, all other greatness shrinks away. The weakest of his agents are the highest and noblest of human beings, the original parents of mankind; with whose actions the elements consented; on whose rectitude, or deviation of will, depended the state of terrestrial nature, and the condition of all the future inhabitants of the globe.

Of the other agents in the poem, the chief are such as it is irreverence to name on slight occasions. The rest were lower powers;

————— of which the least could wield

Those elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions;

powers, which only the controul of Omnipotence restrains from laying creation waste, and filling the vast expanse of space with ruin and confusion. To display the motives and actions of beings thus superior, so far as human reason can examine them, or human imagination represent them, is the task which this mighty poet has undertaken and performed.

In the examination of epic poems much speculation is commonly employed upon the characters. The characters in the *Paradise Lost*, which admit of exami-

nation, are those of angels and of man ; of angels good and evil ; of man in his innocent and sinful state.

Among the angels, the virtue of Raphael is mild and placid, of easy condescension and free communication ; that of Michael is regal and lofty, and, as may seem, attentive to the dignity of his own nature. Abdiel and Gabriel appear occasionally, and act as every incident requires ; the solitary fidelity of Abdiel is very amiably painted.

Of the evil angels the characters are more diversified. To Satan, as Addison observes, such sentiments are given as suit the most exalted and most depraved being. Milton has been censured by Clarke * for the impiety which sometimes breaks from Satan's mouth. For there are thoughts, as he justly remarks, which no observation of character can justify, because no good man would willingly permit them to pass, however transiently, through his own mind. To make Satan speak as a rebel, without any such expressions as might taint the reader's imagination, was indeed one of the great difficulties in Milton's undertaking ; and I cannot but think that he has extricated himself with great happiness. There is in Satan's speeches little that can give pain to a pious ear. The language of rebellion cannot be the same with that of obedience. The malignity of Satan foams in haughtiness and obstinacy ; but his expressions are commonly general, and no otherwise offensive than as they are wicked.

The other chiefs of the celestial rebellion are very judiciously discriminated in the first and second books ; and the ferocious character of Moloch appears, both in the battle and the council, with exact consistency.

* Author of the Essay on Study.

To Adam and to Eve are given, during their innocence, such sentiments as innocence can generate and utter. Their love is pure benevolence and mutual veneration; their repasts are without luxury, and their diligence without toil. Their addresses to their Maker have little more than the voice of admiration and gratitude. Fruition left them nothing to ask, and innocence left them nothing to fear.

But with guilt enter distrust and discord, mutual accusation, and stubborn self-defence; they regard each other with alienated minds, and dread their Creator as the avenger of their transgression. At last they seek shelter in his mercy, soften to repentance, and melt in supplication. Both before and after the fall, the superiority of Adam is diligently sustained.

Of the probable and the marvellous, two parts of a vulgar epic poem, which immerse the critic in deep consideration, the *Paradise Lost* requires little to be said. It contains the history of a miracle, of Creation and Redemption; it displays the power and the mercy of the Supreme Being; the probable therefore is marvellous, and the marvellous is probable. The substance of the narrative is truth; and as truth allows no choice, it is, like necessity, superior to rule. To the accidental or adventitious parts, as to every thing human, some slight exceptions may be made. But the main fabric is immoveably supported.

It is justly remarked by Addison, that this poem has, by the nature of its subject, the advantage above all others, that it is universally and perpetually interesting. All mankind will, through all ages, bear the same relation to Adam and to Eve, and must partake of that good and evil which extend to themselves.

Of the machinery, so called from Θεός ἀπὸ μηχανῆς, by which is meant the occasional interposition of supernatural power, another fertile topic of critical re-

marks, here is no room to speak, because every thing is done under the immediate and visible direction of Heaven; but the rule is so far observed, that no part of the action could have been accomplished by any other means.

Of episodes, I think there are only two, contained in Raphael's relation of the war in heaven, and Michael's prophetic account of the changes to happen in this world. Both are closely connected with the great action; one was necessary to Adam as a warning, the other as a consolation.

To the completeness or integrity of the design nothing can be objected; it has distinctly and clearly what Aristotle requires, a beginning, a middle, and an end. There is perhaps no poem, of the same length, from which so little can be taken without apparent mutilation. Here are no funeral games, nor is there any long description of a shield. The short digressions at the beginning of the third, seventh, and ninth books, might doubtless be spared; but superfluities so beautiful, who would take away? or who does not wish that the author of the *Iliad* had gratified succeeding ages with a little knowledge of himself? Perhaps no passages are more frequently or more attentively read than those extrinsic paragraphs; and, since the end of poetry is pleasure, that cannot be unpoetical with which all are pleased.

The questions, whether the action of the poem be strictly one, whether the poem can be properly termed heroic, and who is the hero, are raised by such readers as draw their principles of judgment rather from books than from reason. Milton, though he entitled *Paradise Lost* only a poem, yet calls it himself heroic song. Dryden, petulantly and indecently, denies the heroism of Adam, because he was overcome; but there is no reason why the hero should not be unfortunate, except

established practice, since success and virtue do not go necessarily together. Cato is the hero of Lucan; but Lucan's authority will not be suffered by Quintilian to decide. However, if success be necessary, Adam's deceiver was at last crushed; Adam was restored to his Maker's favour, and therefore may securely resume his human rank.

After the scheme and fabric of the poem, must be considered its component parts, the sentiments and the diction.

The sentiments, as expressive of manners, or appropriated to characters, are, for the greater part, unexceptionably just.

Splendid passages, containing lessons of morality, or precepts of prudence, occur seldom. Such is the original formation of this poem, that as it admits no human manners till the fall, it can give little assistance to human conduct. Its end is to raise the thoughts above sublunary cares or pleasures. Yet the praise of that fortitude, with which Abdiel maintained his singularity of virtue against the scorn of multitudes, may be accommodated to all times; and Raphael's reproof of Adam's curiosity after the planetary motions, with the answer returned by Adam, may be confidently opposed to any rule of life which any poet has delivered.

The thoughts which are occasionally called forth in the progress, are such as could only be produced by an imagination in the highest degree fervid and active, to which materials were supplied by incessant study and unlimited curiosity. The heat of Milton's mind might be said to sublimate his learning, to throw off into his work the spirit of science, unmingled with its grosser parts.

He had considered creation in its whole extent, and his descriptions are therefore learned. He had accustomed his imagination to unrestrained indulgence, and

his conceptions therefore were extensive. The characteristic quality of his poem is sublimity. He sometimes descends to the elegant, but his element is the great. He can occasionally invest himself with grace; but his natural port is gigantic loftiness*. He can please when pleasure is required; but it is his peculiar power to astonish.

He seems to have been well acquainted with his own genius, and to know what it was that Nature had bestowed upon him more bountifully than upon others; the power of displaying the vast, illuminating the splendid, enforcing the awful, darkening the gloomy, and aggravating the dreadful: he therefore chose a subject on which too much could not be said, on which he might tire his fancy, without the censure of extravagance.

The appearances of nature, and the occurrences of life, did not satiate his appetite of greatness. To paint things as they are requires a minute attention, and employs the memory rather than the fancy. Milton's delight was to sport in the wide regions of possibility; reality was a scene too narrow for his mind. He sent his faculties out upon discovery, into worlds where only imagination can travel, and delighted to form new modes of existence, and furnish sentiment and action to superior beings, to trace the counsels of hell, or accompany the choirs of heaven.

But he could not be always in other worlds; he must sometimes revisit earth, and tell of things visible and known. When he cannot raise wonder by the sublimity of his mind, he gives delight by its fertility.

Whatever be his subject, he never fails to fill the imagination. But his images and descriptions of the

* Algarotti terms it "gigantesca sublimata Miltoniana."

scenes or operations of Nature do not seem to be always copied from original form, nor to have the freshness, raciness, and energy of immediate observation. He saw Nature, as Dryden expresses it, "through the spectacles of books; and on most occasions calls learning to his assistance. The garden of Eden brings to his mind the vale of Enna, where Proserpine was gathering flowers. Satan makes his way through fighting elements, like Argo between the Cyanean rocks, or Ulysses between the two Sicilian whirlpools, when he shunned Charybdis on the larboard. The mythological allusions have been justly censured, as not being always used with notice of their vanity; but they contribute variety to the narration, and produce an alternate exercise of the memory and the fancy.

His similes are less numerous, and more various, than those of his predecessors. But he does not confine himself within the limits of rigorous comparison: his great excellence is amplitude, and he expands the adventitious image beyond the dimensions which the occasion required. Thus comparing the shield of Satan to the orb of the Moon, he crowds the imagination with the discovery of the telescope, and all the wonders which the telescope discovers.

Of his moral sentiments it is hardly praise to affirm that they excel those of all other poets; for this superiority he was indebted to his acquaintance with the sacred writings. The ancient epic poets, wanting the light of revelation, were very unskilful teachers of virtue: their principal characters may be great, but they are not amiable. The reader may rise from their works with a greater degree of active or passive fortitude, and sometimes of prudence; but he will be able to carry away few precepts of justice, and none of mercy.

From the Italian writers it appears, that the advantages of even Christian knowledge may be possessed in vain. Ariosto's pravity is generally known; and though the Deliverance of Jerusalem may be considered as a sacred subject, the poet has been very sparing of moral instruction.

In Milton every line breathes sanctity of thought, and purity of manners, except when the train of the narration requires the introduction of the rebellious spirits; and even they are compelled to acknowledge their subjection to God, in such a manner as excites reverence, and confirms piety.

Of human beings there are but two; but those two are the parents of mankind, venerable before their fall for dignity and innocence, and amiable after it for repentance and submission. In their first state their affection is tender without weakness, and their piety sublime without presumption. When they have sinned, they shew how discord begins in mutual frailty, and how it ought to cease in mutual forbearance, how confidence of the divine favour is forfeited by sin, and how hope of pardon may be obtained by penitence and prayer. A state of innocence we can only conceive, if indeed, in our present misery, it be possible to conceive it; but the sentiments and worship proper to a fallen and offending being, we have all to learn, as we have all to practise.

The poet, whatever be done, is always great. Our progenitors, in their first state, conversed with angels; even when folly and sin had degraded them, they had not in their humiliation the port of mean suitors; and they rise again to reverential regard, when we find that their prayers were heard.

As human passions did not enter the world before the fall, there is in the *Paradise Lost* little opportu-

nity for the pathetic ; but what little there is has not been lost. That passion which is peculiar to rational nature, the anguish arising from the consciousness of transgression, and the horrors attending the sense of the Divine displeasure, are very justly described and forcibly impressed. But the passions are moved only on one occasion ; sublimity is the general and prevailing quality in this poem ; sublimity variously modified, sometimes descriptive, sometimes argumentative.

The defects and faults of *Paradise Lost*, for faults and defects every work of man must have, it is the business of impartial criticism to discover. As, in displaying the excellence of Milton, I have not made long quotations, because of selecting beauties there had been no end, I shall in the same general manner mention that which seems to deserve censure ; for what Englishman can take delight in transcribing passages, which, if they lessen the reputation of Milton, diminish in some degree the honour of our country ?

The generality of my scheme does not admit the frequent notice of verbal inaccuracies ; which Bentley, perhaps better skilled in grammar than poetry, has often found, though he sometimes made them, and which he imputed to the obtrusions of a reviser, whom the author's blindness obliged him to employ—a supposition rash and groundless, if he thought it true ; and vile and pernicious, if, as is said, he in private allowed it to be false.

The plan of *Paradise Lost* has this inconvenience, that it comprises neither human actions nor human manners. The man and woman who act and suffer, are in a state which no other man or woman can ever know. The reader finds no transaction in which he can be engaged ; beholds no condition in which he can by any effort of imagination place himself ; he has, therefore, little natural curiosity or sympathy.

We all indeed, feel the effects of Adam's disobedience; we all sin like Adam, and like him must all bewail our offences; we have restless and insidious enemies in the fallen angels, and in the blessed spirits we have guardians and friends; in the redemption of mankind we hope to be included; in the description of heaven and hell we are surely interested, as we are all to reside hereafter either in the regions of horror or bliss.

But these truths are too important to be new; they have been taught to our infancy; they have mingled with our solitary thoughts and familiar conversation, and are habitually interwoven with the whole texture of life. Being therefore not new, they raise no unaccustomed emotion in the mind; what we knew before, we cannot learn; what is not unexpected, cannot surprise.

Of the ideas suggested by these awful scenes, from some we recede with reverence, except when stated hours require their association; and from others we shrink with horror, or admit them only as salutary inflictions, as counterpoises to our interests and passions. Such images rather obstruct the career of fancy than incite it.

Pleasure and terror are indeed the genuine sources of poetry; but poetical pleasure must be such as human imagination can at least conceive, and poetical terror such as human strength and fortitude may combat. The good and evil of eternity are too ponderous for the wings of wit; the mind sinks under them in passive helplessness, content with calm belief and humble adoration.

Known truths, however, may take a different appearance, and be conveyed to the mind by a new train of intermediate images. This Milton has undertaken, and performed with pregnancy and vigour of mind peculiar to himself. Whoever considers the few radical positions which the Scriptures afforded him, will wonder by what

energetic operation he expanded them to such extent, and ramified them to so much variety, restrained as he was by religious reverence from licentiousness of fiction.

Here is a full display of the united force of study and genius; of a great accumulation of materials, with judgment to digest, and fancy to combine them: Milton was able to select from nature, or from story, from an ancient fable, or from modern science, whatever could illustrate or adorn his thoughts. An accumulation of knowledge impregnated his mind, fermented by study, and exalted by imagination.

It has been therefore said, without an indecent hyperbole, by one of his encomiasts, that in reading *Paradise Lost* we read a book of universal knowledge.

But original deficiency cannot be supplied. The want of human interest is always felt. *Paradise Lost* is one of the books which the reader admires and lays down, and forgets to take up again. None ever wished it longer than it is. Its perusal is a duty rather than a pleasure. We read Milton for instruction, retire harassed and overburdened, and look elsewhere for recreation*; we desert our master, and seek for companions.

Another inconvenience of Milton's design is, that it requires the description of what cannot be described, the agency of spirits. He saw that immateriality supplied no images, and that he could not show angels acting but by instruments of action; he therefore invested them with form and matter. This, being necessary, was therefore defensible; and he should have secured the consistency of his system, by keeping immateriality out of sight, and enticing his reader to drop it from his thoughts. But he has unhappily perplexed

* The trifling taste of readers, who would prefer an insipid novel to *Paradise Lost*, ought not to detract from the merit of Milton. His merit requires a mind, pure, sublime, and enlightened, in some degree, like his own, for its full perception.

his poetry with his philosophy. His infernal and celestial powers are sometimes pure spirit, and sometimes animated body. When Satan walks with his lance upon the burning marl, he has a body; when in his passage between hell and the new world, he is in danger of sinking in the vacuity, and is supported by a gust of rising vapours, he has a body; when he animates the toad, he seems to be mere spirit, that can penetrate matter at pleasure; when he starts up in his own shape, he has at least a determined form; and when he is brought before Gabriel, he has a spear and a shield, which he had the power of hiding in the toad, though the arms of the contending angels are evidently material.

The vulgar inhabitants of Pandæmonium, being incorporeal spirits, are at large, though without number, in a limited space: yet in the battle, when they were overwhelmed by mountains, their armour hurt them, crushed in upon their substance, now grown gross by sinning. This likewise happened to the uncorrupted angels, who were overthrown the sooner for their arms, for unarmed they might easily as spirits have evaded by contraction or remove. Even as spirits they are hardly spiritual; for contraction and remove are images of matter; but if they could have escaped without their armour, they might have escaped from it, and left only the empty cover to be battered. Uriel, when he rides on a sun-beam, is material; Satan is material when he is afraid of the prowess of Adam.

The confusion of spirit and matter which pervades the whole narration of the war of heaven fills it with incongruity; and the book, in which it is related, is, I believe, the favourite of children, and gradually neglected as knowledge is increased.

After the operation of immaterial agents, which cannot be explained, may be considered that of allegorical

persons, which have no real existence. To exalt causes into agents, to invest abstract ideas with form, and animate them with activity, has always been the right of poetry. But such airy beings are, for the most part, suffered only to do their natural office, and retire. Thus Fame tells a tale, and Victory hovers over a general, or perches on a standard; but Fame and Victory can do more. To give them any real employment, or ascribe to them any material agency, is to make them allegorical no longer, but to shock the mind by ascribing effects to nonentity. In the *Prometheus* of *Æschylus*, we see Violence and Strength, and in the *Alcestis* of *Euripides*, we see Death, brought upon the stage, all as active persons of the drama; but no precedents can justify absurdity.

Milton's allegory of Sin and Death is undoubtedly faulty. Sin is indeed the mother of Death, and may be allowed to be the portress of hell; but when they stop the journey of Satan, a journey described as real, and when Death offers him battle, the allegory is broken. That Sin and Death should have shewn the way to hell, might have been allowed; but they cannot facilitate the passage by building a bridge, because the difficulty of Satan's passage is described as real and sensible, and the bridge ought to be only figurative. The hell assigned to the rebellious spirits is described as not less local than the residence of man. It is placed in some distant part of space, separated from the regions of harmony and order by a chaotic waste and an unoccupied vacuity; but Sin and Death worked up a mole of aggravated soil, cemented with asphaltus; a work too bulky for ideal architects.

This unskilful allegory appears to me one of the greatest faults of the poem; and to this there was no temptation, but the author's opinion of its beauty.

To the conduct of the narrative some objection may be made. Satan is with great expectation brought be-

fore Gabriel in Paradise, and is suffered to go away unmolested. The creation of man is represented as the consequence of the vacuity left in heaven by the expulsion of the rebels; yet Satan mentions it as a report rife in heaven before his departure.

To find sentiments for the state of innocence, was very difficult; and something of anticipation perhaps is now and then discovered. Adam's discourse of dreams seems not to be the speculation of a new-created being. I know not whether his answer to the angel's reproof for curiosity does not want something of propriety; it is the speech of a man acquainted with many other men. Some philosophical notions, especially when the philosophy is false, might have been better omitted. The angel, in a comparison, speaks of timorous deer, before deer were yet timorous, and before Adam could understand the comparison.

Dryden remarks, that Milton has some flats among his elevations. This is only to say, that all the parts are not equal. In every work, one part must be for the sake of others; a palace must have passages; a poem must have transitions. It is no more to be required that wit should always be blazing, than that the sun should always stand at noon. In a great work there is a vicissitude of luminous and opaque parts, as there is in the world a succession of day and night. Milton, when he has expatiated in the sky, may be allowed sometimes to revisit earth; for what other author ever soared so high, or sustained his flight so long?

Milton, being well versed in the Italian poets, appears to have borrowed often from them; and, as every man catches something from his companions, his desire of imitating Ariosto's levity has disgraced his work with the Paradise of Fools; a fiction not in itself ill-imagined, but too ludicrous for its place.

His play on words, in which he delights too often;

his equivocations, which Bentley endeavours to defend by the example of the ancients; his unnecessary and ungraceful use of terms of art; it is not necessary to mention, because they are easily remarked, and generally censured, and at last bear so little proportion to the whole, that they scarcely deserve the attention of a critic.

Such are the faults of that wonderful performance, *Paradise Lost*; which he who can put in balance with its beauties must be considered not as nice but as dull, as less to be censured for want of candour, than pitied for want of sensibility.

The highest praise of genius is original invention. Milton cannot be said to have contrived the structure of an epic poem, and therefore owes reverence to that vigour and amplitude of mind to which all generations must be indebted for the art of poetical narration, for the texture of the fable, the variation of incidents, the interposition of dialogue, and all the stratagems that surprise and enchain attention. But, of all the borrowers from Homer, Milton is perhaps the least indebted. He was naturally a thinker for himself, confident of his own abilities, and disdainful of help or hindrance: he did not refuse admission to the thoughts or images of his predecessors, but he did not seek them. From his contemporaries he neither courted nor received support; there is in his writings nothing by which the pride of other authors might be gratified, or favour gained; no exchange of praise, nor solicitation of support. His great works were performed under discountenance, and in blindness, but difficulties vanished at his touch; he was born for whatever is arduous; and his work is not the greatest of heroic poems, only because it is not the first.

his explication, which Bentley endeavours to defend by the example of the ancients; his unnecessary and tragical use of terms of art; it is not necessary to mention, because they are easily remarked, and generally censured, and at last bear so little proportion to the whole, that they scarcely deserve the attention of a critic.

Such are the faults of that wonderful performance, *Paradise Lost*; which he who can put in balance with its beauties must be considered not as nice but as dull, as less to be censured for want of candour, than pined for want of sensibility.

The highest praise of genius is original invention. Milton cannot be said to have contrived the structure of an epic poem, and therefore owes reverence to that vigour and amplitude of mind to which all generations must be indebted for the art of poetical narration, for the texture of the fabric, the variation of incidents, the interposition of dialogue, and all the stratagems that surprise and catch the attention. But, of all the poets from Homer, Milton is perhaps the least indebted. He was naturally a thinker for himself, content of his own abilities, and disdainful of help or assistance: he did not refuse admission to the thoughts or images of his predecessors, but he did not seek them. From his contemporaries he neither counted nor received support; there is in his writings nothing by which the pride of other authors might be gratified, or favour gained; no exchange of praise, nor solicitation of support. His great works were performed under discountenance, and in blindness, but difficulties vanquished at his touch; he was born for whatever is arduous; and his work is not the greatest of heroic poems, only because it is not the first. He was a man of a great and original mind, and his works are the result of a great and original mind.

PARADISE LOST. THE ARGUMENT.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

This First Book proposes, first (in brief) the whole subject, Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was placed; then touches the prime cause of his fall—the Serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of Heaven, with all his crew, into the great deep. Which action passed over, the poem hastes into the midst of things; presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen into Hell, described here not in the centre (for Heaven and Earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accurs'd,) but in a place of utter darkness, fittest called Chaos: Here Satan, with his Angels lying on the burning lake thunder-struck and astonish'd, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him; they confer on their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded: they rise; their numbers, array of battle, their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech; comforts them with an hope yet of regaining Heaven; but tells them, lastly, of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in Heaven; (for that Angels were long before this visible creation was the opinion of many ancient Fathers.) To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the deep; the infernal peers there sit in council.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

OF man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat, 5
Sing, heav'nly muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the heav'ns and earth
Rose out of Chaos! Or, if Sion hill 10
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook, that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues 15
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly Thou, O Spi'rit, that dost prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first

Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread, 20
Dove-like, sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: What in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence, 25
And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first; for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell; say first what cause
Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy state,
Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off 30
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?
Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd 35
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from Heav'n with all his host
Of rebel Angels, by whose aid, aspiring
To set himself in glory' above his peers,
He trusted to have equall'd the Most High, 40
If he oppos'd; and, with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God,
Rais'd impious war in Heav'n, and battle proud,
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky, 45
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamant chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night 50
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew

Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded, though immortal : But his doom
Reserv'd him to more wrath ; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain 55
Torments him ; round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,
Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate ;
At once, as far as Angels ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild ; 60
A dungeon horrible on all sides round
As one great furnace flam'd ; yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible,
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace 65
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all, but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd.
Such place eternal Justice had prepar'd 70
For those rebellious ; here their prison ordain'd
In utter darkness ; and their portion set
As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n,
As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell ! 75
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns, and, welt'ring by his side,
One next himself in pow'r, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and nam'd 80
Beëlzebub. To whom th' Arch Enemy,
And thence in Heav'n called Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began :

“ If thou beest he ; but O how fall’n ! how chang’d
From him, who in the happy realms of light, 85
Cloth’d with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
Myriads, though bright ! If he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprize,
Join’d with me once, now misery hath join’d 90
In equal ruin : into what pit thou seest,
From what height fall’n ; so much the stronger prov’d
He with his thunder : and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms ? Yet not for those,
Nor what the potent victor in his rage 95
Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,
(Though chang’d in outward lustre) that fix’d mind
And high disdain from sense of injur’d merit,
That with the Mightiest rais’d me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along 100
Innumerable force of Spirits arm’d,
That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,
His utmost pow’r with adverse pow’r oppos’d
In dubious battle on the plains of Heav’n,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost,
All is not lost ; th’ unconquerable will, 106
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome ;
That glory never shall his wrath or might 110
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his pow’r,
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire ; that were low indeed !
That were an ignominy’ and shame beneath 115

This downfall ! since by fate the strength of Gods
And this empyreal substance cannot fail,
Since, through experience of this great event,
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanc'd,
We may with more successful hope resolve 120
To wage, by force or guile, eternal war ;
Irreconcilable to our grand foe,
Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy,
Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of Heav'n."

So spake th' apostate Angel, though in pain, 125
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair ;
And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer :

" O Prince, O Chief of many throned powers ;
That led th' embattl'd Seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds 130
Fearless, endanger'd Heav'n's perpetual King,
And put to proof his high supremacy ;
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate ;
Too well I see and rue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat 135
Hath lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as Gods and heav'nly essences
Can perish : for the mind and spi'rit remains
Invincible, and vigour soon returns, 140
Though all our glory' extinct, and happy state
Here swallow'd up in endless misery.
But what if he our Conqu'ror (whom I now
Of force believe almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'erpow'r'd such force as ours)
Have left us this our spirit and strength entire, 146
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,

That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service as his thralls
By right of war; whate'er his business be, 150
Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep:
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being,
To undergo eternal punishment?" 155
Whereto with speedy words th' Arch Fiend reply'd:
"Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,
To do ought good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight, 160
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil; 165
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destin'd aim.
But see the angry Victor hath recall'd
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit 170
Back to the gates of Heav'n: the sulphurous hail,
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid
The fiery surge, that from the precipice
Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling; and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage, 175
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn
Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.

Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild, 180
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
There rest, if any rest can harbour there; 185
And re-assembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy, our own loss how repair;
How overcome this dire calamity;
What reinforcement we may gain from hope; 190
If not, what resolution from despair."

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blaz'd; his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large, 195
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove;
Briareos, or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held; or that sea beast 200
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim th' ocean stream:
Him, haply slumb'ring on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell, 205
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind,
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays:
So stretch'd out huge in length the Arch Fiend lay,
Chain'd on the burning lake; nor ever thence 210
Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will

And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought 215
Evil to others; and, enrag'd, might see
How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy shown
On man, by him seduc'd; but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance, pour'd. 220
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames,
Driv'n backward, slope their pointing spires, and, roll'd
In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight 225
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
That felt unusual weight; till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire;
And such appear'd in hue as when the force 230
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side
Of thund'ring Ætna, whose combustible
And fuell'd entrails, thence conceiving fire,
Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds, 235
And leave a singed bottom all involv'd
With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet. Him follow'd his next mate,
Both glorying to have 'scap'd the Stygian flood
As Gods, and by their own recover'd strength, 240
Not by the sufferance of supernal power.
“Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,”
Said then the lost archangel, “this the seat

That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be' it so, since he 245
Who now is Sov'reign can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
Whom reason hath equall'd, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail, 250
Infernal world! and thou, profoundest Hell,
Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n. 255
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy; will not drive us hence: 260
Here we may reign secure; and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven!
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
Th' associates and copartners of our loss, 265
Lie thus astonish'd on th' oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion, or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regain'd in Heav'n, or what more lost in Hell?" 270

So Satan spake, and him Beëlzebub
Thus answer'd: "Leader of those armies bright,
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd,
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft 275

In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle when it rag'd, in all assaults
Their surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage, and revive, though now they lie
Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of fire, 280
As we ere while, astounded and amaz'd ;
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious height."

He scarce had ceas'd when the superior fiend
Was moving tow'ard the shore ; his pond'rous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round, 285
Behind him cast ; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesolé,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands, 290
Rivers, or mountains, on her spotty globe.
His spear (to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand)
He walk'd with to support uneasy steps 295
Over the burning marl ; not like those steps
On Heav'n's azure ; and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire :
Nathless he so endur'd, till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd 300
His legions, Angel forms, who lay entranc'd
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
High over-arch'd imbrow'r ; or scatter'd sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd ; 305
Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,



Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n!

Book 1. line, 330.

London: Published Aug.^r 19th 1799. by T. Heptinstall N^o 304 Holborn.

While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcasses 310
And broken chariot wheels: so thick bestrown,
Abject and lost, lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded. "Princes, Potentates, 315
Warriors, the flow'r of Heav'n, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spi'rits; or have ye chos'n this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find 320
To slumber here, as in the vales of Heav'n?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To' adore the Conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon 325
His swift pursuers from Heav'n gates discern
Th' advantage, and, descending, tread us down,
Thus drooping; or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n!" 330

They heard, and were abash'd, and up they sprung
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight 335
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their general's voice they soon obey'd
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,

Wav'd round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud 340
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung,
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile :
So numberless were those bad Angels seen,
Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell, 345
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires ;
Till, as a signal giv'n, th' uplifted spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain ; 350
A multitude, like which the populous north
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the south, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands. 355
Forthwith from every squadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither haste where stood
Their great commander : Godlike shapes and forms
Excelling human, princely dignities,
And pow'rs that erst in Heaven sat on thrones ; 360
Though of their names in heav'nly records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd
By their rebellion from the books of life.
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve 364
Got them new names, till, wand'ring o'er the earth,
Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,
By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and the invisible
Glory of him that made them to transform 370
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd

With gay religions, full of pomp and gold,
And Devils to adore for Deities :
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the heathen world. 375
Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who last,
Rous'd from the slumber, on that fiery couch,
At their great emperor's call, as next in worth
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof. 380
The chief were those who, from the pit of Hell
Roaming to see their prey on earth, durst fix
Their seats long after next the seat of God,
Their altars by his altar ; Gods ador'd
Among the nations round ; and durst abide 385
Jehovah thund'ring out of Sion, thron'd
Between the Cherubim ; yea, often plac'd
Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations ; and with cursed things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profan'd, 390
And with their darkness durst affront his light.
First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears ;
Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud
Their children's cries unheard, that pass'd through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite 396
Worshipp'd in Rabba and her wat'ry plain,
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart 400
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple' of God,
On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove

The pleasant valley' of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of Hell. 405
Next Chemos, th' obscene dread of Moab's sons,
From Aroar to Nebo, and the wild
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flow'ry dale of Sibma clad with vines, 410
And Elëalé, to th' Asphaltic pool.
Peor his other name, when he entic'd
Israel in Sittim on their march from Nile
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarg'd 415
Ev'n to that hill of scandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate;
Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.
With these came they, who, from the bord'ring flood
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts 420
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of Baälim and Ashtaroth; those male,
These feminine. For spirits when they please
Can either sex assume, or both; so oft
And uncompounded is their essence pure, 425
Not ty'd or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumb'rous flesh; but in what shape they choose,
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,
Can execute their airy purposes, 430
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For those the race of Israel oft forsook
Their living strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial Gods; for which their heads as low 435

Bow'd down in battle, sunk before the spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
Astarte, queen of Heav'n, with crescent horns ;
To whose bright image nightly by the moon 440
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs,
In Sion also not unsung, where stood
Her temple on th' offensive mountain, built
By that uxorious king, whose heart, though large,
Beguil'd by fair idolatresses, fell 445
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
While smooth Adonis from his native rock 450
Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded : the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led, 455
His eye survey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off
In his own temple, on the grunsel edge, 460
Where he fell flat, and sham'd his worshippers ;
Dagon his name, sea monster, upward man
And downward fish : yet had his temple high
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon, 465
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him follow'd Rimmon, whose delightful seat

Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.
He also' against the house of God was bold : 470
A leper once he lost, and gain'd a king,
Ahaz, his sottish conqu'ror, whom he drew
God's altar to disparage and displace
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the Gods 475
Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd
A crew, who, under names of old renown,
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd
Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek 480
Their wand'ring Gods, disguis'd in brutish forms
Rather than human. Nor did Israel 'scape
Th' infection, when their borrow'd gold compos'd
The calf in Oreb ; and the rebel king
Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan, 485
Likening his Maker to the grazed ox,
Jehovah, who in one night, when he pass'd
From Egypt marching, equal'd with one stroke
Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.
Belial came last, than whom a spirit more lewd 490
Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for itself : to him no temple stood,
Or altar smok'd ; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the priest
Turns Atheist, as did Eli's sons, who fill'd 495
With lust and violence the house of God ?
In courts and palaces he also reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of ri'ot ascends above their loftiest towers,

And injury and outrage : and, when night 500
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
Expos'd a matron to avoid worse rape. 505
These were the prime in order and in might ;
The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd ;
Th' Ionian Gods, of Javan's issue held
Gods, yet confess'd later than Heav'n and Earth,
Their boasted parents : Titan, Heav'n's first-born, 510
With his enormous brood, and birth-right seiz'd
By younger Saturn ; he from mightier Jove
His own and Rhea's son like measure found ;
So Jove usurping reign'd : these first in Crete
And Ida known, thence on the snowy top 515
Of cold Olympus rul'd the middle air,
Their highest Heav'n ; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land ; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to th' Hesperian fields, 520
And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.

All these and more came flocking ; but with looks
Downcast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd
Obscure some glimpse of joy, to' have found their chief
Not in despair, to' have found themselves not lost 525
In loss itself ; which on his count'nance cast
Like doubtful hue : but he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently rais'd
Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears. 530
Then straight commands that, at the warlike sound

Of trumpets loud and clarions, be uprear'd
His mighty standard : that proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall ;
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd 535
Th' imperial ensign, which, full high advanc'd,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblaz'd,
Seraphic arms and trophies ; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds : 540
At which the universal host up sent
A shout, that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air, 545
With orient colours waving : with them rose
A forest huge of spears ; and thronging helms
Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array,
Of depth immeasurable : anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood 550
Of flutes and soft recorders ; such as rais'd
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle ; and, instead of rage,
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm, and unmov'd,
With dread of death, to flight or foul retreat ; 555
Nor wanting pow'r to mitigate and swage,
With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow', and pain,
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
Breathing united force, with fixed thought 560
Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil ; and now,
Advanc'd in view, they stand, a horrid front

Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield, 565
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impose: He through the armed files
Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views, their order due,
Their visages and statures as of Gods; 570
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and, hard'ning, in his strength
Glories: for never since created man
Met such embodied force as, nam'd with these,
Could merit more than that small infantry 575
Warr'd on by cranes; though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were join'd,
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mix'd with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son, 580
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptiz'd or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisonde;
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore 585
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
Their dread commander: he, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent, 590
Stood like a tow'r, his form had not yet lost
All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than Archangel ruin'd, and th' excess
Of glory' obscur'd; as when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air, 595

Shorn of his beams ; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all th' Archangel : but his face 600
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage and considerate pride,
Waiting revenge : cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold 605
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain,
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc'd
Of Heav'n, and from eternal splendours flung 610
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory wither'd : as when Heav'n's fire
Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
With singed top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepar'd 615
To speak ; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his peers : attention held them mute.
Thrice he assay'd ; and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth : at last 620
Words, interwove with sighs, found out their way.
“ O myriads of immortal spi'rits, O powers
Matchless, but with th' Almighty ; and that strife
Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change, 625
Hateful to utter : but what pow'r of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth

Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd
How such united force of Gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse? 630
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied Heav'n, shall fail to re-ascend,
Self-rais'd, and re-possess their native seat?
For me be witness all the host of Heav'n, 635
If counsels different, or danger shunn'd
By me, have lost our hopes. But he, who reigns
Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one secure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent or custom, and his regal state 640
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provok'd; our better part remains 645
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not; that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rife 650
There went a fame in Heav'n, that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the sons of Heaven:
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps 655
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere;
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial spi'rits in bondage, nor th' abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts

Full counsel must mature : Peace is despair'd, 660
For who can think submission ? War then, war
Open or understood, must be resolv'd."

He spake : and, to confirm his words, out flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty cherubim ; the sudden blaze 665
Far round illumin'd Hell : highly they rag'd
Against the High'est, and fierce with grasped arms
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance tow'ard the vault of Heaven.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top 670
Belch'd fire and rolling smoke ; the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither, wing'd with speed,
A numerous brigade hasten'd : as when bands 675
Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe arm'd,
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on ;
Mammon, the least erected spi'rit that fell
From Heav'n ; for e'en in Heav'n his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more 681
The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,
Than ought divine or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific : by him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught, 685
Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire 690
That riches grow in Hell ; that soil may best

Reserve the precious bane. And here let those,
Who boast in mortal things, and, wond'ring, tell
Of Babel and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame, 695
And strength, and art, are easily out-done
By spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they, with incessant toil
And hands innumerable, scarce perform.
Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepar'd 700
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluic'd from the lake, a second multitude
With wondrous art founded the massy ore,
Severing each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross:
A third as soon had form'd within the ground 705
A various mould, and from the boiling cells,
By strange conveyance, fill'd each hollow nook;
As in an organ from one blast of wind
To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge 710
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want 715
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven;
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo, such magnificence
Equal'd in all their glories, to inshrine
Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat 720
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile
Stood fix'd her stately height; and straight the doors.

Opening their brazen folds, discover wide
Within her ample spaces o'er the smooth 725
And level pavement: from the arched roof,
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude, 730
Admiring, enter'd; and the work some praise,
And some the architect: his hand was known
In Heav'n by many a tower'd structure high,
Where scepter'd angels held their residence,
And sat as princes, whom the supreme King 735
Exalted to such pow'r, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell 740
From Heav'n they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements; from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith like a falling star, 745
On Lemnos th' Ægean isle: thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor ought avail'd him now
T' have built in Heav'n high tow'rs; nor did he 'scape
By all his engines, but was headlong sent 750
With his industrious crew to build in Hell.

Meanwhile the winged heralds, by command
Of sov'reign pow'r, with awful ceremony
And trumpets' sound, throughout the host proclaim
A solemn counsel forthwith to be held 755

At Pandemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers: their summons call'd
From every band and squared regiment,
By place or choice, the worthiest; they anon
With hundreds and with thousands trooping came
Attended: all access was throng'd, the gates 761
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
(Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair
Defy'd the best of Panim chivalry 765
To mortal combat, or career with lance)
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground, and in the air,
Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive 770
In clusters; they among fresh dewes and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer
Their state affairs; so thick the airy crowd 775
Swarm'd and were straiten'd; till the signal giv'n
Behold a wonder! they, but now who seem'd
In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng'd numberless; like that pygmean race 780
Beyond the Indian mount, or fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while over-head the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth 785
Wheels her pale course, they, on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;

At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal spi'rits to smallest forms
Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number, still amidst the hall 791
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat, 795
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then,
And summons read, the great consult began.

THE ARGUMENT.

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: some advise it, others dissuade. A third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal, or not much inferior, to themselves, about this time to be created. Their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search. Satan, their chief, undertakes alone the voyage; is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to Hell-gates; finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them; by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the gulf between Hell and Heaven: with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK II.

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand
Show'rs on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merits rais'd 5
To that bad eminence; and, from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with Heav'n; and, by success untaught,
His proud imaginations thus display'd: 10

“ Pow'rs and Dominions, Deities of Heav'n!
For, since no deep within her gulph can hold
Immortal vigour, though oppress'd and fall'n,
I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent
Celestial virtues, rising, will appear 15
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
Me, though just right and the fix'd laws of Heaven

Did first create your leader, next free choice,
With what besides, in council or in fight, 20
Hath been achiev'd of merit, yet this loss,
Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more
Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw 25
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thund'rer's aim
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? Where there is then no good 30
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none sure will claim in Hell
Precedence; none, whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then 35
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in Heav'n, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assur'd us; and by what best way, 40
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate; who can advise may speak."

He ceas'd; and next him Moloch, scepter'd king,
Stood up; the strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in Heav'n, now fiercer by despair: 45
His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in strength, and rather than be less
Car'd not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse,
He reck'd not, and these words thereafter spake: 50

“ My sentence is for open war ; of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not ; them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now :
For, while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms, and, longing, wait 55
The signal to ascend, sit ling’ring here
Heav’n’s fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay ? No, let us rather choose, 60
Arm’d with Hell flames and fury, all at once
O’er Heav’n’s high tow’rs to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer ; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear 65
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his Angels, and his throne itself
Mix’d with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps 70
The way seems difficult and steep, to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend 75
Up to our native seat : descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear,
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight 80
We sunk thus low ? Th’ ascent is easy then ;
Th’ event is fear’d ; should we again provoke

Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction, if there be in Hell
Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse 85
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemn'd
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge 90
Inexorably, and the torturing hour,
Calls us to penance? More destroy'd than thus,
We should be quite abolish'd, and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which, to the height enrag'd, 95
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential (happier far
Than, miserable, to have eternal being);
Or, if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst 100
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our pow'r sufficient to disturb his Heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne;
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge." 105

He ended, frowning; and his look denounc'd
Desp'rate revenge, and battle dangerous
To less than gods. On th' other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
A fairer person lost not Heav'n; he seem'd 110
For dignity compos'd and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash

Maturest counsels ; for his thoughts were low ; 115
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful ; yet he pleas'd the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began :

“ I should be much for open war, O Peers !
As not behind in hate, if what was urg'd 120
Main reason to persuade immediate war
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success :
When he, who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels 125
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge ? The tow'rs of Heav'n are fill'd
With armed watch, that render all access 130
Impregnable ; oft on the bord'ring deep
Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise. Or, could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise 135
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heav'n's purest light, yet our great enemy,
All incorruptible, would on his throne
Sit unpolluted, and th' ethereal mould,
Incapable of stain, would soon expel 140
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
Is flat despair : we must exasperate
Th' Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us, that must be our cure 145
To be no more : sad cure ; for who would lose,

Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night, 150
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry foe
Can give it, or will ever? how he can
Is doubtful; that he never will is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire, 155
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?
Say they who counsel war, we are decreed, 160
Reserv'd, and destin'd, to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse? Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What, when we fled amain, pursued and struck 165
With Heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us? this Hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
What, if the breath, that kindled those grim fires, 170
Awak'd, should blow them into sev'nfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right-hand to plague us? what if all
Her stores were open'd, and this firmament 175
Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threat'ning hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps,

Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurl'd, 180
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
Of wracking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains ;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unrepriev'd, 185
Ages of hopeless end ! This would be worse.
War, therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice dissuades ; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view ? He from Heav'n's height
All these our motions vain sees and derides ; 191
Not more almighty to resist our might
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heaven
Thus trampled, thus expell'd to suffer here 195
Chains and these torments ? better these than worse,
By my advice ; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust, 200
That so ordains : this was at first resolv'd,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh when those, who at the spear are bold
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear 205
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy', or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their conqu'ror : this is now
Our doom ; which, if we can sustain and bear,
Our supreme foe in time may much remit 210

His anger, and perhaps, thus far remov'd,
Not mind us, not offending, satisfy'd
With what is punish'd ; whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.

Our purer essence then will overcome 215
Their noxious vapour ; or, inur'd, not feel ;
Or, chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat ; and, void of pain,
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light ; 220
Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting, since our present lot appears
For happy, though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe." 225

Thus Belial, with words cloth'd in reason's garb,
Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
Not peace : and after him thus Mammon spake :

" Either to disenthroned the king of Heaven
We war, if war be best, or to regain 230
Our own right, lost : him to unthroned we then
May hope, when everlasting fate shall yield
To fickle chance, and chaos judge the strife :
The former vain to hope argues as vain
The latter : for what place can be for us 235
Within Heav'n's bound, unless Heav'n's Lord supreme
We overpow'r ? Suppose he should relent,
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection ; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive 240
Strict laws impos'd, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing

Forc'd hallelujahs ; while he lordly sits
Our envied sov'reign, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers, 245
Our servile offerings ? This must be our task
In Heav'n, this our delight ; how wearisome
Eternity, so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate ! Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd 250
Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our state
Of splendid vassalage ; but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring 255
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosp'rous of adverse,
We can create, and in what place soe'er 260
Thrive under ev'il, and work ease out of pain
Through labour and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread ? How oft amidst
Thick cloud and dark doth Heav'n's all-ruling sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobscur'd, 265
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne ; from whence deep thunders roar
Must'ring their rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell ?
As he our darkness, cannot we his light
Imitate when we please ? This desert soil 270
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold,
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence ; and what can Heav'n shew more ?
Our torments also may in length of time

Become our elements ; these piercing fires 275
As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd
Into their temper ; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may 280
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are and where, dismissing quite
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise."

He scarce had finish'd when such murmur fill'd
Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain 285
The sound of blust'ring winds, which all night long
Had rous'd the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Seafaring men o'erwatch'd, whose bark by chance,
Or pinnacle, anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest : Such applause was heard 290
As Mammon ended ; and his sentence pleas'd,
Advising peace : for such another field
They dreaded worse than Hell : so much the fear
Of thunder and the sword of Michaël
Wrought still within them ; and no less desire 295
To found this nether empire, which might rise
By policy, and long process of time,
In emulation opposite to Heaven.
Which when Beëlzebub perceiv'd, than whom,
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave 300
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pill'ar of state ; deep on his front engraven,
Deliberation sat and public care ;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone
Majestic, though in ruin : sage he stood, 305
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear

The weight of mightiest monarchies ; his look
Drew audience and attention, still as night
Or summer's noontide air, while thus he spake : 310
“ Thrones and Imperial pow'rs, offspring of Heaven,
Ethereal virtues ! or these titles now
Must we renounce, and, changing stile, be call'd
Princes of Hell ? for so the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue', and build up here
A growing empire ; doubtless, while we dream, 315
And know not that the King of Heav'n hath doom'd
This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From Heav'n's high jurisdiction, in new league
Banded against his throne, but to remain 320
In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd,
Under th' inevitable curb, reserv'd
His captive multitude : for he, be sure,
In height or depth, still first and last will reign
Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part 325
By our revolt ; but over Hell extend
His empire, and with iron sceptre rule
Us here, as with his golden those in Heaven.
What sit we then projecting peace and war ?
War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss 330
Irreparable ; terms of peace yet none
Vouchsaf'd or sought ; for what peace will be given
To us, enslav'd ; but custody severe,
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment,
Inflicted ? and what peace can we return, 335
But to our pow'r hostility and hate,
Untam'd reluctance, and revenge, though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the Conqu'rer least

May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
In doing what we most in suffering feel? 340
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need,
With dang'rous expedition to invade
Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,
Or ambush from the deep. What if we find
Some easier enterprise? There is a place, 345
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heav'n
Err not) another world, the happy seat
Of some new race call'd Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In pow'r and excellence, but favour'd more 350
Of him who rules above; so was his will
Pronounc'd among the gods, and by an oath,
That shook Heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould 355
Or substance, how endued, and what their pow'r,
And where their weakness, how attempted best,
By force or subtlety. Though Heav'n be shut,
And Heav'n's high arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie expos'd, 360
The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be achiev'd
By sudden onset, either with Hell fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess 365
All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,
The puny habitants; or, if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass 370

Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In his disturbance ; when his darling sons,
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original, and faded bliss, 375
Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires." Thus Beëlzebub
Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devis'd
By Satan, and in part propos'd : from whence, 380
But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator ? But their spite still serves 385
His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleas'd highly those infernal states, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes ; with full assent
They vote : whereat his speech he thus renews :

“ Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,
Synod of Gods, and, like to what ye are, 391
Great things resolv'd, which from the lowest deep
Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat ; perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence with neighb'ring arms
And opportune excursion we may chance 396
Re-enter Heav'n ; or else in some mild zone
Dwell, not unvisited of Heav'n's fair light,
Secure, and at the bright'ning orient beam
Purge off this gloom ; the soft delicious air, 400
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,
Shall breathe her balm. But, first, whom shall we send

In search of this new world? whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wand'ring feet
The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss, 405
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight,
Upborne with indefatigable wings,
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy isle? what strength, what art, can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe 411
Through the strict senteries and stations thick
Of angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send 415
The weight of all, and our last hope, relies."

This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd
To second, or oppose, or undertake,
The perilous attempt: but all sat mute, 420
Pond'ring the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In others count'nance read his own dismay,
Astonish'd: none among the choice and prime
Of those Heav'n-warring champions could be found
So hardy as to proffer or accept 425
Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendant glory rais'd
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride
Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd, thus spake:

" O progeny of Heav'n, empyreal thrones! 430
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seiz'd us, though undismay'd: long is the way,
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light;
Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire,

Outrageous to devour, immures us round 435
Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant,
Barr'd over us, prohibit all egress.
These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential night receives him next,
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being 440
Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
If thence he 'scape into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this throne, O peers, 445
And this imperial sov'reignty, adorn'd
With splendour, arm'd with pow'r, if ought propos'd
And judg'd of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do' I assume 450
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest 455
High honour'd sits? Go, therefore, mighty powers,
Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render Hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm 460
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain,
Of this ill mansion: intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad,
Through all the coasts of dark destruction, seek
Deliverance for us all. This enterprise 465
None shall partake with me." Thus saying, rose

The monarch, and prevented all reply ;
Prudent, lest, from his resolution rais'd,
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refus'd) what erst they fear'd ; 470
And, so refus'd, might in opinion stand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more th' adventure than his voice
Forbidding ; and at once with him they rose. 475
Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Tow'ards him they bend,
With awful reverence prone ; and as a god
Extol him equal to the highest in Heaven.
Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd
That for the general safety he despis'd 481
His own : for neither do the spirits damn'd
Lose all their virtue ; lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory' excites ;
Or close ambition varnish'd o'er with zeal. 485
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief :
As when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the north-wind sleeps, o'erspread
Heav'n's cheerful face, the louring element 490
Scowls o'er the darken'd landskip snow, or shower ;
If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
Extends his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings. 495
O shame to men ! devil with devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope

Of heav'nly grace : and God 'proclaiming peace
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife 500
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy :
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait. 505

The Stygian council thus dissolv'd ; and forth
In order came the grand infernal peers :
Midst came their mighty paramount, and seem'd
Alone th' antagonist of heav'n, nor less
Than hell's dread emperor with pomp supreme, 510
And god-like imitated state ; him round
A globe of fiery seraphim inclos'd
With bright imblazonry, and horrent arms.
Then of their session ended they bid cry
With trumpets' regal sound the great result. 515
Tow'ards the four winds four speedy cherubim
Put to their mouths the sounding alchemy,
By heralds' voice explain'd ; the hollow' abyss
Heard far and wide, and all the host of hell 519
With deaf'ning shout return'd them loud acclaim.

Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat rais'd
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers
Disband, and wand'ring each his several way
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him, perplex'd where he may likeliest find
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain 526
The irksome hours till his great chief return.
Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,
Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,
As at th' Olympian games or Pythian fields ; 530

Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.
As when to warn proud cities war appears
Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds, before each van 535
Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their spears
Till thickest legions close ; with feats of arms
From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.
Others, with vast Typhœan rage, more fell,
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air 540
In whirlwind ; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
As when Alcides, from Oechalia crown'd
With conquest, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw 545
Into th' Euboic sea. Others, more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
By doom of battle ; and complain that fate 550
Free virtue should inthral to force or chance.
Their song was partial, but the harmony
(What could it less when spi'rits immortal sing !)
Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet,
(For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense) 555
Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate ; and reason'd high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute ; 560
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argued then,

Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and apathy, and glory' and shame,
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy : 565
Yet with a pleasing sorcery could charm
Pain for awhile or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdurate breast
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
Another part in squadrons and gross bands, 570
On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge 575
Into the burning lake their baleful streams ;
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate ;
Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep ;
Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful stream ; fierce Phlegethon, 580
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage ;
Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her wat'ry labyrinth, whereof who drinks
Forthwith his former state and be'ing forgets, 585
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems 590
Of ancient pile ; all else deep snow and ice,
A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiata and mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk : the parching air

Burns froze, and cold performs th' effect of fire. 595
Thither, by harpy-footed furies hal'd
At certain revolutions, all the damn'd
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice 600
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immovable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this Lethean sound,
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment, 605
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so near the brink;
But fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt 610
Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
The ford, and of itself the water flies
All taste of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus, roving on
In cónfus'd march forlorn, th' advent'rous bands, 615
With shudd'ring horror pale, and eyes aghast,
View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
No rest: through many a dark and dreary vale
They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp, 620
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,
A universe of death, which God by curse
Created ev'il, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things 625
Abominable, inutterable, and worse

Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.

Meanwhile the adversary' of God and man,
Satan, with thoughts inflam'd of high'est design, 630
Puts on swift wings, and tow'ards the gates of Hell
Explores his solitary flight; sometimes
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left,
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
Up to the fiery concave, tow'ring high. 635
As when far off at sea a fleet descry'd
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs: they on the trading flood 640
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
Ply, stemming nightly tow'ard the pole. So seem'd
Far off the flying fiend: at last appear
Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice threefold the gates; three folds were brass,
Three iron, three of adamantine rock; 646
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape;
The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair, 650
But ended foul in many a scaly fold
Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting; about her middle round
A cry of Hell-hounds, never ceasing, bark'd,
With wide Cerberian mouths, full loud, and rung 655
A hideous peal: yet, when they list, would creep,
If ought disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there; yet there still bark'd and howl'd,

Within unseen. Far less abhorred than these
Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts 660
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore :
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, call'd
In secret, riding through the air, she comes,
Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring moon 665
Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb ;
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd ;
For each seem'd either ; black it stood as night, 670
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful dart ; what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand ; and from his seat
The monster, moving onward, came as fast 675
With horrid strides ; Hell trembled as he strode.
Th' undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd ;
Admir'd, not fear'd ; God and his Son except,
Created thing nought valu'd he, nor shunn'd ;
And with disdainful look thus first began : 680

“ Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates ? through them I mean to pass,
That be assured, without leave ask'd of thee : 685
Retire, or taste thy folly' ; and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with spi'rits of Heaven.”

To whom the goblin, full of wrath, reply'd ;
“ Art thou that traitor angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in Heav'n and faith, till then

Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms 691
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's sons,
Conjur'd against the Highest, for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd
To waste eternal days in woe and pain? 695
And reckon'st thou thyself with spi'rits of heav'n,
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings, 700
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy ling'ring, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."

So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threat'ning, grew tenfold 705
More dreadful and deform: on th' other side,
Incens'd with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrify'd, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair 710
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Level'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend; and such a frown
Each cast at th' other, as when two black clouds,
With Heav'n's artillery fraught, come rattling on 715
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid-air:
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at their frown, so match'd they stood;
For never but once more was either like 721
To meet so great a foe. And now great deeds

Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
Fast by Hell gate, and kept the fatal key, 725
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

“ O Father, what intends thy hand,” she cry'd,
“ Against thy only son ? What fury, O Son,
Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
Against thy father's head ? and know'st for whom ;
For him who sits above and laughs the while 731
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids ;
His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both.”

She spake, and at her words the hellish pest 735
Forebore : then these to her Satan return'd :

“ So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand,
Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends, till first I know of thee 740
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why,
In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st
Me father, and that phantasm call'st my son ;
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee.” 745

T' whom thus the portress of Hell gate reply'd :
“ Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
Now in thine eyes so foul ? once deem'd so fair
In Heav'n, when at th' assembly, and in sight
Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd 750
In bold conspiracy against Heav'n's king,
All on a sudden miserable pain
Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes and dizzy swum
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast

Threw forth, till, on the left side opening wide, 755
Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,
Then shining heav'nly fair, a goddess arm'd
Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seiz'd
All th' host of Heav'n; back they recoil'd afraid
At first, and call'd me Sin, and for a sign 760
Portentous held me; but, familiar grown,
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
Thee most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft,
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing,
Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st 765
With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd
A growing burden. Meanwhile war arose,
And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein remain'd
(For what could else?) to our Almighty foe
Clear victory, to our part loss and rout 770
Through all the empyréan: down they fell,
Driv'n headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down
Into this deep, and in the general fall
I also; at which time this pow'rful key
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep 775
These gates for ever shut, which none can pass
Without my opening. Pensive here I sat
Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb,
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes. 780
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,
Tore through my entrails, that, with fear and pain
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy 785
Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart,

Made to destroy : I fled, and cry'd out, Death !
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
From all her caves, and back resounded, Death !
I fled ; but he pursu'd, (though more, it seems, 790
Inflam'd with lust than rage) and, swifter far,
Me overtook, his mother, all dismay'd,
And in embraces forcible and foul,
Engendering with me, of that rape begot
These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry 795
Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceiv'd
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
To me ; for when they list into the womb
That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw
My bowels, their repast ; then, bursting forth 800
Afresh, with conscious terrors vex me round,
That rest or intermission none I find.
Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death, my son and foe, who sets them on,
And me his parent would full soon devour 805
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd, and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
Whenever that shall be ; so fate pronounc'd.
But thou, O Father, I forewarn thee, shun 810
His deadly arrow ; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can resist."

She finish'd, and the subtle fiend his lore 815
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth :
" Dear Daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy sire,
And my fair son here shew'st me, the dear pledge

Of dalliance had with thee in Heaven, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change
Befall'n us unforeseen, unthought of; know 821
I come no enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly host
Of spi'rits, that, in our just pretences arm'd, 825
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
Th' unfounded deep, and through the void immense
To search with wand'ring quest a place foretold 830
Should be, and by concurring signs, ere now
Created vast and round, a place of bliss
In the purlieus of Heav'n, and therein plac'd
A race of upstart creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd, 835
Lest Heav'n, surcharg'd with potent multitude,
Might hap to move new broils: Be this or ought
Than this more secret now design'd, I haste
To know, and, this once known, shall soon return,
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death 840
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm'd
With odours; there ye shall be fed and fill'd
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey."

He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and Death
Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear 846
His famine should be fill'd, and blest his maw
Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoic'd
His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire:

“ The key of this infernal pit by due, 850
And by command of Heav’n’s all-powerful King,
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
These adamantine gates ; against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o’ermatch’d by living might. 855
But what owe I to his commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To sit in hateful office here confin’d,
Inhabitant of Heav’n, and heav’nly born, 860
Here in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrors and with clamours compass’d round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed ?
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gav’st me ; whom should I obey 865
But thee, whom follow ? thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and bliss, among
The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.” 870

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took ;
And, tow’ards the gate rolling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew,
Which, but herself, not all the Stygian powers 875
Could once have mov’d ; then in the key-hole turns
Th’ intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy ir’on or solid rock with ease
Unfastens : on a sudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound, 880

Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
Excell'd her pow'r; the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a banner'd host, 885
Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through,
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear 890
The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension; where length, breadth, and height,
And time, and place, are lost; where eldest night
And Chaos, ancestors of nature, hold 895
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for mast'ry, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag 900
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise 905
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
He rules a moment; Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray
By which he reigns; next him high arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss, 910
The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave,
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd

Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless th' Almighty Maker them ordain 915
His dark materials to create more worlds ;
Into this wild abyss the wary fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd awhile,
Pond'ring his voyage ; for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd 920
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with small) than when Bellona storms,
With all her battering engines bent to raze
Some capital city' ; or less than if his frame
Of Heav'n were falling, and these elements 925
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The steadfast earth. At last his sail-broad vans
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
Uplifted spurns the ground ; thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair, ascending, rides 930
Audacious ; but, that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuity : all unawares,
Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb down he drops
Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance 935
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft : that fury stay'd,
Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea
Nor good dry land, nigh founder'd, on he fares, 940
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half-flying ; behoves him now both oar and sail.
As when a gryphon through the wilderness
With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,
Pursues the Arimaspan, who by stealth 945
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd



*The wary Fiend
 Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd awhile
 Pondering his voyage;—*

Book 2, line

London, Published Sept. 28. 1799, by T. Heptinstall, Holborn.

The guarded gold, so eagerly the fiend
O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies :
At length a universal hubbub wild 951
Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd,
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
With loudest vehemence : thither he plies,
Undaunted to meet there whatever power 955
Or spirit of the nethermost abyss
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
Bord'ring on light ; when strait behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread 960
Wide on the wasteful deep ; with him enthron'd,
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The consort of his reign ; and by them stood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon ; Rumour next, and Chance, 965
And Tumult, and Confusion, all embroil'd,
And Discord, with a thousand various mouths.

T' whom Satan, turning boldly, thus : “ Ye powers
And spirits of this nethermost abyss,
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy, 970
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your realm, but by constraint
Wand'ring this darksome desert, as my way
Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek 975
What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds
Confine with Heav'n : or, if some other place,
From your dominion won, th' ethereal king
Possesses lately, thither to arrive

I travel this profound ; direct my course ; 980
Directed, no mean recompense it brings
To your behoof, if I that region lost,
All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
To her original darkness and your sway,
(Which is my present journey) and once more 985
Erect the standard there of ancient Night ;
Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge."

Thus Satan ; and him thus the Anarch old,
With falt'ring speech and visage incompos'd,
Answer'd : " I know thee, stranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading angel, who of late 991
Made head against Heav'n's king, though overthrown.
I saw and heard, for such a numerous host
Fled not in silence through the frightened deep
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout, 995
Confusion worse confounded ; and Heav'n gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands,
Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
Keep residence ; if all I can will serve
That little which is left so to defend, 1000
Encroach'd on still through your intestine broils,
Weak'ning the sceptre of old Night : first Hell
Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath ;
Now lately Heav'n and Earth, another world,
Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain 1005
To that side Heav'n from whence your legions fell :
If that way be your walk, you have not far ;
So much the nearer danger ; go, and speed ;
Havoc, and spoil, and ruin, are my gain."

He ceas'd ; and Satan stay'd not to reply, 1010
But, glad that now his sea should find a shore,
With fresh alacrity and force renew'd,

Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,
Into the wild expanse, and through the shock
Of fighting elements, on all sides round 1015
Environ'd, wins his way ; harder beset
And more endanger'd, than when Argo pass'd
Through Bosphorus betwixt the justling rocks ;
Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunn'd
Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steer'd. 1020
So he with difficulty' and labour hard
Mov'd on, with difficulty' and labour he :
But, he once past, soon after, when man fell,
(Strange alteration !) Sin and Death amain,
Following his track, (such was the will of Heaven)
Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way 1026
Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf
Tamely endur'd a bridge of wondrous length,
From Hell continu'd, reaching th' utmost orb
Of this frail world ; by which the spi'rits perverse
With easy intercourse pass to and fro 1031
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
God and good angels guard by special grace.
But now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heaven 1035
Shoots far into the bosom of dim night
A glimmering dawn : here nature first begins
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire,
As from her outmost works a broken foe,
With tumult less and with less hostile din ; 1040
That Satan with less toil, and now with ease,
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
And, like a weather-beaten vessel, holds
Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn ;

Or in the emptier waste, resembling air, 1045
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
Far off th' empyreal Heav'n, extended wide
In circuit, undetermin'd square or round,
With opal tow'rs and battlements adorn'd
Of living sapphire, once his native seat; 1050
And fast by hanging in a golden chain
This pendent world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.
Thither, full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accurs'd, and in a cursed hour, he hies. 1055

TO THE ARGUMENT.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

God, sitting on his throne, sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created ; shews him to the Son who sat at his right hand ; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind ; clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free, and able enough to have withstood his tempter ; yet declares his purpose of Grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man ; but God again declares, that Grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine justice : Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore, with all his progeny devoted to death, must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for Man. The Father accepts him ; ordains his incarnation ; pronounces his exaltation above all names in Heaven and Earth ; commands all the Angels to adore him : they obey, and, hymning to their harps in full quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Meanwhile Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb ; where, wandering, he first finds a place, since called 'The Limbo of Vanity ;' what persons and things fly up thither ; thence comes to the gate of Heaven, described ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it. His passage thence to the orb of the sun : he finds there Uriel the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner Angel, and, pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation, and Man whom God had placed here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed ; alights first on mount Niphates.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK III.

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heav'n first-born!
Or of th' eternal co-eternal beam,
May I express thee' unblam'd? since God is light,
And never but in unapproach'd light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee, 5
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle did'st invest 10
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,
Escap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight 15
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to th' Orphéan lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,

Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyss,
Wide interrupt, can hold? so bent he seems
On desperate revenge, that shall redound 85
Upon his own rebellious head. And now,
Through all restraint broke loose, he wings his way
Not far off Heav'n, in the precincts of light,
Directly tow'ards the new created world,
And man there plac'd, with purpose to assay 90
If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert,
For man will hearken to his glozing lies,
And easily transgress the sole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: so will fall 95
He and his faithless progeny. Whose fault?
Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of me
All he could have; I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
Such I created all th' ethereal Pow'rs 100
And Spi'rits, both them who stood and them who fail'd;
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have giv'n sincere
Of true allegiance, constant faith, or love,
Where only what they needs must do, appear'd, 105
Not what they would? what praise could they receive?
What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
When will and reason (reason also' is choice)
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,
Made passive both, had serv'd necessity, 110
Not me? They therefore as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can justly' accuse
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,
As if predestination over-rul'd

Their will, dispos'd by absolute decree, 115
Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed
Their own revolt, not I: if I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.
So without least impulse, or shadow' of fate, 120
Or ought by me immutably foreseen,
They trespass, authors to themselves in all
Both what they judge and what they choose; for so
I form'd them free, and free they must remain,
Till they inthral themselves; I else must change 125
Their nature, and revoke the high decree
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
Their freedom; they themselves ordain'd their fall.
The first sort by their own suggestion fell,
Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: Man falls, deceiv'd 130
By th' other first; Man therefore shall find grace,
The other none. In mercy' and justice both,
Through Heav'n and Earth, so shall my glory excel,
But mercy first and last shall brightest shine."

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
All Heav'n, and in the blessed Spi'rits elect 136
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd:
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious; in him all his Father shone
Substantially express'd; and in his face 140
Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without measure grace,
Which utt'ring thus, he to his Father spake:

"O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd
Thy sov'reign sentence, that Man should find grace;
For which both Heav'n and Earth shall high extol

Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound 147
Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest:
For should man finally be lost, should man, 150
Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest son,
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd
With his own folly? that be from thee far,
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge
Of all things made, and judgest only right. 155
Or shall the adversary thus obtain
His end, and frustrate thine? shall he fulfil
His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought;
Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to hell 160
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself
Abolish thy creation, and unmake,
For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both 165
Be question'd and blasphem'd without defence."

To whom the great Creator thus reply'd:
" O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son, who art alone
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might, 170
All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all
As my eternal purpose hath decreed:
Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will,
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely vouchsaf'd; once more I will renew 175
His lapsed pow'rs, though forfeit and inthrall'd
By sin to foul exorbitant desires;
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand

On even ground against his mortal foe,
By me upheld, that he may know how frail 180
His fall'n condition is, and to me owe
All his deliv'rance, and to none but me.
Some I have chosen of peculiar grace
Elect above the rest; so is my will:
The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd 185
Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
Th' incensed Deity, while offer'd grace
Invites; for I will clear their senses dark,
What may suffice, and soften stony hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due. 190
To pray'r, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,
Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut;
And I will place within them as a guide
My umpire Conscience, whom if they will hear, 195
Light after light well us'd they shall attain,
And to the end persisting, safe arrive.
This my long suff'rance and my day of grace
They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste;
But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more, 200
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;
And none but such from mercy I exclude.
But yet all is not done; Man disobeying,
Disloyal breaks his feälty, and sins
Against the high supremacy of Heav'n, 205
Affecting Godhead, and so losing all,
To expiate his treason hath nought left,
But to destruction, sacred and devote,
He with his whole posterity must die.
Die he, or justice must; unless for him 210

Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
Say, heav'nly Pow'rs! where shall we find such love?
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Man's mortal crime, the just th' unjust to save? 215
Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear?"

He ask'd, but all the heav'nly quire stood mute,
And silence was in Heav'n: on Man's behalf
Patron, or intercessor none appear'd;
Much less that durst upon his own head draw 220
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
And now without redemption all mankind
Must have been lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine, 225
His dearest mediation thus renew'd.

" Father, thy word is past; Man shall find grace;
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
The speediest of thy winged messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all 230
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought?
Happy for Man, so coming; he her aid
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;
Atonement for himself, or off'ring meet,
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring. 235
Behold me then; me for him life for life
I offer; on me let thine anger fall;
Account me Man; I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him lastly die 240
Well pleas'd: on me let Death wreak all his rage;
Under his gloomy pow'r I shall not long

Lie vanquish'd ; thou hast giv'n me to possess
Life in myself for ev'r ; by thee I live,
Though now to Death I yield, and am his due 245
All that of me can die ; yet that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
For ever with corruption there to dwell ;
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue 250
My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil ;
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.
I through the ample air in triumph high
Shall lead Hell captive maugre Hell, and show 255
The Pow'rs of darkness bound. Thou at the sight
Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,
While by thee rais'd I ruin all my foes,
Death last, and with his carcass glut the grave :
Then with the multitude of my redeem'd 260
Shall enter Heav'n, long absent, and return,
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd
And reconciliation ; wrath shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire." 265

His words here ended, but his meek aspect
Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love
To mortal Men, above which only shone
Filial obedience : as a sacrifice,
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will 270
Of his great Father. Admiration seiz'd
All Heav'n what this might mean, and whither tend,
Wond'ring ; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd :

“ O thou, in Heav’n and Earth the only peace
Found out for Mankind under wrath ! O thou, 275
My sole complacence ! well thou know’st how dear
To me are all my works, nor Man the least,
Though last created ; that for him I spare
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
By losing thee awhile, the whole race lost. 280
Thou, therefore, whom thou only can’st redeem,
Their nature also to thy nature join,
And be thyself Man among Men on earth,
Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin-seed,
By wond’rous birth : be thou, in Adam’s room, 285
The head of all mankind, though Adam’s son.
As in him perish all Men, so in thee,
As from a second root, shall be restor’d
As many’ as are restor’d, without thee none.
His crime makes guilty all his sons ; thy mer’it 290
Imputed shall absolve them who renounce
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,
Shall satisfy for Man, be judg’d and die, 295
And dying rise, and, rising, with him raise
His brethren, ransom’d with his own dear life.
So heav’nly love shall outdo hellish hate
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
So dearly to redeem what hellish hate 300
So easily destroy’d, and still destroys,
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume
Man’s nature, lessen, or degrade thine own.

Because thou hast, though thron'd in highest bliss 305
Equal to God, and equally enjoy'ing
Godlike fruition, quitted all to save
A world from utter loss, and hast been found
By merit more than birthright Son of God,
Found worthiest to be so by being good, 310
Far more than great, or high ; because in thee
Love hath abounded more than glory' abounds ;
Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
With thee thy manhood also to this throne.
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign 315
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
Anointed universal king ; all pow'r
I give thee ; reign for ever, and assume
Thy merits : under thee, as head supreme,
Thrones, Princedoms, Pow'rs, Dominions, I reduce ;
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide 321
In Heav'n, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell.
When thou, attended gloriously from Heav'n,
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
The summoning Archangels to proclaim 325
Thy dread tribunal, forthwith from all winds
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all past ages, to the gen'ral doom
Shall hasten, such a peal shall rouse their sleep :
Then, all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge 330
Bad men and Angels ; they arraign'd shall sink
Beneath thy sentence ; Hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Meanwhile
The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell,
And, after all their tribulations long, 336

See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.
Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,
For regal sceptre there no more shall need, 340
God shall be all in all. But, all ye Gods,
Adore him, who to compass all this, dies ;
Adore the Son, and honour him as me !”

No sooner had th’ Almighty ceas’d, but all
The multitude of Angels, with a shout 345
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, utt’ring joy, Heav’n rung
With jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill’d
Th’ eternal regions : lowly reverent
Tow’ards either throne they bow, and to the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast 351
Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold ;
Immortal amarant, a flow’r which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom ; but soon for Man’s offence 355
To Heav’n remov’d, where first it grew, there grows,
And flow’rs aloft, shading the fount of life,
And where the riv’er of bliss through midst of Heav’n
Rolls o’er Elysian flow’rs her amber stream :
With these that never fade, the Spi’rits elect 360
Bind their resplendent locks inwreath’d with beams ;
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Impurpled with celestial roses, smil’d.
Then crown’d again, their golden harps they took,
Harps ever tun’d, that, glitt’ring by their side, 366
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce

Their sacred song, and waken raptures high ;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join 370
Melodious part, such concord is in Heav'n.

“ Thee, Father,” first they sung, “ Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King ; thee, author of all be'ing,
Fountain of light, thyself invisible 375

Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sitt'st
Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud,
Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear, 380
Yet dazzle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.”

“ Thee,” next they sang, “ of all creation First,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud
Made visible, th' Almighty Father shines, 386
Whom else no creature can behold ; on thee
Impress'd th' effulgence of his glory' abides,
Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.

He, Heav'n of Heav'ns, and all the Pow'rs therein,
By thee created, and by thee threw down 391
Th' aspiring Dominations : thou, that day
Thy Father's dreadful thunder did'st not spare,
Nor stop thy flaming chariot-wheels, that shook
Heav'n's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks 395
Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarray'd.

Back from pursuit thy Pow'rs with loud acclaim
Thee only' extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes.
Not so on man ; him, through their malice fall'n, 400

Father of mercy' and grace, thou didst not doom
So strictly, but much more to pity' incline :
No sooner did thy dear and only Son
Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man
So strictly, but much more to pity' incline, 405
He, to appease thy wrath, and end the strife
Of mercy' and justice in thy face discern'd,
Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat
Second to thee, offer'd himself to die
For Man's offence. O unexampled love, 410
Love, no where to be found less than Divine !
Hail, Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin !" 415

Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry sphere,
Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.
Meanwhile upon the firm opacous globe
Of this round world, whose first convex divides
The luminous inferior orbs enclos'd 420
From Chaos and th' inroad of Darkness old,
Satan alighted walks : a globe far off
It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent,
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night
Starless expos'd, and ever-threat'ning storms 425
Of Chaos blust'ring round, inclement sky ;
Save on that side which from the wall of Heav'n,
Though distant far, some small reflection gains
Of glimm'ring air, less vex'd with tempest loud :
Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field. 430
As when a vulture, on Imaüs bred,
Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,

Dislodging from a region scarce of prey,
To gorge the flesh of lambs, or yeanling kids
On hills where flocks are fed, flies tow'ard the springs
Of Ganges, or Hydaspes, Indian streams; 436
But in his way lights on the barren plains
Of Sericana, where Chinese drive
With sails and wind their cany waggons light:
So, on this windy sea of land, the Fiend 440
Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey;
Alone, for other creature in this place,
Living, or lifeless, to be found was none;
None yet; but store hereafter from the earth
Up hither like aërial vapours flew 445
Of all things transitory' and vain, when sin
With vanity had fill'd the works of Men;
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of glory', or lasting fame,
Or happiness in this, or th' other life; 450
All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
Of painful superstition and blind zeal,
Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds;
All th' unaccomplish'd works of Nature's hand, 455
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,
Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final dissolution, wander here,
Not in the neighb'ring moon, as some have dream'd;
Those argent fields more likely habitants, 460
Translated Saints, or middle Spirits, hold,
Betwixt th' angelical and human kind.
Hither, of ill-join'd sons and daughters born,
First from the ancient world those giants came

With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd :
The builders next of Babel on the plain 466
Of Sennaär, and still with vain design
New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build :
Others came single ; he who, to be deem'd
A God, leap'd fondly into Ætna flames, 470
Empedocles ; and he who, to enjoy
Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the sea,
Cleombrotus ; and many more too long,
Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars,
White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery. 475
Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek
In Golgotha him dead, who lives in Heav'n ;
And they who, to be sure of Paradise,
Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
Or in Franciscan think to pass disguis'd ; 480
They pass the planets seven, and pass the fix'd,
And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs
The trepidation talk'd, and that first mov'd :
And now Saint Peter at Heav'n's wicket seems
To wait them with his keys, and now at foot 485
Of Heav'n's ascent they lift their feet, when, lo !
A violent cross-wind from either coast
Blows them transverse ten thousand leagues awry
Into the devious air ; then might ye see
Cowls, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, tost 490
And flutter'd into rags ; then reliques, beads,
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
The sport of winds : all these, upwhirl'd aloft,
Fly o'er the backside of the world far off
Into a Limbo large and broad, since call'd 495
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown

Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod.
All this dark globe the Fiend found as he pass'd,
And long he wander'd, till at last a gleam
Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haste 500
His travel'd steps: far distant he descries,
Ascending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of Heav'n, a structure high,
At top whereof, but far more rich, appear'd
The work as of a kingly palace-gate, 505
With frontispiece of diamond and gold
Embellish'd; thick with sparkling orient gems
The portal shone, inimitable on earth
By model, or by shading pencil drawn.
The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw 510
Angels ascending and descending, bands
Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled
To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz,
Dreaming by night under the open sky,
And waking cry'd, "This is the gate of Heaven."
Each star mysteriously was meant, nor stood 516
There always, but drawn up to Heav'n sometimes
Viewless; and underneath, a bright sea flow'd
Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
Who after came from earth, sailing arriv'd 520
Wafted by Angels, or flew o'er the lake
Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.
The stairs were then let down, whether to dare
The Fiend by easy' ascent, or aggravate
His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss: 525
Direct against which open'd from beneath,
Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,
A passage down to th' Earth, a passage wide,

Wider by far than that of after-times
Over mount Sion, and, though that were large, 530
Over the Promis'd Land to God so dear,
By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,
On high behests his Angels to and fro
Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard
From Paneas the fount of Jordan's flood 535
To Beërsaba, where the Holy Land
Borders on Egypt and th' Arabian shore ;
So wide the opening seem'd, where bounds were set
To darkness, such as bound the ocean-wave.
Satan from hence, now on the lower stair 540
That scal'd by steps of gold to Heaven-gate,
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
Of all this world at once. As when a scout,
Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
All night, at last, by break of cheerful dawn, 545
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
Which to his eye discovers unaware
The goodly prospect of some foreign land
First seen, or some renown'd metropolis
With glist'ring spires and pinnacles adorn'd, 550
Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams :
Such wonder seiz'd, though after Heaven seen,
The Spi'rit malign, but much more envy seiz'd
At sight of all this world beheld so fair.
Round he surveys (and well might where he stood
So high above the circling canopy 556
Of night's extended shade) from eastern point
Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
Beyond th' horizon ; then from pole to pole 560

He views in breadth, and without longer pause
Down right into the world's first region throws
His flight precipitant, and winds with ease,
Through the pure marble air, his oblique way
Amongst innumerable stars, that shone 565
Stars distant, but nigh-hand seem'd other worlds;
Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,
Like those Hesperian gardens fam'd of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales,
Thrice happy isles! but who dwelt happy there 570
He stay'd not to inquire: above them all
The golden sun, in splendour likest Heav'n,
Allur'd his eye; thither his course he bends
Through the calm firmament, (but up, or down
By centre, or eccentric, hard to tell, 575
Or longitude) where the great luminary,
Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
Dispenses light from far; they, as they move
Their starry dance, in numbers that compute 580
Days, months, and years, tow'ards his all-cheering lamp
Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The universe, and to each inward part,
With gentle penetration, though unseen, 585
Shoots invisible virtue ev'n to the deep;
So wondrously was set his station bright,
There lands the Fiend, a spot, like which perhaps
Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb,
Through his glaz'd optic tube, yet never saw. 590
The place he found beyond expression bright,
Compar'd with ought on earth, metal, or stone;

Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
With radiant light, as glowing ir'on with fire ;
If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear ; 595
If stone, carbuncle most, or chrysolite,
Ruby, or topaz, to the twelve that shone
In Aaron's breast-plate, and a stone besides
Imagin'd rather oft than elsewhere seen,
That stone, or like to that which here below 600
Philosophers in vain so long have sought,
In vain, though by their pow'rful art they bind
Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound
In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,
Drain'd through a limbec to his native form. 605
What wonder then, if fields and regions here
Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run
Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
Th' arch-chemic sun, so far from us remote,
Produces, with terrestrial humour mix'd, 610
Here in the dark, so many precious things,
Of colour glorious and effect so rare ?
Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
Undazzled ; far and wide his eye commands ;
For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade, 615
But all sunshine, as when his beams at noon
Culminate from th' equator, as they now
Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
Shadow from body' opaque can fall ; and th' air
No where so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray 620
To objects distant far, whereby he soon
Saw within ken a glorious Angel stand,
The same whom John saw also in the sun :
His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid ;

Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar 625
Circled his head, nor less his locks behind
Illustrious on his shoulders fledge with wings
Lay waving round ; on some great charge employ'd
He seem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.

Glad was the Spi'rit impure, as now in hope 630
To find who might direct his wand'ring flight
To Paradise, the happy seat of Man,
His journey's end, and our beginning woe.

But first he casts to change his proper shape,
Which else might work him danger, or delay : 635

And now a stripling Cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smil'd celestial, and to every limb
Suitable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd :

Under a coronet his flowing hair 640
In curls on either cheek play'd ; wings he wore
Of many a colour'd plume sprinkled with gold,
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
Before his decent steps a silver wand.

He drew not nigh unheard ; the Angel bright, 645
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,
Admonish'd by his ear, and strait was known
Th' Archangel Uriël, one of the seven

Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes 650
That run through all the Heav'ns, or down to th' Earth
Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,
O'er sea and land : him Satan thus accosts :

“ Uriel, for thou of those sev'n Spi'rits that stand
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright, 655
The first art wont his great authentic will

Interpreter through highest Heav'n to bring,
Where all his sons thy embassy attend ;
And here art likeliest by supreme decree
Like honour to obtain, and as his eye 660
To visit oft this new creation round ;
Unspeakable desire to see, and know
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,
His chief delight and favour, him for whom
All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd, 665
Hath brought me from the quires of Cherubim
Alone thus wand'ring. Brightest Seraph tell
In which of all these shining orbs hath Man
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell : 670
That I may find him, and with secret gaze,
Or open admiration, him behold.
On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd ;
That both in him and all things, as is meet, 675
The universal Maker we may praise ;
Who justly hath driv'n out his rebel foes
To deepest Hell, and to repair that loss
Created this new happy race of Men
To serve him better : wise are all his ways !" 680
So spake the false dissembler unperceiv'd ;
For neither Man nor Angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only' evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, through Heav'n and Earth :
And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps 686
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill



*Brightest Seraph, tell
In which of all these shining orbs hath Man
His fixed seat,*

Book 3, line 667.

London: Published Oct 14th 1799. by T. Hoptonstall Holborn.

Where no ill seems ; which now for once beguil'd
Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held 690
The sharpest sighted Spi'rit of all in Heav'n ;
Who to the fraudulent impostor foul,
In his uprightness, answer thus return'd :

“ Fair Angel, thy desire which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorify 695
The great Work-Master, leads to no excess
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps 700
Contented with report hear only' in Heav'n ;
For wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight ;
But what created mind can comprehend 705
Their number, or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep ?
I saw when at his word the formless mass,
This world's material mould, came to a heap :
Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar 710
Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd ;
Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung.
Swift to their sev'ral quarters hasted then
The cumb'rous elements, earth, flood, air, fire ; 715
And this ethereal quintessence of Heav'n
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars
Numberless, as thou see'st, and how they move ;
Each had his place appointed, each his course ; 720

The rest in circuit wall this universe.
Look downward on that globe, whose hither side
With light from hence, though but reflected, shines ;
That place is Earth, the seat of Man, that light
His day, which else, as th' other hemisphere, 725
Night would invade ; but there the neighb'ring moon
(So call that opposite fair star) her aid
Timely' interposes, and her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing, through mid Heav'n,
With borrow'd light her countenance triform 730
Hence fills and empties to enlighten th' Earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
The spot to which I point is Paradise,
Adam's abode, those lofty shades, his bow'r.
Thy way thou can'st not miss, me mine requires."

Thus said, he turn'd : and Satan, bowing low, 736
As to superior Spi'rits is wont in Heav'n,
Where honour due and rev'rence none neglects,
Took leave, and tow'ard the coast of earth beneath,
Down from th' ecliptic, sped with hop'd success, 740
Throws his steep flight in many' an airy wheel,
Nor stay'd, till on Niphates' top he lights.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a cormorant on the tree of life, as highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden described; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation, by seducing them to transgress, then leaves them awhile, to know further of their state by some other means. Meanwhile Uriel, descending on a sun-beam, warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil Spirit had escaped the deep, and passed at noon by his sphere, in the shape of a good Angel, down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures on the mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their bower described; their evening worship. Gabriel, drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong Angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil Spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping: there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom questioned, he scornfully answers, prepares resistance, but, hindered by a sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IV.

O FOR that warning voice, which he who saw
Th' Apocalypse, heard cry in Heav'n aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be reveng'd on Men,
“ Woe to th' inhabitants on earth !” that now, 5
While time was, our first parents had been warn'd
The coming of their secret foe, and 'scap'd,
Haply so scap'd, his mortal snare ! for now
Satan, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,
The tempter ere th' accuser of mankind, 10
To wreck on innocent frail man his loss
Of that first battle, and his flight to Hell :
Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
Begins his dire attempt, which, nigh the birth, 15
Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breast,
And like a dev'ilish engine back recoils
Upon himself ; horror and doubt distract

His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
The Hell within him ; for within him Hell 20
He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell
One step no more than from himself can fly
By change of place : now conscience wakes despair
That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be 25
Worse ; of worse deeds worse suff'rings must ensue.
Sometimes tow'ards Eden, which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad ;
Sometimes tow'ards Heav'n and the full-blazing sun,
Which now sat high in his meridian tow'r: 30
Then, much revolving, thus in sighs began :

“ O thou, that with surpassing glory crown'd
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world ; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads ; to thee I call, 35
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere ;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down 40
Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless King :
Ah, wherefore ! he deserv'd no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none ; nor was his service hard. 45
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,
How due ! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice ; lifted up so high
I'sdein'd subjection, and thought one step high'r 50

Would set me high'st, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome still paying, still to owe;
Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,
And understood not that a grateful mind 55
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharg'd: what burden then?
O had his pow'rful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior Angel! I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd 60
Ambition. Yet why not? some other pow'r
As great might have aspir'd, and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part; but other Pow'rs as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within,
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd. 65
Had'st thou the same free will and pow'r to stand?
Thou had'st: whom hast thou then, or what to' accuse,
But Heav'n's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accurs'd, since love, or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe. 70
Nay, curs'd be thou; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell; 75
And in the lowest deep a lower deep,
Still threat'ning to devour me, opens wide,
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heav'n.
O then at last relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left? 80
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the Spi'rits beneath, whom I seduc'd

With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue 85
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of Hell.
With diadem and sceptre high advanc'd, 90
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery ; such joy ambition finds.
But say, I could repent and could obtain
By act of grace my former state ; how soon
Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feign'd submission swore ! ease would recant 96
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilment grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep ;
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse 100
And heavier fall : so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my punisher ; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging, peace :
All hope excluded thus, behold in stead 105
Of us, outcast, exil'd, his new delight
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse : all good to me is lost ;
Evil, be thou my good ; by thee at least 110
Divided empire with Heav'n's King I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign ;
As Man ere long, and this new world, shall know."

Thus while he spake each passion dimm'd his face,
Thrice chang'd with pale ire, envy, and despair ; 115
Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd

Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld :
For heav'nly minds from such distempers foul
Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,
Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calm, 120
Artificer of fraud ! and was the first
That practis'd falsehood under saintly show,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge ;
Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive
Uriel once warn'd ; whose eye pursu'd him down
The way he went, and on th' Assyrian mount 126
Saw him disfigur'd, more than could befall
Spirit of happy sort : his gestures fierce
He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,
As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen. 130
So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champain head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides 135
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access deny'd ; and overhead up-grew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene, and, as the ranks ascend, 140
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verd'rous wall of Paradise up-sprung :
Which to our gen'ral sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighb'ring round : 145
And higher than that wall, a circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue

Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colours mix'd ;
On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams 150
Than on fair ev'ning cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath show'r'd the earth ; so lovely seem'd
That landscape : and of pure, now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive 155
All sadness but despair ; now gentle gales,
Fanning their odorif'rous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past 160
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabeian odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest ; with such delay
Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many a league,
Cheer'd with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles :
So entertain'd those od'rous sweets the Fiend 166
Who came their bane, though with them better pleas'd
Than Asmodæus with the fishy fume
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the spouse
Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent 170
From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.

Now to th' ascent of that steep savage hill
Satan had journey'd on, pensive and slow ;
But further way found none, so thick intwin'd,
As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth 175
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd
All path of man, or beast, that pass'd that way :
One gate there only was, and that look'd east
On th' other side ; which when th' Arch-felon saw,
Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt, 180

At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound
Of hill, or highest wall, and sheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve,
In hurdled cotes amid the field secure, 186
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold ;
Or as a thief bent to unhoard the cash
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault, 190
In at a window climbs, or o'er the tiles :
So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold ;
So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,
The middle tree and highest there that grew, 195
Sat like a cormorant ; yet not true life
Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death
To them who liv'd ; nor on the virtue thought
Of that life-giving plant, but only us'd
For prospect, what well us'd had been the pledge 200
Of immortality. So little knows
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts best things
To worse abuse, or to their meanest use.
Beneath him with new wonder now he views, 205
To all delight of human sense expos'd,
In narrow room Nature's whole wealth, yea, more,
A Heav'n on Earth : for blissful Paradise
Of God the garden was, by him in th' east
Of Eden planted. Eden stretch'd her line 210
From Auran eastward to the royal tow'rs
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,

Or where the sons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telassar ; in this pleasant soil
His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd. 215
Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste ;
And all amid them stood the tree of life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold ; and next to life, 220
Our death, the tree of knowledge, grew fast by,
Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggy hill
Pass'd underneath ingulf'd ; for God had thrown 225
That mountain as his garden-mould high rais'd
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous earth, with kindly thirst up-drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden ; thence united fell 230
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears,
And now divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wand'ring many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account ; 235
But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearls and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed 240
Flow'rs, worthy' of Paradise, which not nice art,
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill and dale and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote

The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade 245
Imbrown'd the noontide bow'rs. Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various views ;
Groves whose rich trees wept od'rous gums and balm,
Others whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true, 250
If true, here only', and of delicious taste :
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
Or palmy hillock ; or the flow'ry lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store, 255
Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose :
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant ; meanwhile murm'ring waters fall 260
Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply ; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune 265
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the graces and the hours, in dance
Led on th' eternal spring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpine gath'ring flow'rs,
Herself a fairer flow'r, by gloomy Dis 270
Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain.
To seek her through the world ; nor that sweet grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inspir'd
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive ; nor that Nyseian isle, 275
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,

Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,
Hid Amalthea, and her florid son,
Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye ;
Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard, 280
Mount Amara, though this by some suppos'd
True Paradise, under the Ethiop line
By Nilus' head, enclos'd with shining rock,
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
From this Assyrian garden, where the Fiend 285
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
Of living creatures new to sight, and strange.
Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad,
In naked majesty seem'd lords of all, 290
And worthy seem'd ; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
(Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd)
Whence true authority in men ; though both 295
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd ;
For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace,
He for God only, she for God in him.
His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd 300
Absolute rule ; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad :
She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore 305
Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,

And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride, 310
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd ;
Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame
Of Nature's works, honour dishonourable :
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind 315
With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,
And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,
Simplicity and spotless innocence !
So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
Of God, or Angel, for they thought no ill : 320
So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met ;
Adam, the goodliest man of men since born
His sons ; the fairest of her daughters, Eve.
Under a tuft of shade, that on a green 325
Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain-side,
They sat them down ; and, after no more toil
Of their sweet gard'ning labour than suffic'd
To recommend cool Zephyr, and make ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite 330
More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell,
Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, sidelong as they sat recline
On the soft downy bank damask'd with flow'rs :
The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind, 335
Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream ;
Nor gentle purpose nor endearing smiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beseems
Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they. About them frisking play'd 340

All beasts of th' earth, since wild, and of all chase,
In wood, or wilderness, forest, or den ;
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandled the kid ; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
Gambol'd before them ; th' unwieldy' elephant, 345
To make them mirth, us'd all his might, and wreath'd
His lithe proboscis ; close the serpent sly,
Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
His braided train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded ; others on the grass 350
Couch'd, and, now fill'd with pasture, gazing sat,
Or bedward ruminating ; for the sun
Declin'd was hasting now with prone career
To th' ocean isles, and in th' ascending scale
Of Heav'n the stars that usher ev'ning, rose : 355
When Satan, still in gaze as first he stood,
Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad :
 “ O Hell ! what do mine eyes with grief behold !
Into our room of bliss thus high advanc'd
Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps, 360
Not Spirits, yet to heav'nly Spirits bright
Little inferior ; whom my thoughts pursue
With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
In them divine resemblance, and such grace
The hand that form'd them on their shape hath pour'd.
Ah, gentle pair ! ye little think how nigh 366
Your change approaches, when all these delights
Will vanish and deliver ye to woe,
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy ;
Happy, but for so happy, ill secur'd 370
Long to continue', and this high seat your Heav'n
Ill fenc'd for Heav'n to keep out such a foe

As now is enter'd ; yet no purpos'd foe
To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
Though I unpitied : league with you I seek, 375
And mutual amity so strait, so close,
That I with you must dwell, or you with me,
Henceforth ; my dwelling haply may not please,
Like this fair Paradise, your sense, yet such
Accept your Maker's work ; he gave it me, 380
Which I as freely give ; Hell shall unfold,
To entertain you two, her widest gates,
And send forth all her kings ; there will be room,
Not like these narrow limits, to receive
Your num'rous offspring ; if no better place, 385
Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
On you who wrong me not, for him who wrong'd.
And should I at your harmless innocence
Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,
Honour and empire with revenge enlarg'd, 390
By conqu'ring this new world, compels me now
To do what else, though damn'd, I should abhor."

So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excus'd his dev'ilish deeds.
Then from his lofty stand on that high tree 395
Down he alights among the sportful herd
Of those four-footed kinds, himself now one,
Now other, as their shape serv'd best his end
Nearer to view his prey, and unespy'd
To mark what of their state he more might learn 400
By word, or action mark'd : about them round
A lion now he stalks with fiery glare ;
Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spy'd
In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,

Strait couches close, then, rising, changes oft 405
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,
Whence rushing he might surest seize them both
Grip'd in each paw : when Adam, first of men,
To first of women, Eve, thus moving speech,
Turn'd him all ear to hear new utt'rance flow. 410

“ Sole partner, and sole part, of all these joys,
Dearer thyself than all ; needs must the Pow'r
That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal, and free as infinite ; 415
That rais'd us from the dust and plac'd us here
In all this happiness, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Ought whereof he hath need ; he who requires
From us no other service than to keep 420
This one, this easy charge, ‘ of all the trees
In Paradise that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that only tree
Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life ;’
So near grows death to life, whate'er death is, 425
Some dreadful thing no doubt ; for well thou know'st
God hath pronounc'd it death to taste that tree,
The only sign of our obedience left
Among so many signs of pow'r and rule
Conferr'd upon us, and dominion giv'n 430
Over all other creatures that possess
Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
One easy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights : 435
But let us ever praise him, and extol

His bounty, following our delightful task
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flow'rs,
Which, were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet."

To whom thus Eve reply'd: "O thou for whom
And from whom I was form'd flesh of thy flesh, 441
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head, what thou hast said is just and right.
For we to him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy 445
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thyself canst no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd 450
Under a shade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murm'ring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd 455
Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n; I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I went down to look, just opposite 460
A shape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I started back,
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answ'ring looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd 465
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me: 'What thou see'st,
What there thou see'st, fair Creature, is thyself;

With thee it came and goes : but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays 470
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
Whose image thou art ; him thou shalt enjoy,
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race.' What could I do, 475
But follow straight, invisibly thus led ?
Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platan ; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth wat'ry image : back I turn'd ; 480
Thou following cry'dst aloud, ' Return, fair Eve,
Whom fly'st thou ? whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone ; to give thee be'ing I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side 485
Henceforth an individual solace dear ;
Part of my soul, I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half.' With that thy gentle hand
Seiz'd mine ; I yielded, and from that time see
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace 490
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair."

So spake our gen'ral mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction, unprov'd,
And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
On our first father ; half her swelling breast 495
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid : he in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms,
Smil'd with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds 500

That shed May flow'rs; and press'd her matron-lip
With kisses pure: aside the Devil turn'd
For envy, yet with jealous leer malign
Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plain'd:

“Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two,
Imparadis'd in one another's arms, 506

The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill
Of bliss on bliss; while I to Hell am thrust,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
Amongst our other torments not the least, 510
Still unfulfill'd, with pain of longing pines.

Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
From their own mouths: all is not theirs, it seems;
One fatal tree there stands of knowledge call'd,
Forbidden them to taste. Knowledge forbidden? 515
Suspicious, reasonless! Why should their Lord
Envy them that? can it be sin to know?

Can it be death? and do they only stand
By ignorance? is that their happy state,
The proof of their obedience and their faith? 520

O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds
With more desire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with design
To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt 525
Equal with Gods: aspiring to be such,
They taste and die; what likelier can ensue?

But first with narrow search I must walk round
This garden, and no corner leave unspy'd; 529
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
Some wand'ring Spi'rit of Heav'n by fountain-side,
Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw

What further would be learn'd. Live while ye may,
Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed." 535

So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
But with sly circumspection, and began,
Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his
roam.

Meanwhile in utmost longitude, where Heav'n
With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun 540

Slowly descended, and with right aspect
Against the eastern gate of Paradise

Level'd his ev'ning-rays: it was a rock
Of alabaster, pil'd up to the clouds,
Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent 545

Accessible from earth, one entrance high;
The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung
Still as it rose, impossible to climb.

Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,
Chief of th' angelic guards, awaiting night; 550
About him exercis'd heroic games

Th' unarmed youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand
Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,
Hung high with diamond flaming, and with gold.

Thither came Uriel, gliding through the ev'n 555
On a sun-beam, swift as a shooting star

In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fir'd
Impress the air, and shews the mariner
From what point of his compass to beware

Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste: 560

" Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath giv'n
Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place
No evil thing approach or enter in.

This day at height of noon came to my sphere
A Spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know 565
More of th' Almighty's work, and chiefly Man,
God's latest image : I describ'd his way
Bent all on speed, and mark'd his airy gait ;
But in the mount that lies from Eden north,
Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks 570
Alien from Heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd :
Mine eye pursu'd him still, but under shade
Lost sight of him. One of the banish'd crew,
I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raise
New troubles ; him thy care must be to find." 575

To whom the winged warrior thus return'd :
" Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,
Amid the sun's bright circle where thou sitt'st,
See far and wide : in at this gate none pass
The vigilance here plac'd, but such as come 580
Well known from Heav'n ; and since meridian hour
No creature thence : if Spi'rit of other sort,
So minded, have o'erleap'd these earthly bounds
On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal bar. 585
But if within the circuit of these walks,
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
Thou tell'st, by morrow-dawning I shall know."

So promis'd he ; and Uriel to his charge
Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now rais'd
Bore him slope downward to the sun now fall'n 591
Beneath th' Azores ; whether the prime orb,
Incredible how swift, had thither roll'd
Diurnal, or this less volúble earth,
By shorter flight to th' east, had left him there, 595

Arraying with reflected purple' and gold
The clouds that on his western throne attend.
Now came still ev'ning on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober liv'ry all things clad ;
Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird, 600
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale ;
She all night long her am'rous descant sung ;
Silence was pleas'd : now glow'd the firmament
With livid sapphires ; Hesperus, that led 605
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve : “ Fair Consort, th' hour
Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest, 611
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive ; and the timely dew of sleep
Now falling with soft slumb'rous weight inclines 615
Our eye-lids : other creatures all day long
Rove idle unemploy'd, and less need rest ;
Man hath his daily work of body' or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways ; 620
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be ris'n,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform 625
Yon flow'ry arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,

That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth :
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums, 630
That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease ;
Meanwhile, as Nature wills, night bids us rest."

To whom thus Eve with perfect beauty' adorn'd,
" My Author and Disposer, what thou bid'st 635
Unargu'd I obey ; so God ordains ;
God is thy law, thou mine : to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time ;
All seasons and their change, all please alike. 640
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds, pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r,
Glist'ring with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth 645
After soft show'rs ; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful ev'ning mild ; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of Heav'n, her starry train :
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends 650
With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun
On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flow'r,
Glist'ring with dew ; nor fragrance after show'rs ;
Nor grateful ev'ning mild ; nor silent night
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon, 655
Or glitt'ring starlight, without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night-long shine these ? for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes ?"

To whom our gen'ral ancestor reply'd :
“ Daughter of God and Man, accomplish'd Eve, 660
These have their course to finish round the earth
By morrow-ev'ning, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Minist'ring light prepar'd, they set and rise ;
Lest total darkness should by night regain 665
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In nature and all things, which these soft fires
Not only' enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warm,
Temper, or nourish, or in part shed down 670
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
These then, though unbeheld in deep of night, 674
Shine not in vain ; nor think, though men were none,
That Heav'n would want spectators, God want praise.
Millions of spir'itual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep :
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night. How often from the steep 680
Of echoing hill, or thicket, have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator ? oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds 686
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heav'n.”
Thus talking, hand in hand alone they pass'd

On to their blissful bow'r ; it was a place 690
Chos'n by the sov'reign Planter, when he fram'd
All things to Man's delightful use ; the roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf ; on either side 695
Acanthus, and each od'rous bushy shrub,
Fenc'd up the verdant wall ; each beauteous flow'r,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
Mosaic ; underfoot the violet, 700
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone
Of costliest emblem : other creature here,
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none ;
Such was their awe of Man. In shadier bow'r, 705
More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
Pan, or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph,
Nor Faunus haunted. Here in close recess,
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed, 710
And heav'nly quires the hymenæan sung,
What day the genial Angel to our sire
Brought her, in naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely than Pandora, whom the Gods
Endow'd with all their gifts, and O ! too like 715
In sad event, when to th' unwiser son
Of Japhet, brought by Hermes, she ensnar'd
Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.

Thus, at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood, 720
Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd

The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heav'n,
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole: "Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker Omnipotent! and thou the day, 725
Which we, in our appointed work employ'd,
Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place
For us too large, where thy abundance wants 730
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou hast promis'd from us two a race
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep." 735

This said unanimous and other rites
Observing none, but adoration pure
Which God likes best, into their inmost bow'r
Handed they went; and, eas'd the putting off
These troublesome disguises which we wear, 740
Straight side by side were laid; nor turn'd, I ween,
Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites
Mysterious of connubial love refus'd:
Whatever hypocrites austere talk
Of purity, and place, and innocence, 745
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.
Our Maker bids increase; who bids abstain
But our Destroyer, foe to God and Man?
Hail, wedded love, mysterious law, true source 750
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise, of all things common else!
By thee adult'rous lust was driv'n from men

Among the bestial herds to range ; by thee,
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure, 755
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
Far be' it that I should write thee sin, or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets, 760
Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc'd,
Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs us'd !
Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels ; not in the bought smile 765
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,
Casual fruition ! nor in court-amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight-ball,
Or serenade, which the starv'd lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain. 770
These, lull'd by nightingales, embracing slept,
And on their naked limbs the flow'ry roof
Show'r'd roses, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,
Blest pair ! and O ! yet happiest, if ye seek
No happier state, and know to know no more. 775

Now had night measur'd with her shadowy cone
Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault,
And from their iv'ry port the Cherubim,
Forth issuing at th' accustom'd hour, stood arm'd
To their night-watches in warlike parade, 780
When Gabriel to his next in pow'r thus spake :

“ Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south
With strictest watch ; these other wheel the north ;
Our circuit meets full west.” As flame they part,
Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear. 785

From these, two strong and subtle Spi'rits he call'd
That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge.

“ Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd speed
Search through this garden, leave unsearch'd no nook;
But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge, 790
Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harm.
This ev'ning from the sun's decline arriv'd
Who tells of some infernal Spirit seen
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escap'd
The bars of Hell, on errand bad, no doubt: 795
Such where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring.”

So saying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the moon; these to the bow'r direct
In search of whom they sought: him there they found
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve, 800
Assaying by his dev'ilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy', and with them forge
Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams;
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
Th' animal spi'rits that from pure blood arise 805
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise
At least distemper'd, discontented thought,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
Blown up with high conceits ingend'ring pride.
Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear 810
Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness: up he starts
Discover'd and surpris'd. As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid 815
Fit for the tun, some magazine to store
Against a rumour'd war, the smutty grain,



*Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
 Touch'd lightly, ——— up he starts
 Discover'd and surpris'd,*

Book 4 Page 120

London. Pub^d. Sept. 14. 1799, by T. Heptinstall, 304. Holborn.

With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the air :
So started up in his own shape the Fiend.
Back stept those two fair Angels, half amaz'd 820
So sudden to behold the grisly king ;
Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accost him soon.

“ Which of those rebel Spi'rits adjudg'd to Hell
Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison ? and transform'd,
Why sat'st thou like an enemy in wait, 825
Here watching at the head of these that sleep ?”

“ Know ye not then,” said Satan fill'd with scorn,
“ Know ye not me ? ye knew me once no mate
For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar :
Not to know me argues yourselves unknown, 830
The lowest of your throng ; or, if ye know,
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
Your message, like to end as much in vain ?”

To whom thus Zephon, answ'ring scorn with scorn :
“ Think not, revolted Spi'rit, thy shape the same,
Or undiminish'd brightness, to be known 836
As when thou stood'st in Heav'n upright and pure ;
That glory then, when thou no more wast good,
Departed from thee' ; and thou resemblest now
Thy sin and place of doom, obscure and foul. 840
But come, for thou, be sure, shalt give account
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and these from harm.”

So spake the Cherub ; and his grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace 845
Invincible : abash'd the Devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue' in her shape how lovely ; saw, and pin'd
His loss ; but chiefly to find here observ'd

His lustre visibly impair'd ; yet seem'd 850
Undaunted. " If I must contend," said he,
" Best with the best, the sender not the sent,
Or all at once ; more glory will be won,
Or less be lost." " Thy fear," said Zephon bold,
" Will save us trial what the least can do 855
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak."

The Fiend reply'd not, overcome with rage ;
But, like a proud steed rein'd, went haughty on,
Champing his iron curb : to strive, or fly,
He held it vain ; awe from above had quell'd 860
His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they nigh
The western point, where those half-rounding guards
Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief
Gabriel from the front thus call'd aloud : 865

" O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade,
And with them comes a third of regal port,
But faded splendour wan ; who, by his gait 870
And fierce demeanour, seems the prince of Hell,
Not likely to part hence without contest ;
Stand firm, for in his look defiance low'rs."

He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd,
And brief related whom they brought, where found,
How busied, in what form and posture couch'd. 876

To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake :
" Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescrib'd
To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to transgress 880
By thy example, but have pow'r and right

To question thy bold entrance on this place ;
Employ'd it seems to violate sleep, and those
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss ?”

To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow: 885
“ Gabriel, thou hadst in Heav'n th' esteem of wise,
And such I held thee ; but this question ask'd
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain ?
Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,
Tho' thither doom'd ? Thou would'st thyself, no doubt,
And boldly venture to whatever place 891
Farthest from pain, where thou might'st hope to change
Torment with ease, and soonest recompense
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought ;
To thee no reason, who know'st only good, 895
But evil hast not try'd ; and wilt object
His will who bound us ? let him surer bar
His iron gates, if he intends our stay
In that dark durance : thus much what was ask'd.
The rest is true, they found me where they say ; 900
But that implies not violence, or harm.”

Thus he in scorn. The warlike Angel mov'd,
Disdainfully, half smiling, thus reply'd :
“ O loss of one in Heav'n to judge of wise,
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew, 905
And now returns him from his prison 'scap'd,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise,
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither
Unlicens'd, from his bounds in Hell prescrib'd ;
So wise he judges it to fly from pain 910
However, and to 'scape his punishment.
So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrath,
Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight

Sev'nfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain 915
Can equal anger infinite provok'd.
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them
Less pain, less to be fled? or thou than they
Less hardy to endure? Couragious Chief, 920
The first in flight from pain, hadst thou alleg'd
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive."

To which the Fiend thus answer'd, frowning stern :
" Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain, 925
Insulting Angel ! well thou know'st I stood
Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid
The blasting vollied thunder made all speed,
And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.
But still thy words at random, as before, 930
Argue thy inexperience what behoves,
From hard assays and ill successes past,
A faithful leader, not to hazard all
Through ways of danger by himself untry'd :
I therefore, I alone first undertook 935
To wing the desolate abyss, and spy
This new-created world, whereof in Hell
Fame is not silent, here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted Pow'rs
To settle here on earth, or in mid-air ; 940
Though for possession put to try once more
What thou and thy gay legions dare against ;
Whose easier business were to serve their Lord
High up in Heav'n, with songs to hymn his throne,
And practis'd distances, to cringe, not fight." 945

To whom the warrior-Angel soon reply'd :
“ To say and straight unsay, pretending first
Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
Argues no leader but a lyar trac'd,
Satan, and could'st thou faithful add ? O name, 950
O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd !
Faithful to whom ? to thy rebellious crew ?
Army of Fiends, fit body to fit head.
Was this your discipline and faith engag'd,
Your military' obedience, to dissolve 955
Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Pow'r supreme ?
And thou, sly hypocrite, who now would'st seem
Patron of liberty, who more than thou
Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servilely ador'd
Heav'n's awful Monarch ? wherefore but in hope 960
To dispossess him, and thyself to reign ?
But mark what I arreed thee now—Avaunt ;
Fly thither whence thou fled'st : if from this hour
Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd, 965
And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn
The facile gates of Hell too slightly barr'd.”

So threaten'd he ; but Satan to no threats
Gave heed, but, waxing more in rage, reply'd :

“ Then when I am thy captive talk of chains, 970
Proud liminary Cherub, but ere then
Far heavier load thyself expect to feel
From my prevailing arm, though Heaven's King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
Us'd to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels 975
In progress through the road of Heav'n star-pav'd.”

While thus he spake, th' angelic squadron bright
Turn'd fiery red, sharp'ning in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported spears, as thick as when a field 980
Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
Sways them; the careful plowman doubting stands,
Lest on the threshing-floor his hopeful sheaves
Prove chaff. On th' other side Satan alarm'd, 985
Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
Like Teneriff, or Atlas unremov'd:
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat horror plum'd; nor wanted in his grasp
Whatseem'd both spear and shield. Now dreadful deeds
Might have ensu'd, nor only Paradise 991
In this commotion, but the starry cope
Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the elements,
At least, had gone to wreck, disturb'd and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not soon 995
Th' Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
Hung forth in Heav'n his golden scales, yet seen
Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
The pendulous round earth with balanc'd air 1000
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
Battles and realms: In these he put two weights,
The sequel each of parting and of fight:
The latter quick up-flew, and kick'd the beam;
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the Fiend: 1005
“Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine,
Neither our own but giv'n; what folly then

To boast what arms can do ? since thine no more
Than Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubled now
To trample thee as mire : for proof look up, 1010
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,
Where thou art weigh'd, and shewn how light, how weak,
If thou resist." The Fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft : nor more ; but fled
Murm'ring, and with him fled the shades of night.

To bend what arms can do, I enter thus no more
 Than Heaven permits, nor mine, though doubled now
 To crush thee as mine: for good look up,
 And read thy lot in yon celestial sign.
 If thou hast weight, and shewest how light thou art,
 If thou hast soul: This hand look'd up, and known
 His mounted scale staff: nor more; but he
 Mounting, and with him lift the shades of night.

And thou, if thou art what thou seemest,
 If thou art what thou seemest, if thou art
 If thou art what thou seemest, if thou art

PARADISE LOST.

And thou, if thou art what thou seemest,
 If thou art what thou seemest, if thou art

And thou, if thou art what thou seemest,
 If thou art what thou seemest, if thou art

And thou, if thou art what thou seemest,
 If thou art what thou seemest, if thou art

And thou, if thou art what thou seemest,
 If thou art what thou seemest, if thou art

And thou, if thou art what thou seemest,
 If thou art what thou seemest, if thou art

And thou, if thou art what thou seemest,
 If thou art what thou seemest, if thou art

And thou, if thou art what thou seemest,
 If thou art what thou seemest, if thou art

And thou, if thou art what thou seemest,
 If thou art what thou seemest, if thou art

And thou, if thou art what thou seemest,
 If thou art what thou seemest, if thou art

And thou, if thou art what thou seemest,
 If thou art what thou seemest, if thou art

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Morning approached, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her. They come forth to their day-labours: their morning-hymn at the door of their bower. God, to render man inexcusable, sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience; of his free estate; of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy; and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise; his appearance described; his coming discerned by Adam afar off sitting at the door of his bower: he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; their discourse at table. Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates, at Adam's request, who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in Heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the north, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel, a Seraph, who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK V.

NOW morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd, so custom'd, for his sleep
Was airy light from pure digestion bred,
And temp'rate vapours bland, which th' only sound 5
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on ev'ry bough ; so much the more
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek, 10
As through unquiet rest : he on his side
Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love,
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking, or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces ; then, with voice 15
Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus : “ Awake,
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,

Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight,
Awake ; the morning shines, and the fresh field 20
Calls us ; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet." 25

Such whisp'ring wak'd her, but with startled eye
On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake :

" O sole, in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My glory, my perfection, glad I see
Thy face, and morn return'd ; for I this night 30
(Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd,
If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day past, or morrow's next design,
But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irksome night. Methought 35
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice, I thought it thine ; it said,
' Why sleep'st thou, Eve ? now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake 40
Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song ; now reigns
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light
Shadowy sets off the face of things ; in vain,
If none regard ; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire ? 45
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.'
I rose as at thy call, but found thee not :
To find thee I directed then my walk ;
And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways 50

That brought me on a sudden to the tree
Of interdicted knowledge : fair it seem'd,
Much fairer to my fancy than by day ;
And, as I wond'ring look'd, beside it stood
One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from Heav'n
By us oft seen ; his dewy locks distill'd 56
Ambrosia ; on that tree he also gaz'd ;
And ' O fair plant ! ' said he, ' with fruit surcharg'd,
Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,
Nor God, nor Man ? is knowledge so despis'd ? 60
Or envy', or what reserve, forbids to taste ?
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
Longer thy offer'd good, why else set here ?'
This said, he paus'd not, but with ven'trous arm
He pluck'd, he tasted ; me damp horror chill'd 65
At such bold words, vouch'd with a deed so bold :
But he thus overjoy'd, ' O fruit divine,
Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropt,
Forbidden here, it seems as only fit
For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men : 70
And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows,
The Author not impair'd, but honour'd more ?
Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,
Partake thou also ; happy though thou art, 75
Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be :
Take this, and be henceforth among the Gods
Thyself a Goddess, not to earth confin'd,
But sometimes in the air, as we, sometimes
Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see 80
What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.'
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,

Ev'n to my mouth, of that same fruit held part
Which he had pluck'd; the pleasant savoury smell
So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought, 85
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide
And various: wond'ring at my flight and change
To this high exaltation; suddenly 90
My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,
And fell asleep; but O how glad I wak'd
To find this but a dream!" Thus Eve her night
Related, and thus Adam answer'd sad:

“ Best image of myself and dearer half, 95
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
Affects me equally; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear;
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know that in the soul 100
Are many lesser faculties, that serve
Reason as chief; among these fancy next
Her office holds; of all external things,
Which the five watchful senses represent,
She forms imaginations, airy shapes, 105
Which reason, joining, or disjoining, frames
All what we' affirm, or what deny, and call
Our knowledge, or opinion; then retires
Into her private cell when nature rests.
Oft in her absence mimic fancy wakes, 110
To imitate her; but misjoining shapes,
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,
Ill matching words and deeds long past, or late.
Some such resemblances methinks I find

Of our last evening's talk in this thy dream, 115
But with addition strange ; yet be not sad.
Evil into the mind of God, or Man,
May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave
No spot, or blame behind : which gives me hope,
That what in sleep thou did'st abhor to dream, 120
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks,
That wont to be more cheerful and serene
Than when fair morning first smiles on the world ;
And let us to our fresh employments rise 125
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flow'rs,
That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,
Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store."

So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd,
But silently a gentle tear let fall 130
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair ;
Two other precious drops that ready stood,
Each in their crystal sluice, he, ere they fell,
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended. 135

So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.
But first, from under shady arbo'rous roof
Soon as they forth were come to open sight
Of day-spring, and the sun, who scarce up-ris'n,
With wheels yet hov'ring o'er the ocean-brim, 140
Shot parallel to th' earth his dewy ray,
Discovering in wide landscape all the east
Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid 145
In various stile ; for neither various stile

Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc'd, or sung,
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in prose, or num'rous verse,
More tuneable than needed lute, or harp, 151
To add more sweetness: and they thus began.

“ These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair; thyself how wond'rous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these Heav'ns 156
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye Sons of light, 160
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heav'n,
On earth, join all ye Creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end. 165
Fairest of Stars! last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime. 170
Thou Sun! of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon! that now meets the orient Sun, now fly'st, 175
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
And, ye, five other wand'ring Fires! that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound

His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.

Air, and ye Elements ! the eldest birth 180

Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run

Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix,

And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change

Vary to our great Maker still new praise.

Ye Mists and Exhalations ! that now rise 185

From hill, or steaming lake, dusky, or grey,

Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,

In honour to the world's great Author, rise,

Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,

Or wet the thirsty earth with falling show'rs, 190

Rising, or falling, still advance his praise.

His praise, ye Winds ! that from four quarters blow,

Breathe soft, or loud ; and wave your tops, ye Pines,

With ev'ry plant, in sign of worship wave.

Fountains ! and ye that warble as ye flow, 195

Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.

Join voices all, ye living Souls ! ye Birds,

That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,

Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.

Ye, that in waters glide, and ye, that walk 200

The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,

Witness if I be silent, morn, or ev'n,

To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,

Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.

Hail, universal Lord ! be bounteous still 205

To give us only good ; and, if the night

Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,

Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark."

So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts

Firm peace recover'd soon and wonted calm. 210

On to their morning's rural work they haste
Among sweet dews and flow'rs; where any row
Of fruit-trees over-woody reach'd too far
Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check
Fruitless embraces: or they led the vine 215
To wed her elms; she, spous'd, about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dow'r, th' adopted clusters, to adorn
His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld
With pity Heav'n's high King, and to him call'd 220
Raphael, the sociable Spi'rit, that deign'd
To travel with Tobias, and secur'd
His marriage with the sev'ntimes-wedded maid.

“ Raphael,” said he, “ thou hear'st what stir on Earth
Satan from Hell, 'scap'd through the darksome gulf,
Hath rais'd in Paradise, and how disturb'd 226
This night the human pair; how he designs
In them at once to ruin all mankind.
Go, therefore, half this day as friend with friend
Converse with Adam, in what bow'r, or shade, 230
Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retir'd,
To respite his day-labour with repast,
Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,
As may advise him of his happy state,
Happiness in his pow'r left free to will, 235
Left to his own free will, his will though free,
Yet mutable; whence warn him to beware
He swerve not too secure: tell him withal
His danger, and from whom; what enemy,
Late fall'n himself from Heav'n, is plotting now 240
The fall of others from like state of bliss:
By violence? no, for that shall be withstood;

But by deceit and lies ; this let him know,
Lest wilfully transgressing he pretend
Surprisal, unadmonish'd, unforewarn'd." 245

So spake th' eternal Father, and fulfill'd
All justice : nor delay'd the winged Saint
After his charge receiv'd ; but from among
Thousand celestial Ardors, where he stood 249
Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up-springing light,
Flew through the midst of Heav'n ; th' angelic quires,
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
Through all th' empyreal road ; till at the gate
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide,
On golden hinges turning, as by work 255
Divine the sov'reign Architect had fram'd.
From hence no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
Star interpos'd, however small, he sees,
Not unconform to other shining globes,
Earth and the gard'n of God, with cedars crown'd
Above all hills. As when by night the glass 261
Of Galileo, less assur'd, observes
Imagin'd lands and regions in the moon ;
Or pilot, from amidst the Cyclades,
Delos, or Samos, first appearing, kens 265
A cloudy spot : down thither prone in flight
He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing,
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
Winnows the buxom air ; till, within soar 270
Of tow'ring eagles, to' all the fowls he seems
A Phoenix, gaz'd by all, as that sole bird,
When, to inshrine his reliques in the sun's

Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.
At once on th' eastern cliff of Paradise 275
He lights, and to his proper shape returns
A Seraph wing'd ; six wings he wore, to shade
His lineaments divine ; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast
With regal ornament ; the middle pair 280
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
And colours dipt in Heav'n ; the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
Sky-tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's son he stood, 285
And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide. Straight knew him all the bands
Of Angels under watch ; and to his state,
And to his message high, in honour rise ;
For on some message high they guess'd him bound.
Their glitt'ring tents he pass'd, and now is come 291
Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,
And flow'ring odours, cassia, nard, and balm ;
A wilderness of sweets ; for nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will 295
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
Wild above rule, or art ; enormous bliss !
Him, through the spicy forest onward come,
Adam discern'd, as in the door he sat
Of his cool bow'r, while now the mounted sun 300
Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm
Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam needs :
And Eve within, due at her hour prepar'd
For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please

True appetite, and not disrelish thirst 305
Of nect'rous draughts between, from milky stream,
Berry, or grape; to whom thus Adam call'd:

“Haste hither, Eve, and, worth thy sight, behold,
Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape
Comes this way moving; seems another morn 310
Ris'n on mid-noon; some great behest from Heav'n
To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe
This day to be our guest. But go with speed,
And what thy stores contain bring forth, and pour
Abundance, fit to honour and receive 315

Our heav'nly stranger: well we may afford
Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow
From large bestow'd, where nature multiplies
Her fertile growth, and by disburd'ning grows
More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare.” 320

To whom thus Eve: “Adam, earth's hallow'd mould,
Of God inspir'd, small store will serve, where store,
All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes: 325
But I will haste, and from each bough and brake,
Each plant and juiciest gourd, will pluck such choice
To entertain our Angel-guest, as he
Beholding shall confess, that here on Earth
God hath dispens'd his bounties as in Heav'n.” 330

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
What choice to choose for delicacy best,
What order, so contriv'd as not to mix
Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring 335
Taste after taste upheld with kindest change;

Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk
Whatever Earth, all-bearing mother, yields
In India East, or West, or middle shore,
In Pontus, or the Punic coast, or where 340
Alcinous reign'd, fruits of all kinds, in coat
Rough, or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink the grape
She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths 345
From many a berry'; and from sweet kernels press'd
She tempers dulcet creams; nor these to hold
Wants her fit vessels pure; then strews the ground
With rose and odours from the shrub unfum'd.

Meanwhile our primitive great Sire, to meet 350
His God-like guest, walks forth, without more train
Accompani'd than with his own complete
Perfections: in himself was all his state,
More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
On princes, when their rich retinue long 355
Of horses led, and grooms besmear'd with gold,
Dazzles the crowd, and sets them all agape.
Nearer his presence Adam, though not aw'd,
Yet with submiss approach and rev'rence meek,
As to' a superior nature, bowing low, 360
Thus said: "Native of Heav'n, for other place
None can than Heav'n such glorious shape contain;
Since, by descending from the thrones above,
Those happy places thou hast deign'd awhile
To want, and honour these, vouchsafe with us 365
Two' only, who yet by sov'reign gift possess
This spacious ground, in yonder shady bow'r
To rest, and what the garden choicest bears



*Meanwhile our primitive great sire, to meet
His God-like guest, walks forth. Book. 5. line 340.*

London. Pub^d. May 1. 1800 by T. H. P. instill Holborn

To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
Be over, and the sun more cool decline." 370

Whom thus th' angelic Virtue answer'd mild :

" Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou such
Created, or such place hast here to dwell,
As may not oft invite, though Spi'rits of Heav'n,
To visit thee : lead on then where thy bow'r 375

O'ershades ; for these midhours, till ev'ning rise,
I have at will." So to the sylvan lodge

They came, that like Pomona's arbour smil'd
With flow'rets deck'd and fragrant smells ; but Eve,
Undeck'd save with herself, more lovely fair 380

Than Wood-Nymph, or the fairest Goddess feign'd
Of three that in mount Ida naked strove,

Stood to' entertain her guest from Heav'n : no veil

She needed, virtue proof ; no thought infirm

Alter'd her cheek. On whom the Angel 'Hail' 385

Bestow'd, the holy salutation us'd

Long after to blest Mary, second Eve.

" Hail, Mother of Mankind ! whose fruitful womb
Shall fill the world more num'rous with thy sons,

Than with these various fruits the trees of God 390

Have heap'd this table." Rais'd of grassy turf

Their table was, and mossy seats had round,

And on her ample square from side to side

All autumn pil'd, though spring and autumn here

Danc'd hand in hand. Awhile discourse they hold ;

No fear lest dinner cool ; when thus began 396

Our Author : " Heav'nly Stranger, please to taste

These bounties, which our Nourisher, from whom

All perfect good, unmeasur'd out, descends,

To us for good and for delight hath caus'd 400

The earth to yield ; unsavoury food perhaps
To spi'ritual natures ; only this I know,
That one celestial Father gives to all."

To whom the Angel : " Therefore what he gives
(Whose praise be ever sung) to Man in part 405
Spiritual, may of purest Spi'rits be found
No' ingrateful food : and food alike those pure
Intelligential substances require,
As doth your rational ; and both contain
Within them ev'ry lower faculty 410
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
For know, whatever was created, needs
To be sustain'd and fed ; of elements 415
The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,
Earth and the sea feed air, the air those fires
Ethereal, and, as lowest, first the moon ;
Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd
Vapours not yet into her substance turn'd. 420
Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale
From her moist continent to higher orbs.
The sun, that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimental recompence
In humid exhalations, and at ev'n 425
Sups with the ocean. Though in Heav'n the trees
Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
Yield nectar ; though from off the boughs each morn
We brush mellifluous dews, and find the ground
Cover'd with pearly grain : yet God hath here 430
Varied his bounty so with new delights,
As may compare with Heaven ; and to taste

Think not I shall be nice." So down they sat,
And to their viands fell; nor seemingly
The Angel, nor in mist, the common gloss 435
Of Theologians, but with keen dispatch
Of real hunger, and concoctive heat
To transubstantiate: what redounds, transpires
Through Spi'rits with ease; nor wonder if, by fire
Of sooty coal, th' empyric alchymist 440
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,
Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold
As from the mine. Meanwhile at table Eve
Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups
With pleasant liquors crown'd. O Innocence 445
Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,
Then had the sons of God excuse to' have been
Enamour'd at that sight; but in those hearts
Love unlibidi'nous reign'd, nor jealousy
Was understood, the injur'd lover's Hell. 450

Thus, when with meats and drinks they had suffic'd,
Not burden'd, nature, sudden mind arose
In Adam not to let th' occasion pass,
Giv'n him by this great conference, to know
Of things above his world, and of their being 455
Who dwell in Heav'n, whose excellence he saw
Transcend his own so far, whose radiant forms,
Divine effulgence, whose high pow'r so far
Exceeded human, and his wary speech
Thus to th' empyreal minister he fram'd: 460

"Inhabitant with God, now know I well
Thy favour, in this honour done to Man,
Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsaf'd
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,

Food not of Angels, yet accepted so, 465
As that more willingly thou could'st not seem
At Heav'n's high feasts to' have fed: yet what compare?"

To whom the winged Hierarch reply'd:
" O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return, 470
If not deprav'd from good, created all
Such to perfection, one first matter all,
Endu'd with various forms, various degrees
Of substance, and, in things that live, of life;
But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure, 475
As nearer to him plac'd, or nearer tending,
Each in their sev'ral active spheres assign'd,
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
More airy, last the bright consummate flow'r 481
Spirits odorous breathes: flow'rs and their fruit,
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd,
To vital spi'rits aspire, to animal,
To intellectual; give both life and sense, 485
Fancy and understanding; whence the soul
Reason receives, and reason is her being,
Discursive, or intuitive; discourse
Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours,
Diff'ring but in degree, of kind the same. 490
Wonder not, then, what God for you saw good
If I refuse not, but convert, as you,
To proper substance: time may come, when Men
With Angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient di'et, nor too light fare; 495
And from these corp'ral nutriments perhaps

Your bodies may at last turn all to spi'rit,
Improv'd by tract of time, and wing'd ascend
Ethereal, as we, or may at choice
Here, or in heav'nly Paradises dwell; 500
If ye be found obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm his love entire
Whose progeny you are. Meanwhile enjoy
Your fill what happiness this happy state
Can comprehend, incapable of more." 505

To whom the patriarch of mankind reply'd :
" O favourable Spi'rit, propitious guest,
Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
Our knowledge, and the scale of nature set
From centre to circumference, whereon, 510
In contemplation of created things,
By steps we may ascend to God. But say,
What meant that caution join'd, ' If ye be found
Obedient?' can we want obedience then
To him, or possibly his love desert, 515
Who form'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here,
Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
Human desires can seek, or apprehend?"

To whom the Angel : " Son of Heav'n and Earth,
Attend : That thou art happy, owe to God; 520
That thou continuest such, owe to thyself,
That is, to thy obedience ; therein stand.
This was that caution giv'n thee ; be advis'd.
God made thee perfect, not immutable ;
And good he made thee, but to persevere 525
He left it in thy pow'r ; ordain'd thy will
By nature free, not over-rul'd by fate
Inextricable, or strict necessity :

Our voluntary service he requires,
Not our necessitated ; such with him 530
Finds no acceptance, nor can find ; for how
Can hearts, not free, be try'd whether they serve
Willing or no, who will but what they must
By destiny, and can no other choose ?
Myself and all th' Angelic host, that stand 535
In sight of God enthron'd, our happy state
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds ;
On other surety none ; freely we serve,
Because we freely love, as in our will
To love or not ; in this we stand, or fall : 540
And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,
And so from Heav'n to deepest Hell ; O fall
From what high state of bliss into what woe !"

To whom our great progenitor : " Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted ear, 545
Divine Instructor, I have heard, than when
Cherubic songs by night from neighb'ring hills,
Aerial music send : nor knew I not
To be both will and deed created free ;
Yet that we never shall forget to love 550
Our Maker, and obey him, whose command
Single is yet so just, my constant thoughts
Assur'd me', and still assure : though what thou tell'st
Hath past in Heav'n, some doubt within me move,
But more desire to hear, if thou consent, 555
The full relation, which must needs be strange,
Worthy of sacred silence to be heard ;
And we have yet large day, for scarce the sun
Hath finish'd half his journey', and scarce begins
His other half in the great zone of Heav'n." 560

Thus Adam made request ; and Raphaël,
After short pause assenting, thus began :

“ High matter thou enjoin’st me’, O prime of men,
Sad task and hard ; for how shall I relate
To human sense th’ invisible exploits 565
Of warring Spirits ? how, without remorse,
The ruin of so many glorious once,
And perfect while they stood ? how, last, unfold
The secrets of another world, perhaps
Not lawful to reveal ? yet for thy good 570
This is dispens’d ; and what surmounts the reach
Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
By lik’ning spiritual to corp’ral forms,
As may express them best ; though what if Earth
Be but the shadow’ of Heav’n, and things therein, 575
Each to’ other like, more than on earth is thought ?

“ As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild
Reign’d where these Heav’ns now roll, where Earth
now rests

Upon her centre pois’d ; when, on a day,
(For time, though in eternity, apply’d 580
To motion, measures all things durable
By present, past, and future) on such day
As Heav’n’s great year brings forth, th’ empyreal host
Of Angels, by imperial summons call’d,
Innum’rable before th’ Almighty’s throne 585
Forthwith from all the ends of Heav’n, appear’d
Under their Hierarchs in orders bright :
Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanc’d,
Standards and gonfalons ’twixt van and rear,
Stream in the air, and for distinction serve 590
Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees ;

Or in their glitt'ring tissues bear imblaz'd
Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
Recorded eminent. Thus, when in orbs
Of circuit inexpressible they stood, 595
Orb within orb, the Father infinite,
By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son,
Amidst, as from a flaming mount, whose top
Brightness had made invisible, thus spake:

“ ‘ Hear, all ye Angels, Progeny of light, 600
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Pow'rs,
Hear my decree, which unrevok'd shall stand.
This day I have begot whom I declare
My only Son, and on this holy hill
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold 605
At my right hand; your head I him appoint;
And by myself have sworn to him shall bow
All knees in Heav'n, and shall confess him Lord:
Under his great vicegerent reign abide
United as one individual soul, 610
For ever happy. Him who disobeys,
Me disobeys, breaks union, and that day,
Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls
Into' utter darkness, deep ingulf'd, his place
Ordain'd, without redemption, without end.’ 615

“ So spake th' Omnipotent, and with his words
All seem'd well pleas'd; all seem'd, but were not all.
That day, as other solemn days, they spent
In song and dance about the sacred hill;
Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere 620
Of planets and of fix'd in all her wheels
Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,
Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular

Then most, when most irregular they seem ;
And in their motions harmony divine 625
So smooths her charming tones, that God's own ear
Listens delighted. Ev'ning now approach'd
(For we have also' our ev'ning and our morn,
We ours for change delectable, not need ;)
Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn 630
Desirous ; all in circles as they stood,
Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd
With Angels' food, and rubied nectar flows
In pearl, in diämond, and massy gold,
Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of Heav'n. 635
On flow'rs repos'd, and with fresh flow'rets crown'd,
They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy, secure
Of surfeit where full measure only bounds
Excess, before th' all-bounteous King, who show'r'd
With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy. 641
Now, when ambrosial night with clouds exhal'd
From that high mount of God, whence light and shade
Spring both, the face of brightest Heav'n had chang'd
To grateful twilight (for night comes not there 645
In darker veil) and roseate dews dispos'd
All but th' unsleeping eyes of God to rest ;
Wide over all the plain, and wider far
Than all this globous earth in plain outspread,
(Such are the courts of God) th' angelic throng, 650
Dispers'd in bands and files, their camp extend
By living streams among the trees of life,
Pavilions numberless, and sudden rear'd,
Celestial tabernacles, where they slept
Fann'd with cool winds ; save those who in their course

Melodious hymns about the sov'reign throne 656
Alternate all night long : but not so wak'd
Satan (so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in Heav'n ;) he of the first,
If not the first Archangel, great in pow'r, 660
In favour and pre-eminence, yet fraught
With envy' against the Son of God, that day
Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd
Messiah King anointed, could not bear,
Thro' pride, that sight, and thought himself impair'd.
Deep malice thence conceiving, and disdain, 666
Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour
Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd
With all his legions to dislodge, and leave
Unworshipp'd, unbey'd the throne supreme, 670
Contemptuous, and his next subordinate
Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake :
 "Sleep'st thou, companion dear? what sleep can close
Thy eye-lids? and remember'st what decree
Of yesterday, so late hath pass'd the lips 675
Of Heav'n's Almighty? Thou to me thy thoughts
Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to' impart :
Both waking we were one ; how then can now
Thy sleep dissent? New laws thou seest impos'd ;
New laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise
In us who serve, new counsels, to debate 681
What doubtful may ensue : more in this place
To utter is not safe. Assemble thou
Of all those myriads, which we lead, the chief ;
Tell them that by command, ere yet dim night 685
Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste,
And all who under me their banners wave

Homeward with flying march where we possess
The quarters of the north ; there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our King 690
The great Messiah, and his new commands,
Who speedily through all the hierarchies
Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.'

“ So spake the false Archangel, and infus'd
Bad influence into th' unwary breast 695
Of his associate : he together calls,
Or sev'ral one by one, the regent Pow'rs,
Under him regent ; tells, as he was taught,
That, the most High commanding, now ere night,
Now ere dim night had disincumber'd Heav'n, 700
The great hierarchal standard was to move ;
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound,
Or taint integrity. But all obey'd
The wonted signal, and superior voice 705
Of their great potentate ; for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in Heav'n :
His count'nance, as the morning-star that guides
The starry flock, allur'd them, and with lies
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's host. 710
Meanwhile th' eternal eye, whose sight discerns
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy mount,
And from within the golden lamps that burn
Nightly before him, saw without their light
Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread 715
Among the sons of morn, what multitudes
Were banded to oppose his high decree ;
And, smiling, to his only Son thus said :

“ ‘ Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
In full resplendence, Heir of all my might, 720
Nearly it now concerns us to be sure
Of our omnipotence, and with what arms
We mean to hold what anciently we claim
Of deity, or empire ; such a foe
Is rising, who intends to’ erect his throne 725
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north ;
Nor so content, hath in his thought to try,
In battle, what our pow’r is, or our right.
Let us advise, and to this hazard draw
With speed what force is left, and all employ 730
In our defence, lest unawares we lose
This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.’

“ To whom the Son, with calm aspect and clear,
Lightning divine, ineffable, serene,
Made answer : ‘ Mighty Father, thou thy foes 735
Justly hast in derision, and, secure,
Laugh’st at their vain designs and tumults vain,
Matter to me of glory, whom their hate
Illustrates, when they see all regal pow’r
Giv’n me to quell their pride, and in event 740
Know whether I be dext’rous to subdue
The rebels, or be found the worst in Heav’n.’

“ So spake the Son ; but Satan with his Pow’rs
Far was advanc’d on winged speed, an host
Innumerable as the stars of night, 745
Or stars of morning, dew-drops, which the sun
Impearls on ev’ry leaf and ev’ry flow’r.
Regions they pass’d, the mighty regencies
Of Seraphim, and Potentates, and Thrones,

In their triple degrees ; regions to which 750
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more
Than what this garden is to all the earth,
And all the sea, from one entire globose
Stretch'd into longitude ; which having pass'd,
At length into the limits of the north 755
They came, and Satan to his royal seat
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and tow'rs
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold ;
The palace of great Lucifer (so call 760
That structure in the dialect of men
Interpreted,) which not long after he,
Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that mount whereon
Messiah was declar'd in sight of Heav'n, 765
The Mountain of the congregation call'd ;
For thither he assembled all his train,
Pretending so commanded, to consult
About the great reception of their king
Thither to come, and with calumnious art 770
Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears :
“ ‘Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Pow'rs,
If these magnific titles yet remain
Not merely titular, since by decree
Another now hath to himself engross'd 775
All pow'r, and us eclips'd, under the name
Of King anointed, for whom all this haste
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here ;
This only to consult how we may best,
With what may be devis'd of honours new, 780
Receive him coming, to receive from us

Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,
Too much to one, but double how endur'd,
To one and to his image now proclaim'd?
But what if better counsels might erect 785
Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke?
Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend
The supple knee? Ye will not, if I trust
To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves
Natives and Sons of Heav'n, possess'd before 790
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for orders and degrees
Jar not with liberty, but well consist.
Who can in reason then, or right, assume
Monarchy over such as live by right 795
His equals, if in pow'r and splendour less,
In freedom equal? or can introduce
Law and edict on us, who without law
Err not? much less for this to be our Lord,
And look for adoration, to th' abuse 800
Of those imperial titles, which assert
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve.'

“ Thus far his bold discourse without control
Had audience; when among the Seraphim
Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal ador'd 805
The Deity', and divine commands obey'd,
Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe,
The current of his fury thus oppos'd:

“ ‘ O argument blasphemous, false and proud!
Words which no ear ever to hear in Heav'n 810
Expected, least of all from thee, Ingrate,
In place thyself so high above thy peers.
Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn

The just decree of God, pronounc'd and sworn,
That to his only Son, by right endued 815
With regal sceptre, ev'ry soul in Heav'n
Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due
Confess him rightful King? Unjust, thou say'st,
Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,
And equal over equals to let reign, 820
One over all with unsucceeded pow'r.
Shalt thou give law to God, shalt thou dispute
With him the points of liberty, who made
Thee what thou art, and form'd the Pow'rs of Heav'n
Such as he pleas'd, and circumscrib'd their being?
Yet, by experience taught, we know how good, 826
And of our good and of our dignity
How provident he is, how far from thought
To make us less, bent rather to exalt
Our happy state under one head more near 830
United. But to grant it thee unjust,
That equal over equals monarch reign :
Thyself, though great and glorious, dost thou count,
Or all angelic nature join'd in one,
Equal to him, begotten Son? by whom, 835
As by his Word, the mighty Father made
All things, ev'n thee ; and all the Spi'rits of Heav'n
By him created in their bright degrees,
Crown'd them with glory', and to their glory nam'd
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Pow'rs,
Essential Pow'rs ; nor by his reign obscur'd, 841
But more illustrious made ; since he, the head,
One of our number thus reduc'd becomes ;
His laws our laws ; all honour to him done
Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage, 845

And tempt not these ; but hasten to appease
Th' incensed Father, and th' incensed Son,
While pardon may be found, in time besought.'

“ So spake the fervent Angel ; but his zeal
None seconded, as out of season judg'd, 850
Or singular and rash ; whereat rejoic'd
Th' Apostate, and more haughty thus reply'd :
' That we were form'd, then, say'st thou ? and the work
Of secondary hands, by task transferr'd
From Father to his Son ? Strange point and new ! 855
Doctrine which we would know whence learn'd.

Who saw
When this creation was ? remember'st thou
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being ?
We know no time when we were not as now ; 860
Know none before us, self-begot, self-rais'd
By our own quick'ning pow'r, when fatal course
Had circled his full orb, the birth mature
Of this our native Heav'n, ethereal Sons.
Our puissance is our own ; our own right hand 865
Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try
Who is our equal : then thou shalt behold
Whether by supplication we intend
Address, and to begirt th' Almighty throne
Beseeching, or besieging. This report, 870
These tidings, carry to th' anointed King :
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.'

“ He said, and, as the sound of waters deep,
Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause
Through the infinite host ; nor less for that 875
The flaming Seraph, fearless, though alone
Encompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold :

“ ‘ O alienate from God, O Spi’rit accurs’d,
Forsaken of all good ; I see thy fall
Determin’d, and thy hapless crew involv’d 880
In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread
Both of thy crime and punishment : henceforth
No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
Of God’s Messiah ; those indulgent laws
Will not be now vouchsaf’d ; other decrees 885
Against thee are gone forth without recall ;
That golden sceptre, which thou didst reject,
Is now an iron rod to bruise and break
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise ;
Yet not for thy advice, or threats I fly 890
These wicked tents devoted, lest the wrath
Impendent, raging into sudden flame,
Distinguish not : for soon expect to feel
His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
Then who created thee lamenting learn, 895
When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.’

“ So spake the Seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he ;
Among innumerable false, unmov’d,
Unshaken, uneduc’d, untterrify’d, 900
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal ;
Nor number, nor example, with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass’d
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain’d
Superior, nor of violence feared ought ; 906
And with retorted scorn his back he turn’d
On those proud tow’rs to swift destruction doom’d.”

" O alienate from God, O quit account,
 Forsaken of all good; I see thy fall
 Determin'd, and thy hapless crew involv'd
 In this pernicious band, contagion spread
 Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth
 No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
 Of God's Messiah; those indulgent laws
 Will not be now touch'd; other decrees
 Against thee are gone forth without recall;
 That golden sceptre, which thou didst reject,
 Is now an iron rod to bruise and break
 Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise;
 Yet not for thy advice, or thine I fly
 These wicked tents devoted, lest the wrath
 Impendent, raging into sudden flame,
 Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel
 His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
 Then who created thee lamenting tears,
 When who can retract thee thou shalt know.
 So spake the Seraph Abdiel, faithful found
 Among the faithless, faithful only he;
 Among innominate false, unmov'd, unshaken,
 Unshaken, unseduc'd, untam'd, his love,
 His loyalty, his hope, his zeal; his zeal
 Not number, nor example, with him wrought
 To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
 Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd
 Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd
 Superior not of violence fear'd ought;
 And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd
 On those proud towers to swift destruction doom'd.

PARADISE LOST.

THE ARGUMENT.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his Angels. The first fight described. Satan and his Powers retire under night. He calls a council, invents devilish engines, which in the second day's fight put Michael and his Angels to some disorder; but they at length, pulling up mountains, overwhelmed both the force and machines of Satan. Yet the tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserved the glory of that victory. He, in the power of his Father, coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them, unable to resist, towards the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepared for them in the deep. Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VI.

“ **A**LL night the dreadless Angel, unpursu’d,
Through Heav’n’s wide champaign held his way ; ’till
morn,
Wak’d by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr’d the gates of light. There is a cave
Within the mount of God, fast by his throne, 5
Where light and darkness in perpetual round
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes thro’ Heav’n
Grateful vicissitude, like day and night ;
Light issues forth, and at the other door
Obsequious darkness enters, ’till her hour 10
To veil the Heav’n, though darkness there might well
Seem twilight here : and now went forth the morn,
Such as in highest Heav’n, array’d in gold
Empyrean ; from before her vanish’d night,
Shot through with orient beams ; when all the plain,
Cover’d with thick embattled squadrons bright, 16
Chariots and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,

Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view.
War he perceiv'd, war in procinct, and found,
Already known, what he for news had thought 20
To have reported : gladly then he mix'd
Among those friendly Pow'rs, who him receiv'd
With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
That of so many myriads fall'n, yet one
Return'd not lost. On to the sacred hill 25
They led him high applauded, and present
Before the seat supreme ; from whence a voice
From midst a golden cloud thus mild was heard :
 “ ‘ Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintain'd 30
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms ;
And for the testimony' of truth hast borne
Universal reproach, far worse to bear
Than violence ; for this was all thy care 35
To stand approv'd in sight of God, though worlds
Judg'd thee perverse : the easier conquest now
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return
Than scorn'd thou didst depart, and to subdue 40
By force, who reason for their law refuse,
Right reason for their law, and for their king
Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.
Go, Michael, of celestial armies Prince,
And thou, in military prowess next, 45
Gabriel, lead forth to battle these my sons
Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints,
By thousands and by millions rang'd for fight,
Equal in number to that Godless crew

Rebellious ; then with fire and hostile arms 50
Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heav'n
Pursuing, drive them out from God and bliss
Into their place of punishment, the gulf
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
His fiery Chaos to receive their fall.' 55

“ So spake the Sov'reign voice, and clouds began
To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll
In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames, the sign
Of wrath awak'd ; nor with less dread the loud
Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow : 60
At which command the Pow'ers militant,
That stood for Heav'n, in mighty quadrate join'd
Of union irresistible, mov'd on,
In silence, their bright legions to the sound
Of instrumental harmony, that breath'd 65
Heroic ardour to advent'rous deeds,
Under their God-like leaders, in the cause
Of God and his Messiah. On they move,
Indissolubly firm ; nor obvious hill,
Nor strait'ning vale, nor wood, nor stream, divides 70
Their perfect ranks ; for high above the ground
Their march was, and the passive air upbore
Their nimble tread ; as when the total kind
Of birds, in orderly array on wing,
Came, summon'd over Eden, to receive 75
Their names of thee ; so over many a tract
Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a province wide,
Tenfold the length of this terrene. At last,
Far in th' horizon, to the north, appear'd
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretch'd 80
In battailous aspect, and nearer view

Bristled with upright beams innumerable
Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields
Various, with boastful argument portray'd,
The banded Pow'rs of Satan, hasting on 85
With furious expedition; for they ween'd
That self-same day by fight, or by surprise,
To win the mount of God, and on his throne
To set the envier of his state, the proud
Aspirer; but their thoughts prov'd fond and vain 90
In the mid way: though strange to us it seem'd
At first, that Angel should with Angel war,
And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet
So oft in festivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire, 95
Hymning th' eternal Father. But the shout
Of battle now began, and rushing sound
Of onset ended soon each milder thought,
High in the midst, exalted as a God,
Th' Apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat, 100
Idol of majesty divine, enclos'd
With flaming Cherubim and golden shields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now
'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
A dreadful interval, and front to front 105
Presented stood in terrible array
Of hideous length: before the cloudy van,
On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,
Satan, with vast and haughty strides advanc'd,
Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold. 110
Abdiel that sight endur'd not, where he stood
Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
And thus his own undaunted heart explores;

“ ‘ O Heav’n ! that such resemblance of the High’st
Should yet remain, where faith and real’ity 115
Remain not: wherefore should not strength and might
There fail where virtue fails, or weakest prove
Where boldest, though to sight unconquerable ?
His puissance, trusting in th’ Almighty’s aid,
I mean to try, whose reason I have try’d 120
Unsound and false: nor is it ought but just,
That he who in debate of truth hath won,
Should win in arms, in both disputes alike
Victor ; though brutish that contest and foul,
When reason hath to deal with force, yet so 125
Most reason is that reason overcome.’

“ So pondering, and from his armed peers
Forth stepping opposite, half way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incens’d, and thus securely him defy’d : 130

“ ‘ Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reach’d
The height of thy aspiring unoppos’d,
The throne of God unguarded, and his side
Abandon’d at the terror of thy pow’r,
Or potent tongue : fool ! not to think how vain 135
Against th’ Omnipotent to rise in arms ;
Who out of smallest things could without end
Have rais’d incessant armies to defeat
Thy folly ; or with solitary hand,
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow 140
Unaided could have finish’d thee, and whelm’d
Thy legions under darkness. But thou seest
All are not of thy train ; there be who faith
Prefer, and piety to God, though then
To thee not visible, when I alone 145

Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent
From all : my sect thou seest ; now learn too late
How few sometimes may know, when thousands err.'

“ Whom the grand foe, with scornful eye askance,
Thus answer'd : ‘ Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour 150
Of my revenge, first sought for, thou return'st
From flight, seditious Angel, to receive
Thy merited reward, the first assay
Of this right hand provok'd, since first that tongue,
Inspir'd with contradiction, durst oppose 155

A third part of the Gods, in synod met
Their deities to' assert, who, while they feel
Vigour divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st

Before thy fellows, ambitious to win 160
From me some plume, that thy success may show
Destruction to the rest : this pause between

(Unanswer'd lest thou boast) to let thee know ;
At first I thought that Liberty and Heav'n
To heav'nly souls had been all one ; but now 165

I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
Minist'ring Spi'rits, train'd up in feast and song ;
Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of Heav'n,
Servility with freedom to contend,
As both their deeds compar'd this day shall prove.'

“ To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern reply'd : 171
‘ Apostate, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find
Of erring, from the path of truth remote :
Unjustly thou depriv'st it with the name
Of servitude, to serve whom God ordains, 175

Or Nature ; God and Nature bid the same,
When he who rules is worthiest, and excels

Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee, 180
Thyself not free, but to thyself inthrall'd;
Yet lewdly dar'st our minist'ring upbraid.
Reign thou in Hell, thy kingdom; let me serve
In Heav'n God ever blest, and his divine
Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd; 185
Yet chains in Hell, not realms expect: meanwhile
From me return'd, as erst thou said'st, from flight,
This greeting on thy impious crest receive.'

“ So say'ng, a noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell 190
On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield,
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
His massy spear upstay'd; as if on earth 195
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,
Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat,
Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seiz'd
The rebel Thrones, but greater rage to see
Thus foil'd their mightiest; ours joy fill'd, and shout,
Presage of victory, and fierce desire 201
Of battle: whereat Michaël bid sound
Th' Archangel-trumpet; through the vast of Heav'n
It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
Hosannah to the Highe'st; nor stood at gaze 205
The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd
The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,
And clamour such as heard in Heav'n 'till now
Was never; arms on armour clashing bray'd

Horrible discord, and the madding wheels 210
Of brazen chariots rag'd ; dire was the noise
Of conflict ; over head the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming vollies flew,
And, flying, vaulted either host with fire.
So under fiery cope together rush'd 215
Both battles main, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage ; all Heav'n
Resounded, and had Earth been then, all Earth
Had to her centre shook. What wonder ? when
Millions of fierce encount'ring Angels fought 220
On either side, the least of whom could wield
These elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions : how much more of pow'r
Army' against army numberless to raise
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb, 225
Though not destroy, their happy native seat ;
Had not th' eternal King omnipotent
From his strong-hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd
And limited their might ; though number'd such
As each divided legion might have seem'd 230
A num'rous host, in strength each armed hand
A legion, led in fight, yet leader seem'd,
Each warrior single as in chief, expert
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
Of battle, open when, and when to close 235
The ridges of grim war : no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argued fear ; each on himself rely'd,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory. Deeds of eternal fame 240
Were done, but infinite ; for wide was spread

That war and various, sometimes on firm ground
A standing fight, then, soaring on main wing,
Tormented all the air; all air seem'd then
Conflicting fire. Long time in even scale 245
The battle hung; 'till Satan, who that day
Prodigious pow'r had shown, and met in arms
No equal, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length
Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway, 251
Brandish'd aloft, the horrid edge came down
Wide wasting; such destruction to withstand
He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky orb
Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield, 255
A vast circumference. At his approach
The great Archangel from his warlike toil
Surceas'd, and glad, as hoping here to end
Intestine war in Heav'n, th' arch-foe subdu'd,
Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown, 260
And visage all inflam'd, first thus began :
“ ‘ Author of ev'il, unknown 'till thy revolt,
Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou seest
These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
Though heaviest by just measure on thyself 265
And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd
Heav'n's blessed peace, and into nature brought
Misery, uncreated 'till the crime
Of thy rebellion? how hast thou instill'd
Thy malice into thousands, once upright 270
And faithful, now prov'd false? But think not here
To trouble holy rest; Heav'n casts thee out
From all her confines. Heav'n, the seat of bliss,

Brooks not the works of violence and war :
Hence then, and evil go with thee along, 275
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,
Thou and thy wicked crew ; there mingle broils,
Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,
Or some more sudden vengeance wing'd from God
Precipitate thee with augmented pain !' 280

“ So spake the Prince of Angels ; to whom thus
The Adversary : ‘ Nor think thou with wind
Of airy threats to awe whom yet with deeds
Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise 285
Unvanquish'd, easier to transact with me
That thou should'st hope, imperious, and with threats
To chase me hence ? err not that so shall end
The strife which thou call'st evil, but we style
The strife of glory ; which we mean to win, 290
Or turn this Heav'n itself into the Hell
Thou fablest, here, however, to dwell free,
If not to reign : meanwhile thy utmost force,
And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,
I fly not, but have sought thee far and nigh.’ 295

“ They ended parle, and both address'd for fight
Unspeakable ; for who, though with the tongue
Of Angels, can relate, or to what things
Likely on earth conspicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to such height 300
Of Godlike pow'r ? for likest Gods they seem'd,
Stood they, or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great Heav'n.
Now wav'd their fiery swords, and in the air
Made horrid circles ; two broad suns their shields 305

Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood
In horror; from each hand with speed retir'd,
Where erst was thickest fight, th' angelic throng,
And left large field, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion, such as, to set forth 310
Great things by small, if, nature's concord broke,
Among the constellations war were sprung,
Two planets rushing from aspect malign
Of fiercest opposition in mid-sky
Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.
Together both with next t' almighty arm 316
Uplifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd
That might determine, and not need repeat,
As not of pow'r at once; nor odds appear'd
In might, or swift prevention: but the sword 320
Of Michael, from the armoury of God,
Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
The sword of Satan with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor stay'd, 325
But with swift wheel reverse, deep ent'ring, shar'd
All his right side: then Satan first knew pain,
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so sore
The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Pass'd through him; but th' ethereal substance clos'd,
Not long divisible; and from the gash 331
A stream of necta'rous humour issuing flow'd
Sanguine, such as celestial Spi'rits may bleed,
And all his armour stain'd ere while so bright.
Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run 335
By Angels many' and strong, who interpos'd
Defence, while others bore him on their shields

Back to his chariot, where it stood retir'd
From off the files of war; there they him laid
Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame, 340
To find himself not matchless, and his pride
Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath
His confidence to equal God in pow'r.
Yet soon he heal'd; for Spi'rits that live throughout
Vital in ev'ry part, not as frail man 345
In entrails, heart, or head, liver, or reins,
Cannot, but by annihilating, die;
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air:
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear, 350
All intellect, all sense; and as they please,
They limb themselves, and colour, shape, or size,
Assume, as likes them best, condense, or rare.

“ Meanwhile in other parts like deeds deserv'd
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought, 355
And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloch, furious king; who him defy'd,
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heav'n
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon, 360
Down cloven to the waist, with shatter'd arms
And uncouth pain, fled bellowing. On each wing
Uriel, and Raphaël, his vaunting foe,
Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
Vanquish'd, Adramelech and Asmadai, 365
Two potent Thrones, that to be less than Gods
Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,
Mangled with ghastly wounds thro' plate and mail.
Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy

The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow 370
Ariel and Arioch, and the violence
Of Ramiel, scorch'd and blasted, overthrew.

I might relate of thousands, and their names
Eternize here on earth ; but those elect
Angels, contented with their fame in Heav'n, 375

Seek not the praise of men : the other sort,
In might though wond'rous, and in acts of war,
Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
Cancel'd from Heav'n and sacred memory,
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell. 380

For strength, from truth divided and from just,
Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise
And ignominy, yet to glory' aspires
Vain glorious, and through infamy seeks fame :
Therefore eternal silence be their doom. 385

“ And now their mightiest quell'd, the battleswerv'd,
With many an inroad gor'd ; deformed rout
Enter'd, and foul disorder ; all the ground
With shiver'd armour strown, and on a heap
Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd, 390

And fiery foaming steeds ; what stood, recoil'd
O'erwearied, through the faint Satanic host
Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpris'd,
Then first with fear surpris'd and sense of pain,
Fled ignominious, to such evil brought 395

By sin of disobedience, 'till that hour
Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.

Far otherwise, th' inviolable Saints
In cubic phalanx firm advanc'd entire,
Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd ; 400

Such high advantages their innocence

Gave them above their foes, not to have sinn'd,
Not to have disobey'd, in sight they stood
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd 404
By wound, tho' from their place by violence mov'd.

“ Now night her course began, and over Heav'n
Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,
And silence on the odious din of war :
Under her cloudy covert both retir'd,
Victor and vanquish'd. On the foughten field 410
Michaël and his Angels prevalent
Incamping, plac'd in guard their watches round,
Cherubic waving fires : on th' other part
Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,
Far in the dark dislodg'd ; and, void of rest, 415
His potentates to council call'd by night ;
And in the midst thus undismay'd began :

“ ‘ O now in danger try'd, now known in arms
Not to be overpow'r'd, Companions dear,
Found worthy not of liberty alone, 420
Too mean pretence, but, what we more affect,
Honour, dominion, glory, and renown ;
Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight
(And if one day, why not eternal days ?)
What Heaven's Lord had pow'rfullest to send 425
Against us from about his throne, and judg'd
Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
But proves not so : then fallible, it seems,
Of future we may deem him, though 'till now
Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd, 430
Some disadvantage we endur'd and pain,
'Till now not known, but known, as soon contemn'd ;
Since now we find this our empyreal form

Incapable of mortal injury,
Imperishable, and, though pierc'd with wound, 435
Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.
Of evil then so small, as easy think
The remedy ; perhaps more valid arms,
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
May serve to better us, and worse our foes, 440
Or equal what between us made the odds,
In nature none : if other hidden cause
Left them superior, while we can preserve
Unhurt our minds and understanding sound,
Due search and consultation will disclose.' 445

“ He sat ; and in th' assembly next up-stood
Nisroch, of Principalities the prime ;
As one he stood escap'd from cruel fight,
Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havoc hewn,
And cloudy in aspect thus answ'ring spake : 450
' Deliv'rer from new Lords, leader to free
Enjoyment of our right as Gods ; yet hard
For Gods, and too unequal work we find,
Against unequal arms to fight in pain,
Against unpain'd, impassive ; from which evil 455
Ruin must needs ensue ; for what avails
Valour, or strength, tho' matchless, quell'd with pain
Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
Of mightiest ? Sense of pleasure we may well
Spare out of life, perhaps, and not repine, 460
But live content, which is the calmest life :
But pain is perfect misery, the worst
Of evils, and, excessive, overturns
All patience. He who, therefore, can invent
With what more forcible we may offend 465

Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm
Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves
No less than for deliv'rance what we owe.'

“ Whereto with look compos'd Satan reply'd :
' Not uninvented that, which thou aright 470
Believ'st so main to our success, I bring.
Which of us who beholds the bright surface
Of this ethereous mould whereon we stand,
This continent of spacious Heav'n, adorn'd
With plant, fruit, flow'r ambrosial, gems, and gold ;
Whose eye so superficially surveys 476
These things, as not to mind from whence they grow
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
Of spiritous and fiery spume, 'till touch'd
With Heaven's ray, and temper'd, they shoot forth
So beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light ? 481
These in their dark nativity the deep
Shall yield us pregnant with infernal flame ;
Which into hollow engines long and round
Thick-ramm'd, at th' other bore with touch of fire
Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth 486
From far, with thund'ring noise, among our foes
Such implements of mischief, as shall dash
To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever stands
Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd 490
The Thund'rer of his only dreaded bolt.
Nor long shall be our labour ; yet ere dawn,
Effect shall end our wish. Meanwhile revive ;
Abandon fear ; to strength and counsel join'd
Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd.' 495

“ He ended, and his words their drooping cheer
Enlighten'd, and their languish'd hope reviv'd.

Th' invention all admir'd, and each how he
To be th' inventor miss'd ; so easy' it seem'd
Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought
Impossible : yet haply of thy race, 501
In future days, if malice should abound,
Some one, intent on mischief, or inspir'd
With dev'ilish machinations, might devise
Like instrument to plague the sons of men 505
For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.
Forthwith from council to the work they flew ;
None arguing stood ; innumerable hands
Were ready ; in a moment up they turn'd
Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath 510
Th' originals of nature in their crude
Conception ; sulphurous and nitrous foam
They found, they mingled, and with subtle art,
Concocted and adusted, they reduc'd
To blackest grain, and into store convey'd : 515
Part hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this earth
Entrails unlike) of mineral and stone,
Whereof to found their engines and their balls
Of missive ruin ; part incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire. 520
So all, ere day-spring, under conscious night,
Secret they finish'd and in order set,
With silent circumspection unespied.

“ Now when fair morn orient in Heav'n appear'd,
Up-rose the victor Angels, and to arms 525
The matin trumpet sung : in arms they stood
Of golden panoply, refulgent host,
Soon banded ; others from the dawning hills
Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-armed scour

Each quarter, to descry the distant foe, 530
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,
In motion, or in haït: him soon they met
Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow
But firm battalion; back with speediest sail
Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing, 535
Came fly'ing, and in mid air aloud thus cry'd:

“ ‘ Arm, Warriors, arm for fight; the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
This day; fear not his flight; so thick a cloud
He comes, and settled in his face I see 540
Sad resolution and secure: let each
His adamantine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orb'd shield,
Borne ev'n on high; for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture ought, no drizzling show'r, 545
But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.’

“ So warn'd he them, aware themselves, and soon
In order, quit of all impediment;
Instant without disturb they took alarm,
And onward move embattled: when, behold 550
Not distant far with heavy pace the foe
Approaching, gross and huge, in hollow cube
Training his dev'ilish enginry, impal'd
On ev'ry side with shadowing squadrons deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood 555
A while; but suddenly at head appear'd
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud:

“ ‘ Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold;
That all may see who hate us, how we seek
Peace and composure, and with open breast 560
Stand ready to receive them, if they like

Our overture, and turn not back perverse :
But that I doubt ; however, witness, Heav'n,
Heav'n, witness thou anon, while we discharge
Freely our part ; ye who appointed stand, 565
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.'

“ So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
Had ended, when to right and left the front
Divided, and to either flank retir'd ; 570
Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange,
A triple mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels (for like to pillars most they seem'd,
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak, or fir,
With branches lopt, in wood, or mountain fell'd) 575
Brass, iron, stony mould, had not their mouths
With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,
Portending hollow truce : at each behind
A Seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
Stood waving tipt with fire ; while we suspense 580
Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd,
Not long, for sudden all at once their reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame, 584
But soon obscur'd with smoke, all Heav'n appear'd,
From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose roar
Embowel'd with outrageous noise the air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their dev'ilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes ; which on the victor host 590
Level'd, with such impetuous fury smote,
That whom they hit, none on their feet might stand,
Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell

By thousands, Angel on Archangel roll'd ;
The sooner for their arms ; unarm'd they might 595
Have easily as Spi'rits evaded swift
By quick contraction, or remove ; but now
Foul dissipation follow'd and forc'd rout ;
Nor serv'd it to relax their serried files.
What should they do ? if on they rush'd, repulse 600
Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubled, would render them yet more despis'd,
And to their foes a laughter ; for in view
Stood rank'd of Seraphim another row,
In posture to displode their second tire 605
Of thunder : back defeated to return
They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in derision call'd :

“ ‘ O Friends, why come not on these victors proud ?
Ere while they fierce were coming ; and when we
To entertain them fair with open front 611
And breast (what could we more ?) propounded terms
Of composition, straight they chang'd their minds,
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
As they would dance ; yet for a dance they seem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps 616
For joy of offer'd peace : but I suppose,
If our proposals once again were heard,
We should compel them to a quick result.’

“ To whom thus Belial in like gamesome mood :
‘ Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight, 621
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And stumbled many ; who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well understand ; 625

Not understood, this gift they have besides,
They show us when our foes walk not upright.'

“ So they among themselves in pleasant vein
Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond
All doubt of victory ; eternal might 630
To match with their inventions they presum'd
So easy', and of his thunder made a scorn,
And all his host derided, while they stood
A while in trouble : but they stood not long ;
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
Against such hellish mischief fit to' oppose. 636
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the pow'r,
Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd)
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
(For earth hath this variety from Heav'n 640
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale)
Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they flew ;
From their foundations loos'ning to and fro
They pluck'd the seated hills with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops 645
Uplifting bore them in their hands. Amaze,
Be sure, and terror seiz'd the rebel host,
When coming towards them so dread they saw
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd ;
'Till on those cursed engines triple-row 650
They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains buried deep ;
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
Main promontories flung, which in the air 654
Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions arm'd ;
Their armour help'd their harm, crush'd in and bruis'd
Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain

Implacable, and many a dol'rous groan,
Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of such pris'on, though Spi'rits of purest light,
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown. 661
The rest in imitation to like arms
Betook them, and the neighb'ring hills uptore ;
So hills amid the air encounter'd hills,
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire, 665
That under ground they fought in dismal shade ;
Infernal noise ! war seem'd a civil game
To this uproar ; horrid confusion heap'd
Upon confusion rose. And now all Heav'n
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread, 670
Had not th' Almighty Father, where he sits
Shrin'd in his sanctuary' of Heav'n secure,
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd ;
That his great purpose he might so fulfil, 675
To honour his anointed Son aveng'd
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All pow'r on him transferr'd : whence to his Son,
Th' assessor of his throne, he thus began :
“ ‘ Effulgence of my glory, Son belov'd, 680
Son, in whose face invisible' is beheld,
Visibly, what by Deity I am,
And in whose hand what by decree I do,
Second Omnipotence, two days are past,
Two days, as we compute the days of Heav'n, 685
Since Michael and his Pow'rs went forth to tame
These disobedient : sore hath been their fight,
As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd ;
For to themselves I left them, and thou know'st,

Equal in their creation they were form'd, 690
Save what sin hath impair'd, which yet hath wrought
Insensibly, for I suspend their doom ;
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
Endless, and no solution will be found.

War wearied hath perform'd what war can do, 695
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,
With mountains as with weapons arm'd, which makes
Wild work in Heav'n, and dang'rous to the main.

Two days are therefore past, the third is thine ;
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far, 700
Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine

Of ending this great war, since none but Thou
Can end it. Into thee such virtue' and grace
Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know
In Heav'n and Hell thy pow'r above compare ; 705

And this perverse commotion govern'd thus,
To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
Of all things, to be Heir and to be King
By sacred unction, thy deserved right.

Go then, thou Mightiest, in thy Father's might, 710
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels

That shake Heav'n's basis, bring forth all my war,
My bow and thunder, my almighty arms

Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh ;
Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out 715

From all Heav'n's bounds into the utter deep :
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
God, and Messiah his anointed king.'

" He said, and on his Son with rays direct
Shone full ; he all his Father full express'd 720

Ineffably into his face receiv'd ;
And thus the filial Godhead answ'ring spake :

“ ‘ O Father, O Supreme of heav’nly Thrones,
First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always seek’st
To glorify thy Son, I always thee, 725
As is most just ; this I my glory’ account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou in me, well pleas’d, declar’st thy will
Fulfill’d, which to fulfil is all my bliss.
Sceptre and pow’r, thy giving, I assume, 730
And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee
For ever, and in me all whom thou lov’st :
But whom thou hat’st, I hate, and can put on
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on, 735
Image of thee in all things ; and shall soon,
Arm’d with thy might, rid Heav’n of these rebell’d,
To their prepar’d ill mansion driven down,
To chains of darkness, and th’ undying worm,
That from thy just obedience could revolt, 740
Whom to obey is happiness entire.
Then shall thy Saints unmix’d, and from th’ impure
Far separate, circling thy holy mount,
Unfeigned Hallelujahs to thee sing,
Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.’ 745
“ So said, he, o’er his sceptre bowing, rose
From the right hand of glory where he sat ;
And the third sacred morn began to shine,
Dawning through Heav’n : forth rush’d with whirlwind
sound
The chariot of paternal Deity, 750
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
Itself instinct with Spirit, but convoy’d
By four Cherubic shapes ; four faces each
Had wond’rous ; as with stars their bodies all

And wings were set with eyes, with eyes the wheels
Of beryl, and careering fires between ; 756
Over their heads a crystal firmament,
Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and colours of the show'ry arch.
He in celestial panoply all arm'd 760
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
Ascended ; at his right hand Victory
Sat eagle-wing'd ; beside him hung his bow
And quiver with three-bolted thunder stor'd,
And from about him fierce effusion roll'd 765
Of smoke, and bick'ring flame, and sparkles dire :
Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints
He onward came, far off his coming shone ;
And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen : 770
He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime
On the crystalline sky, in sapphire thron'd,
Illustrious far and wide, but by his own
First seen ; them unexpected joy surpris'd,
When the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd 775
Aloft by Angels borne, his sign in Heav'n ;
Under whose conduct Michael soon reduc'd
His army, circumfus'd on either wing,
Under their head embodied all in one.
Before him pow'r divine his way prepar'd : 780
At his command th' uprooted hills retir'd
Each to his place ; they heard his voice, and went
Obsequious ; Heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
And with fresh flow'rets hill and valley smil'd.
This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdur'd, 785
And to rebellious fight rallied their Pow'rs

Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.
In heav'nly Spi'rits could such perverseness dwell?
But to convince the proud, what signs avail,
Or wonders move th' obdurate, to relent? 790
They, harden'd more by what might most reclaim,
Grieving to see his glory, at the sight
Took envy; and, aspiring to his height,
Stood re-embattled fierce, by force, or fraud
Weening to prosper, and at length prevail 795
Against God and Messiah, or to fall
In universal ruin last; and now
To final battle drew, disdaining flight,
Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
To all his host on either hand thus spake: 800
“ ‘ Stand still in bright array, ye Saints, here stand
Ye Angels arm'd, this day from battle rest;
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause,
And as ye have receiv'd, so have ye done 805
Invincibly; but of this cursed crew
The punishment to other hand belongs;
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints:
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd
Nor multitude; stand only and behold 810
God's indignation on these Godless pour'd
By me; not you, but me, they have despis'd,
Yet envied; against me is all their rage,
Because the Father, t' whom in Heav'n supreme
Kingdom, and pow'r, and glory, appertains, 815
Hath honour'd me according to his will.
Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd;
That they may have their wish, to try with me

In battle which the stronger proves, they all,
Or I alone against them, since by strength 820
They measure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excels;
Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.'

“ So spake the Son, and into terror chang'd
His count'nance, too severe to be beheld, 825
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.

At once the four spread out their starry wings
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound
Of torrent floods, or of a num'rous host. 830

He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night; under his burning wheels
The steadfast empyréan shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
Among them he arriv'd, in his right hand 835

Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in their souls infix'd
Plagues; they, astonish'd, all resistance lost,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropt;
O'er shields and helms and helmed heads he rode
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate, 841
That wish'd the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.

Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd Four 845
Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;
One Spirit in them rul'd, and ev'ry eye
Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
Among th' accurs'd, that wither'd all their strength,

And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd, 851
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.

Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid volley; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heav'n: 855

The overthrown he rais'd, and, as a herd
Of goats, or tim'rous flock together throng'd,
Drove them before him thunder-struck, pursued,
With terrors and with furies, to the bounds
And crystal wall of Heav'n, which op'ning wide,
Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclos'd 861

Into the wasteful deep; the monstrous sight
Struck them with horror backward, but far worse
Urg'd them behind; headlong themselves they threw
Down from the verge of Heav'n; eternal wrath 865
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

“ Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, Hell saw
Heaven running from Heav'n, and would have fled
Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound. 870

Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos roar'd,
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout
Encumber'd him with ruin: Hell at last
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd;
Hell their fit habitation, fraught with fire 876
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.

Disburden'd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.
Sole victor from th' expulsion of his foes 880

Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd:
To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood



headlong themselves they threw
 Down from the verge of Heavn; eternal wrath
 Burnt after them &c

Book 6. line 864.

London, Pub. Feb. 22-1801 by T. Hopton & Co. Holborn.

For witness of his mighty act,
With jubilee advanced, and as they went,
Marching with branching palm, each on a bough,
Song, dance, and hymn, and him many victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion give,
If wished to reign: his celebrated robe
I transport through mid Heav'n, into the Court,
And sceptre of his mighty Father shew'd
On high; who into glory has retir'd,
Where now he sits at the right hand of God.
"Thou hast thy things, thy things on earth,
At thy request, and that thou may'st possess
By what is left to thee I have reveal'd."
What might have else to happen was foretold:
The discord which betwixt and war in Hell
Among the angels, how it should fill
Of those too high spirits, who rebel'd
With Satan; he who enters now thy sight,
Who now is painting how he may restore
Thee also from bondage, that with him
Heaven'd at happiness, thou may'st remain.
His punishment eternal sight;
Which would be all his sorrow and revenge,
As a serpent does against the most high,
That once to him was given to be his
Not that he had to his punishment, when
He was cast; for a profit there to have found,
By such example, the reward
Of obedience; him they might have stood,
Yet still remember, and learn to improve."

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

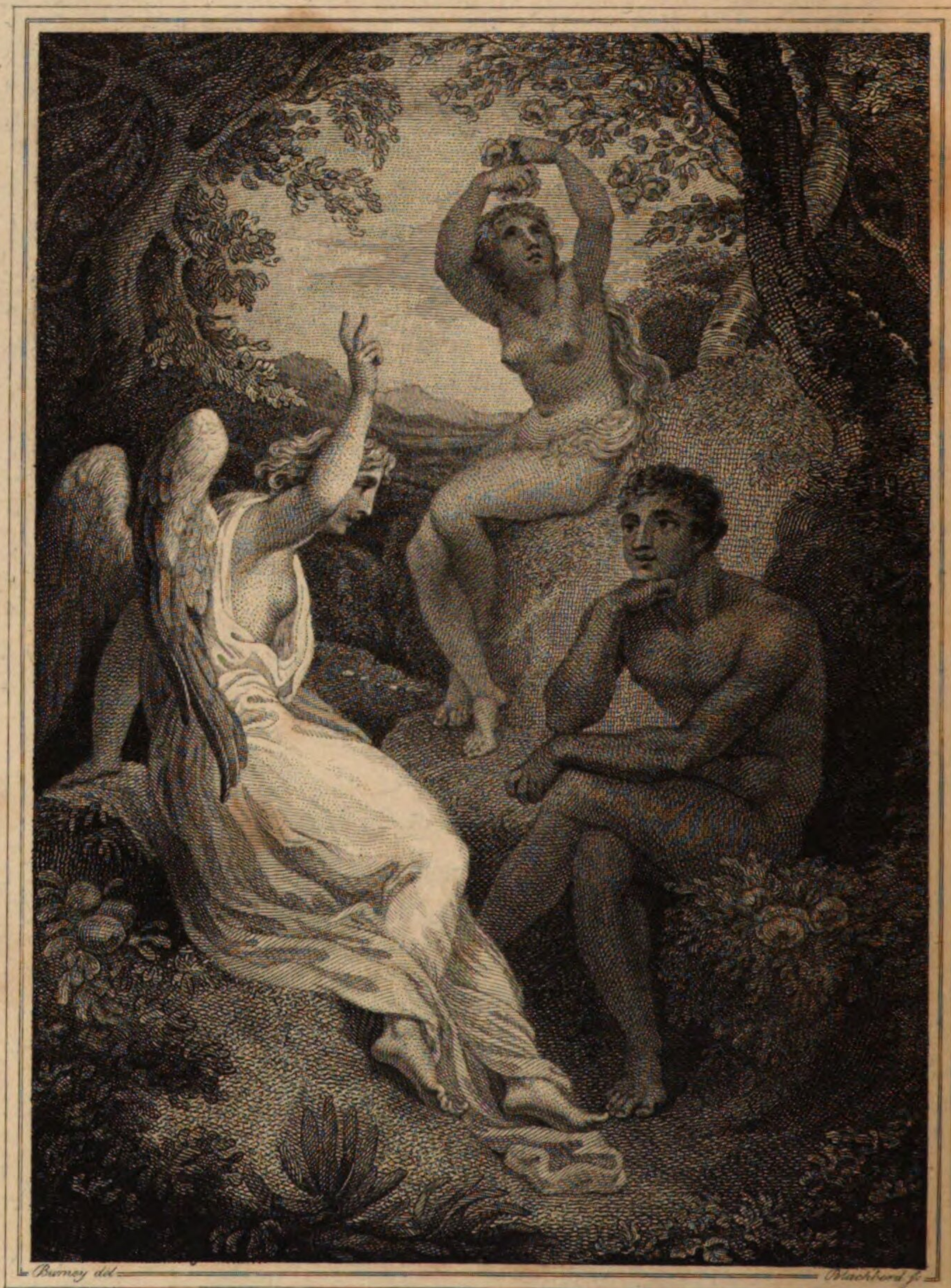
Raphael, at the request of Adam, relates how and wherefore this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of Heaven, declared his pleasure to create another world and other creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with glory and attendance of Angels to perform the work of creation in six days: the Angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his re-ascension into Heaven.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VII.

DESCEND from Heav'n, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine
Following, above th' Olympian hill I soar,
Above the flight of Pegaséan wing.
The meaning, not the name, I call : for thou 5
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'st, but, heav'nly born,
Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,
Thou with eternal wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play 10
In presence of th' almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy celestial song. Up-led by thee
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,
Thy temp'ring ; with like safety guided down 15
Return me to my native element :
Lest from this flying steed unrein'd, (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime)

Dismounted on th' Aleian field I fall,
Erroneous there to wander, and forlorn. 20
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
Within the visible diurnal sphere ;
Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd
To hoarse, or mute, though fall'n on evil days, 25
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues ;
In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
And solitude ; yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the east : still govern thou my song, 30
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
But drive far off the barb'rous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revelers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears 35
To rapture, till the savage clamour drown'd
Both harp and voice ; nor could the Muse defend
Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores ;
For thou art heav'nly, she an empty dream.
Say, Goddess, what ensued when Raphaël, 40
The affable Archangel, had forewarn'd
Adam by dire example to beware
Apostacy, by what befel in Heav'n
To those apostates, lest the like befal
In Paradise to Adam, or his race, 45
Charg'd not to touch the interdicted tree,
If they transgress, and slight that sole command,
So easily obey'd, amid the choice
Of all tastes else to please their appetite,
Though wand'ring. He, with his consorted Eve, 50



*The Angel at the request of Adam relates the
Creation of the World, and the glorious Re-
-ascension of the Son of God into Heaven.*

Book 7

London Publish'd Nov'r 9. 1799 by T. Heptinstall N^o. 304 Holborn

The story heard attentive, and was fill'd
With admiration and deep muse, to hear
Of things so high and strange, things to their thought
So unimaginable' as hate in Heav'n,
And war so near the peace of God in bliss 55
With such confusion: but the evil soon,
Driv'n back, redounded as a flood on those
From whom it sprung, impossible to mix
With blessedness. Whence Adam soon repeal'd
The doubts that in his heart arose: and now 60
Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know
What nearer might concern him; how this world
Of Heav'n and Earth conspicuous first began,
When, and whereof created, for what cause,
What within Eden, or without, was done 65
Before his memory; as one whose drought,
Yet scarce allay'd, still eyes the current stream,
Whose liquid murmur heard, new thirst excites,
Proceeded thus to ask his heav'nly guest:

“ Great things, and full of wonder in our ears, 70
Far diff'ring from this world, thou hast reveal'd,
Divine interpreter, by favour sent
Down from the empyréan to forewarn
Us timely' of what might else have been our loss,
Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach:
For which, to th' infinitely good we owe 76
Immortal thanks, and his admonishment
Receive, with solemn purpose to observe
Immutably his sov'reign will, the end
Of what we are. But since thou hast vouchsaf'd 80
Gently for our instruction to impart
Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd

Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seem'd,
Deign to descend now lower, and relate
What may no less, perhaps, avail us known ; 85
How first began this Heav'n which we behold
Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd
Innumerable, and this which yields, or fills
All space, the ambient air wide interfus'd
Embracing round this florid earth ; what cause 90
Mov'd the Creator, in his holy rest
Through all eternity, so late to build
In Chaos, and, the work begun, how soon
Absolv'd, if unforbid thou may'st unfold
What we, not to explore the secrets, ask, 95
Of his eternal empire, but the more
To magnify his works the more we know.
And the great light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race though steep ; suspense in Heav'n,
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears, 100
And longer will delay, to hear thee tell
His generation, and the rising birth
Of nature from the unapparent deep :
Or if the star of ev'ning and the moon
Haste to thy audience, night with her will bring 105
Silence ; and sleep, list'ning to thee, will watch,
Or we can bid his absence, till thy song
End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine."

Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought :
And thus the Godlike Angel answer'd mild : 110
" This also thy request, with caution ask'd,
Obtain : though to recount almighty works
What words, or tongue of Seraph can suffice,
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend ?

Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve 115
To glorify the Maker, and infer
Thee also happier, shall not be with-held
Thy hearing ; such commission from above
I have receiv'd, to answer thy desire
Of knowledge within bounds ; beyond abstain 120
To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope
Things not reveal'd, which th' invisible King,
Only omniscient, hath suppress'd in night,
To none communicable' in Earth, or Heav'n :
Enough is left besides to search and know. 125
But knowledge is as food, and needs no less
Her temp'rance over appetite, to know
In measure what the mind may well contain ;
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
Wisdom to folly', as nourishment to wind. 130

“ Know then, that after Lucifer from Heav'n
(So call him, brighter once amidst the host
Of Angels than that star the stars among)
Fell with his flaming legions through the deep
Into his place, and the great Son return'd 135
Victorious with his Saints, th' omnipotent
Eternal Father from his throne beheld
Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake:

“ ‘ At least our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought
All like himself rebellious, by whose aid 140
This inaccessible high strength, the seat
Of deity supreme, us dispossess'd,
He trusted to have seiz'd, and into fraud
Drew many, whom their place knows here no more ;
Yet far the greater part have kept, I see, 145
Their station ; Heav'n yet populous retains

Number sufficient to possess her realms
Though wide, and this high temple to frequent
With ministeries due and solemn rites ;
But lest his heart exalt him in the harm 150
Already done, to have dispeopled Heav'n,
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair
That detriment, if such it be to lose
Self-lost, and in a moment will create
Another world, out of one man a race 155
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
Not here, till by degrees of merit rais'd
They open to themselves at length the way
Up hither, under long obedience try'd,
And Earth be chang'd to Heav'n, and Heav'n to Earth,
One kingdom, joy and union without end. 161
Meanwhile inhabit lax, ye Pow'rs of Heav'n,
And thou, my Word, begotten Son, by thee
This I perform, speak thou, and be it done :
My overshadowing Spi'rit and might with thee 165
I send along ; ride forth and bid the deep
Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth,
Boundless the deep, because I am who fill
Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.
Though I uncircumscrib'd myself retire, 170
And put not forth my goodness which is free
To act or not, necessity and chance
Approach not me, and what I will is fate.'

“ So spake th' Almighty, and to what he spake
His Word, the filial Godhead gave effect. 175
Immediate are the acts of God, more swift
Than time, or motion, but to human ears
Cannot without process of speech be told,

So told as earthly notion can receive.
Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heav'n, 180
When such was heard declar'd th' Almighty's will ;
Glory they sung to the Most High, good-will
To future men, and in their dwellings peace :
Glory to him, whose just avenging ire
Had driv'n out the ungodly from his sight 185
And th' habitations of the just ; to him
Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd
Good out of evil to create, instead
Of Spi'rits malign, a better race to bring
Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse 190
His good to worlds and ages infinite.

“ So sang the Hierarchies : meanwhile the Son
On his great expedition now appear'd,
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of majesty divine ; sapience and love 195
Immense, and all his Father in him shone.
About his chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And Virtues, winged Spi'rits, and chariots wing'd
From th' armoury of God, where stand of old 200
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,
Celestial equipage, and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd,
Attendant on their Lord : Heav'n open'd wide 205
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound !
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory, in his pow'rful Word
And Spirit coming to create new worlds.
On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore.

They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss 211
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And surging waves, as mountains, to assault 214
Heav'n's height, and with the centre mix the pole.

“ ‘ Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou, deep, peace,’
Said then th' omnific Word, ‘ your discord end :’
Nor stay'd, but on the wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn ; 220
For Chaos heard his voice. Him all his train
Follow'd in bright procession to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then stay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compasses, prepar'd 225
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This universe, and all created things :
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profundity obscure,
And said, ‘ Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds, 230
This be thy just circumference, O world.’
Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,
Matter unform'd and void : Darkness profound
Cover'd th' abyss ; but on the wat'ry calm
His brooding wings the Spi'rit of God outspread, 235
And vital virtue' infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid mass, but downward purg'd
The black tartareous cold infernal dregs
Adverse to life ; then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like, the rest to sev'ral place 240
Disparted, and between spun out the air
And Earth self-balanc'd on her centre hung.

“ ‘ Let there be light,’ said God, and forthwith light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
Sprung from the deep, and from her native east 245
To journey through the airy gloom began,
Spher’d in a radiant cloud, for yet the sun
Was not ; she in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourn’d the while. God saw the light was good ;
And light from darkness by the hemisphere 250
Divided : light the day, and darkness night
He nam’d. Thus was the first day ev’n and morn :
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the celestial quires, when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld ; 255
Birth-day of Heav’n and Earth ; with joy and shout
The hollow universal orb they fill’d,
And touch’d their golden harps, and hymning prais’d
God and his works, Creator him they sung,
Both when first ev’ning was, and when first morn.

“ Again, God said, ‘ Let there be firmament 261
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters :’ and God made
The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, elemental air, diffus’d 265
In circuit to the uttermost convex
Of this great round ; partition firm and sure,
The waters underneath from those above
Dividing ; for as earth, so he the world
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide 270
Crystalline ocean, and the loud misrule
Of Chaos far remov’d, lest fierce extremes
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame.

And Heav'n he nam'd the firmament: So ev'n
And morning-chorus sung the second day. 275

“ The earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet
Of waters, embryon immature involv'd,
Appear'd not: over all the face of earth
Main ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warm
Prolific humour soft'ning all her globe, 280

Fermented the great mother to conceive,
Sate with genial moisture, when God said,
' Be gather'd now, ye waters, under Heav'n
Into one place, and let dry land appear.'

Immediately the mountains huge appear 285

Emergent, and their broad bare backs up-heave
Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky;
So high as heav'd the tumid hills, so low

Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters! thither they 290

Hasted with glad precipitance, up-roll'd
As drops on dust conglobing from the dry;

Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,
For haste; such flight the great command impress'd

On the swift floods. As armies at the call 295

Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)

Troop to their standard, so the wat'ry throng,

Wave rolling after wave, where way they found,

If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,

Soft-ebbing; nor withstood them rock, or hill, 300

But they, or under ground, or circuit wide

With serpent error wand'ring, found their way,

And on the washy ooze deep channels wore;

Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,

All but within those banks, where rivers now 305
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
The dry land earth, and the great receptacle
Of congregated waters he call'd seas :
And saw that it was good, and said, ' Let th' earth
Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed, 310
And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,
Whose seed is in herself upon the earth.'
He scarce had said, when the bare earth, 'till then
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,
Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad
Her universal face with pleasant green ; 316
Then herbs of ev'ry leaf, that sudden flow'r'd,
Op'ning their various colours, and made gay
Her bosom smelling sweet ; and these scarce blown,
Forth flourish'd thick the clust'ring vine, forth crept
The smelling gourd, up-stood the corny reed 321
Embattl'd in her field, and th' humble shrub,
And bush with frizzled hair implicit : last
Rose as in dance the stately trees, and spread 324
Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd
Their blossoms ; with high woods the hills were crown'd,
With tufts the valleys, and each fountain-side,
With borders long the rivers ; that earth now
Seem'd like to Heav'n, a seat where Gods might dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt 330
Her sacred shades : though God had yet not rain'd
Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
None was, but from the earth a dewy mist
Went up and water'd all the ground, and each
Plant of the field, which ere it was in th' earth 335
God made, and ev'ry herb, before it grew

On the green stem. God saw that it was good :
So ev'n and morn recorded the third day.

“ Again th' Almighty spake, ‘ Let there be lights
High in th' expanse of Heaven, to divide 340
The day from night ; and let them be for signs,
For seasons, and for days, and circling years,
And let them be for lights, as I ordain
Their office in the firmament of Heav'n,
To give light on the earth ;’ and it was so. 345
And God made two great lights, great for their use
To Man, the greater to have rule by day,
The less by night altern ; and made the stars,
And set them in the firmament of Heav'n
To' illuminate the earth, and rule the day 350
In their vicissitude, and rule the night,
And light from darkness to divide. God saw,
Surveying his great work, that it was good :
For of celestial bodies first the Sun,
A mighty sphere, he fram'd, unlightsome first, 355
Though of ethereal mould ; then form'd the moon
Globose, and ev'ry magnitude of stars,
And sow'd with stars the Heav'n thick as a field.
Of light by far the greater part he took,
Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and plac'd 360
In the sun's orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.
Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light, 365
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns ;
By tincture, or reflection they augment
Their small peculiar, though from human sight

So far remote, with diminution seen.
First in his east the glorious lamp was seen, 370
Regent of day, and all th' horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude through Heav'n's high road; the grey
Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd
Shedding sweet influence. Less bright the moon,
But opposite in level'd west was set 376
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
From him, for other light she needed none
In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
'Till night, then in the east her turn she shines, 380
Revolv'd on Heav'n's great axle, and her reign
With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd
Spangling the hemisphere. Then, first adorn'd
With her bright lumi'naries that set and rose, 385
Glad ev'ning and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.

“ And God said, ‘ Let the waters generate
Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul :
And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings
Display'd on the' open firmament of Heav'n.’ 390
And God created the great whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
The waters generated by their kinds,
And ev'ry bird of wing after his kind ;
And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,
' Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas, 396
And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill ;
And let the fowl be multiply'd on th' earth.'
Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay,
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals 400

Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales
Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft
Bank the mid-sea : part single, or with mate,
Graze the sea-weed, their pasture, and through groves
Of coral stray, or sporting, with quick glance, 405
Show to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold ;
Or in their pearly shells at ease, attend
Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food
In jointed armour watch : on smooth the seal,
And bended dolphins, play ; part huge of bulk 410
Wallowing unwieldy', enormous in their gait,
Tempest the ocean. There leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep,
Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps, or swims,
And seems a moving land, and at his gills 415
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea.
Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens, and shores,
Their brood as num'rous hatch, from th' egg that soon,
Bursting with kindly rupture, forth disclos'd 419
Their callow young, but, feather'd soon and fledge,
They summ'd their pens, and, soaring th' air sublime,
With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud
In prospect ; there the eagle and the stork
On cliffs and cedar-tops their eyries build :
Part loosely wing the region, part more wise 425
In common rang'd, in figure wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their airy caravan high over seas
Flying, and over lands with mutual wing
Easing their flight ; so steers the prudent crane 430
Her annual voyage, borne on winds ; the air
Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes.

From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
Solac'd the woods, and spread their painted wings
Till ev'n, nor then the solemn nightingale 435
Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft lays:
Others on silver lakes and rivers bath'd
Their downy breast; the swan, with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit 440
The dank, and, rising on stiff pennons, tow'r
The mid aërial sky. Others on ground
Walk'd firm; the crested cock, whose clarion sounds
The silent hours, and th' other whose gay train
Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hue 445
Of rainbows and starry' eyes. The waters thus
With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,
Ev'ning and morn solemniz'd the fifth day.

“ The sixth, and of creation last, arose
With ev'ning-harps and matin, when God said, 450
‘ Let th' earth bring forth soul living in her kind,
Cattle and creeping things, and beast of th' earth,
Each in their kind.’ The earth obey'd, and straight,
Op'ning her fertile womb, teem'd at a birth
Innum'rous living creatures, perfect forms, 455
Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up-rose,
As from his lair, the wild beast, where he wons
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd.
The cattle in the fields and meadows green: 460
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
Pastur'ing at once, and in broad herds up-sprung.
The grassy clods now calv'd, now half-appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free

His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded mane ; the ounce,
The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks ; the swift stag from under ground
Bare up his branching head ; scarce from his mould
Behemoth, biggest born of earth, up-heav'd 471
His vastness ; fleec'd the flocks and bleating rose,
As plants ; ambiguous between sea and land
The river horse and scaly crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground, 475
Insect, or worm : those wav'd their limber fans
For wings, and smallest lineaments exact,
In all their liv'ries deck'd of summer's pride,
With spots of gold and purple', azure and green ;
These as a line their long dimension drew, 480
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace ; not all
Minims of nature ; some of serpent kind,
Wond'rous in length and corpulence, involv'd
Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept
The parsimonious emmet, provident 485
Of future, in small room large heart enclos'd,
Pattern of just equality, perhaps,
Hereafter, joined in her popu'lar tribes
Of commonalty ; swarming next appear'd
The female-bee, that feeds her husband-drone 490
Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
With honey stor'd. The rest are numberless,
And thou their natures know'st, and gav'st them names,
Needless to thee repeated ; nor unknown
The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field, 495
Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes

And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.

“ Now Heav’n in all her glory shone, and roll’d
Her motions, as the great first Mover’s hand 500
First wheel’d their course ; earth in her rich attire
Consummate lovely smil’d ; air, water, earth,
By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk’d
Frequent : and of the sixth day yet remain’d ;
There wanted yet the master work, the end 505
Of all yet done ; a creature who, not prone
And brute as other creatures, but endued
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and upright, with front serene,
Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence 510
Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes,
Directed in devotion, to adore
And worship God supreme, who made him chief 515
Of all his works : therefore th’ Omnipotent
Eternal Father (for where is not he
Present ?) thus to his Son audibly spake :

“ ‘ Let us make now Man in our image, Man
In our similitude, and let them rule 520
Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
Beast of the field, and over all the earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.’
This said, he form’d thee, Adam, thee, O Man,
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath’d 525
The breath of life ; in his own image he
Created thee, in the image of God
Express, and thou becam’st a living soul.

Male he created thee, but thy consórt
Female for race; then bless'd mankind, and said, 530
Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth,
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
Over fish of the sea, and fowl of th' air,
And every living thing that moves on th' earth.
Wherever thus created, for no place 535
Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st,
He brought thee into this delicious grove,
This garden, planted with the trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taste;
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food 540
Gave thee; all sorts are here that all th' earth yields,
Variety without end; but of the tree,
Which tasted works knowledge of good and evil,
Thou mayst not; in the day thou eat'st, thou dy'st;
Death is the penalty impos'd, beware, 545
And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin
Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.

“ Here finish'd he, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
So even and morn accomplish'd the sixth day: 550
Yet not till the Creator from his work
Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns, his high abode,
Thence to behold this new-created world,
Th' addition of his empire, how it show'd 555
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great idea. Up he rode,
Follow'd with acclamation and the sound
Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tun'd
Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air 560

Resounded (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st)
The Heav'ns and all the constellations rung,
The planets in their station list'ning stood,
While the bright pomp ascended jubilate.
' Open, ye everlasting gates,' they sung, 565
' Open, ye Heav'ns, your living doors; let in
The great Creator from his work return'd
Magnificent, his six days work, a world;
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
To visit oft the dwellings of just men 570
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his winged messengers
On errands of supernal grace.' So sung
The glorious train ascending: He through Heaven,
That open'd wide her blazing portals, led 575
To God's eternal house direct the way,
A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold
And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,
Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest 580
Powder'd with stars. And now on earth the seventh
Evening arose in Eden, for the sun
Was set, and twilight from the east came on,
Forerunning night; when at the holy mount
Of Heav'n's high-seated top, th' imperial throne 585
Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and sure,
The Filial Pow'r arriv'd, and sat him down
With his great Father, for he also went
Invisible, yet stay'd, (such privilege
Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain'd, 590
Author and end of all things, and from work
Now resting, bless'd and hallow'd the seventh day,

As resting on that day from all his work,
But not in silence holy kept; the harp
Had work and rested not, the solemn pipe, 595
And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
All sounds on fret by string or golden wire,
Temper'd soft tunings intermix'd with voice
Choral or unison: of incense clouds
Fuming from golden censers hid the mount. 600
Creation and the six days acts they sung,
' Great are thy works, Jehovah, infinite
Thy pow'r; what thought can measure thee, or tongue
Relate thee? greater now in thy return
Than from the giant Angels; thee that day 605
Thy thunders magnify'd; but to create
Is greater than, created, to destroy.
Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
Thy empire? easily the proud attempt
Of Spi'rits apostate and their counsels vain 610
Thou hast repell'd, while impiously they thought
Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks
To lessen thee, against his purpose serves
To manifest the more thy might: his evil 615
Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.
Witness this new-made world, another Heaven
From Heaven-gate not far, founded in view
On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea;
Of amplitude almost immense, with stars 620
Numerous, and every star perhaps a world
Of destin'd habitation; but thou know'st
Their seasons: among these the seat of Men
Earth with her nether ocean circumfus'd,

Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy Men,
And sons of Men, whom God hath thus advanc'd,
Created in his image, there to dwell
And worship him, and in reward to rule
Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,
And multiply a race of worshippers 630
Holy and just: thrice happy if they know
Their happiness, and persevere upright.'

" So sung they, and the empyréan rung
With Hallelujahs: thus was sabbath kept.
And thy request think now fulfil'd, that ask'd 635
How first this world and face of things began,
And what before thy memory was done
From the beginning, that posterity
Inform'd by thee might know; if else thou seek'st
Ought, not surpassing human measure, say." 640

Their pleasant dwelling-place. These happy Men,
And sons of Men, whom God hath thus advanced,
Grazed in the image, there to dwell
And worship him, and in reward to ride
Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,
And multiply a race of worshippers
Holy and just: their happy life they know
Their happiness, and persevere upright
So long they, and the cupressus ring
With flatchings: thus was sabbath kept.
And they repeat their now told tale, that said
How first this world and life of things began,
And what before this memory was done
From the beginning, that posterity
Informed by thee might know: if else thou seek'st
Ought, not surpassing human reason, say."

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VIII.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Adam inquires concerning celestial motions ; is doubtfully answered, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge : Adam assents, and, still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remembered since his own creation, his placing in Paradise, his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society, his first meeting and nuptials with Eve ; his discourse with the Angel thereupon, who, after admonitions repeated, departs.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VIII.

THE angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear;
Then, as new wak'd, thus gratefully reply'd:
 " What thanks sufficient, or what recompense 5
Equal have I to render thee, divine
Historian, who thus largely hast allay'd
The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsaf'd
This friendly condescension, to relate
Things else by me unsearchable, now heard 10
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
With glory attribúted to the high
Creator? Something yet of doubt remains,
Which only thy solution can resolve.
When I behold this goodly frame, this world, 15
Of Heav'n and Earth consisting, and compute
Their magnitudes, this earth a spot, a grain,
An atom, with the firmament compar'd
And all her number'd stars, that seem to roll

Spaces incomprehensible (for such 20
Their distance argues and their swift return
Diurnal), merely to officiate light
Round this opacuous earth, this punctual spot,
One day and night, in all their vast survey
Useless besides ; reas'ning, I oft admire 25
How nature, wise and frugal, could commit
Such disproportions, with superfluous hand
So many nobler bodies to create,
Greater so manifold, to this one use,
For ought appears, and on their orbs impose 30
Such restless revolution, day by day
Repeated, while the sedentary earth,
That better might with far less compass move,
Serv'd by more noble than herself, attains
Her end without least motion, and receives, 35
As tribute, such a sumless journey brought
Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light ;
Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fails."

So spake our Sire, and by his count'nance seem'd
Ent'ring on studious thoughts abstruse, which Eve 40
Perceiving, where she sat retir'd in sight,
With lowliness majestic, from her seat,
And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flow'rs,
To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom, 45
Her nursery ; they at her coming sprung,
And, touch'd by her fair tendance, gladlier grew.
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high : such pleasure she reserv'd, 50
Adam relating, she sole auditress ;

Her husband the relator she preferr'd
Before the Angel, and of him to ask
Chose rather; he, she knew, would intermix
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute 55
With conjugal caresses; from his lip
Not words alone pleas'd her. O! when meet now
Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd?
With Goddess-like demeanour forth she went,
Not unattended, for on her, as queen, 60
A pomp of winning graces waited still,
And from about her shot darts of desire
Into all eyes to wish her still in sight.
And Raphael now, to Adam's doubt propos'd,
Benevolent and facile thus reply'd: 65

“ To ask, or search I blame thee not, for Heav'n
Is as the book of God before thee set,
Wherein to read his wond'rous works, and learn
His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years;
This to attain, whether Heav'n move, or Earth, 70
Imports not, if thou reckon right; the rest
From Man, or Angel the great Architect
Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge
His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought
Rather admire; or if they list to try 75
Conjecture, he his fabric of the Heav'ns
Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide
Hereafter, when they come to model Heav'n,
And calculate the stars, how they will wield 80
The mighty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive
To save appearances, how gird the sphere
With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,

Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb :
Already by thy reas'ning this I guess, 85
Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposest
That bodies bright and greater should not serve
The less not bright, nor Heav'n such journies run,
Earth sitting still, when she alone receives
The benefit. Consider first, that great, 90
Or bright infers not excellence : the earth
Though, in comparison of Heav'n, so small,
Nor glist'ring, may of solid good contain
More plenty than the sun that barren shines,
Whose virtue on itself works no effect, 95
But in the fruitful earth ; there, first receiv'd,
His beams, unactive else, their vigour find.
Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries
Officious, but to thee, earth's habitant.
And for the Heav'n's wide circuit, let it speak 100
The Maker's high magnificence, who built
So spacious, and his line stretch'd out so far,
That Man may know he dwells not in his own ;
An edifice too large for him to fill,
Lodg'd in a small partition, and the rest 105
Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.
The swiftness of those circles attribúte,
Though numberless, to his omnipotence,
That to corporeal substances could add 109
Speed almost spiri'tual : me thou think'st not slow,
Who since the morning-hour set out from Heav'n
Where God resides, and ere mid-day arriv'd
In Eden, distance inexpressible
By numbers that have name. But this I urge,
Admitting motion in the Heav'ns, to show 115

Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd ;
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on earth.
God, to remove his ways from human sense,
Plac'd Heav'n from Earth so far, that earthly sight,
If it presume, might err in things too high, 121
And no advantage gain. What if the sun
Be centre to the world, and other stars,
By his attractive virtue and their own
Incited, dance about him various rounds ? 125
Their wand'ring course now high, now low, then hid,
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
In six thou seest, and what if sev'nth to these
The planet earth, so steadfast though she seem,
Insensibly three diff'rent motions move ? 130
Which else to sev'ral spheres thou must ascribe,
Mov'd contrary with thwart obliquities,
Or save the sun his labour, and that swift
Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb suppos'd,
Invisible' else above all stars, the wheel 135
Of day and night ; which needs not thy belief,
If earth, industrious of herself, fetch day
Traveling east, and with her part averse
From the sun's beam meet night, her other part
Still lum'nous by his ray. What if that light, 140
Sent from her through the wide transpicious air,
To the terrestrial moon be as a star
Enlight'ning her by day, as she by night
This earth ? reciprocal, if land be there,
Fields and inhabitants. Her spots thou seest 145
As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce
Fruits in her soften'd soil, for some to eat
Allotted there ; and other suns perhaps

With their attendant moons thou wilt descry
Communicating male and female light, 150
Which two great sexes animate the world,
Stor'd in each orb perhaps with some that live,
For such vast room in nature unpossess'd
By living soul, desert and desolate,
Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute 155
Each orb a glimpse of light convey'd so far
Down to this habitable, which returns
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.
But whether thus these things, or whether not,
Whether the sun predominant in Heav'n 160
Rise on the earth, or earth rise on the sun,
He from the east his flaming road begin,
Or she from west her silent course advance
With inoffensive pace, that spinning sleeps
On her soft axle, while she paces ev'n, 165
And bears the soft with the smooth air along,
Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,
Leave them to God above, him serve and fear;
Of other creatures, as him pleases best,
Wherever plac'd, let him dispose: joy thou 170
In what he gives to thee, this Paradise
And thy fair Eve; Heav'n is for thee too high
To know what passes there; be lowly wise:
Think only what concerns thee and thy being;
Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there 175
Live, in what state, condition, or degree,
Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd,
Not of Earth only, but of highest Heav'n."

To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, reply'd:
"How fully hast thou satisfy'd me, pure 180
Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel serene,

And freed from intricacies, taught to live,
The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the sweet of life, from which
God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares, 185
And not molest us, unless we ourselves
Seek them with wand'ring thoughts, and notions vain.
But apt the mind, or fancy is to rove
Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end ;
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn, 190
That not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure, and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom ; what is more, is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence, 195
And renders us, in things that most concern,
Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand
Useful, whence haply mention may arise 200
Of something not unseas'nable to ask
By suff'rance, and thy wonted favour deign'd.
Thee I have heard relating what was done
Ere my remembrance : now hear me relate
My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard ; 205
And day is yet not spent ; 'till then thou seest
How subtly to detain thee I devise,
Inviting thee to hear while I relate,
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply :
For while I sit with thee I seem in Heav'n, 210
And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
Than fruits of palm-tree pleasantest to thirst
And hunger both, from labour, at the hour

Of sweet repast ; they satiate, and soon fill
Though pleasant ; but thy words, with grace divine
Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety." 216
To whom thus Raphael answer'd heav'nly meek :
" Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men,
Nor tongue ineloquent ; for God on thee
Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd 220
Inward and outward both, his image fair :
Speaking, or mute all comeliness and grace
Attends thee, and each word, each motion forms ;
Nor less think we in Heav'n of thee on Earth
Than of our fellow-servant, and inquire 225
Gladly into the ways of God with Man ;
For God, we see, hath honour'd thee, and set
On Man his equal love : say therefore on ;
For I that day was absent, as befel,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure, 230
Far on excursion tow'ard the gates of Hell ;
Squar'd in full legion (such command we had)
To see that none thence issued forth a spy,
Or enemy, while God was in his work,
Lest he, incens'd at such eruption bold, 235
Destruction with creation might have mix'd.
Not that they durst without his leave attempt,
But us he sends upon his high behests
For state, as Sov'reign King, and to inure
Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut 240
The dismal gates, and barricado'd strong ;
But long ere our approaching heard within
Noise, other than the sound of dance, or song,
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.
Glad we return'd up to the coasts of light 245

Ere sabbath ev'ning: so we had in charge.
But thy relation now; for I attend,
Pleas'd with thy words no less than thou with mine."

So spake the Godlike Pow'r, and thus our sire:

"For man to tell how human life began 250

Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?

Desire with thee still longer to converse

Induc'd me. As new wak'd from soundest sleep

Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid

In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun 255

Soon dry'd, and on the reeking moisture fed.

Straight toward Heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,

And gaz'd a while the ample sky, 'till rais'd

By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,

As thitherward endeavouring, and upright 260

Stood on my feet; about me round I saw

Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,

And liquid lapse of murm'ring streams; by these,

Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,

Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd;

With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd. 266

Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb

Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran

With supple joints, as lively vigour led:

But who I was, or where, or from what cause, 270

Knew not; to speak I try'd, and forthwith spake;

My tongue obey'd, and readily could name

Whate'er I saw. 'Thou Sun,' said I, 'fair light,

And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,

Ye Hills, and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plains,

And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell, 276

Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?

Not of myself; by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in pow'r pre-eminent;
Tell me how may I know him, how adore, 280
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know.'
While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,
From where I first drew air, and first beheld
This happy light, when answer none return'd, 285
On a green shady bank, profuse of flow'rs,
Pensive I sat me down; there gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd
My drowsed sense, untroubled, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state 290
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:
When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
My fancy to believe I yet had being,
And liv'd. One came, methought, of shape divine,
And said, 'Thy mansion wants thee, Adam, rise, 296
First Man, of men innumerable ordain'd
First Father, call'd by thee I come thy guide
To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd.'
So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd, 300
And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
A woody mountain; whose high top was plain,
A circuit wide, enclos'd, with goodliest trees
Planted, with walks, and bow'rs, that what I saw 305
Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree
Loaden with fairest fruit, that hung to th' eye
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eat: whereat I wak'd, and found

Before mine eyes all real, as the dream 310
Had lively shadow'd. Here had new begun
My wand'ring, had not he who was my guide
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
Presence divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at his feet I fell 315
Submiss: he rear'd me, and 'Whom thou sought'st I am,'
Said mildly, 'Author of all this thou seest
Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
This Paradise I give thee, count it thine
To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat: 320
Of ev'ry tree that in the garden grows
Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth;
But of the tree whose operation brings
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith, 325
Amid the garden by the tree of life,
Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,
And shun the bitter consequence: for know,
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
Transgress'd, inevitably thou shalt die, 330
From that day mortal, and this happy state
Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world
Of woe and sorrow.' Sternly he pronounc'd
The rigid interdiction, which resounds
Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice 335
Not to incur; but soon his clear aspect
Return'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd.
'Not only these fair bounds, but all the earth
To thee and to thy race I give; as lords
Possess it, and all things that therein live, 340
Or live in sea, or air, beast, fish, and fowl.

In sign whereof each bird and beast behold
After their kinds ; I bring them to receive
From thee their names, and pay thee feälty
With low subjection ; understand the same 345
Of fish within their wat'ry residence,
Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change
Their element to draw the thinner air.'

As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold
Approaching two and two, these cow'ring low 350
With blandishment, each bird stoop'd on his wing.
I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood
Their nature, with such knowledge God endued
My sudden apprehension : but in these
I found not what methought I wanted still ; 355
And to the heav'nly vision thus presum'd :

“ ‘ O by what name, for thou above all these,
Above mankind, or ought than mankind high'r,
Surpassest far my naming, how may I
Adore thee, Author of this universe, 360
And all this good to man ? for whose well being
So amply, and with hands so liberal,
Thou hast provided all things : but with me
I see not who partakes. In solitude
What happiness, who can enjoy alone, 365
Or all enjoying, what contentment find ?
Thus I presumptuous ; and the vision bright,
As with a smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd :

“ ‘ What call'st thou solitude ? is not the earth
With various living creatures, and the air, 370
Replenish'd, and all these at thy command
To come and play before thee ? know'st thou not
Their language and their ways ? they also know,

And reason not contemptibly; with these
Find pastime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.' 375
So spake the universal Lord, and seem'd
So ord'ring. I with leave of speech implor'd,
And humble deprecation, thus reply'd:

“ ‘ Let not my words offend thee, heav'nly Pow'r,
My Maker, be propitious while I speak. 380
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
And these inferior far beneath me set?
Among unequals what society
Can sort, what harmony, or true delight?
Which must be mutual, in proportion due 385
Giv'n and receiv'd; but in disparity,
The one intense, the other still remiss,
Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove
Tedious alike: of fellowship I speak
Such as I seek, fit to participate 390
All rational delight, wherein the brute
Cannot be human consort; they rejoice
Each with their kind, lion with lioness;
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd;
Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl 395
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape;
Worse then can man with beast, and least of all.
Whereto th' Almighty answer'd not displeas'd:
‘ A nice and subtle happiness I see
Thou to thyself proposest, in the choice 400
Of thy associates, Adam, and wilt taste
No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.
What think'st thou then of me, and this my state?
Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd
Of happiness, or not? who am alone 405
From all eternity, for none I know

Second to me, or like, equal much less.
How have I then with whom to hold converse,
Save with the creatures which I made, and those
To me inferior, infinite descents 410
Beneath what other creatures are to thee?’

“ He ceas’d, I lowly answer’d : ‘ To attain
The height and depth of thy eternal ways
All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things ;
Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee 415
Is no deficiency found ; not so is Man,
But in degree, the cause of his desire,
By conversation with his like, to help,
Or solace his defects. No need that thou
Should’st propagate, already infinite, 420
And through all numbers absolute, though one ;
But Man by number is to manifest
His single imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his image multiply’d,
In unity defective, which requires 425
Collat’ral love, and dearest amity.
Thou in thy secrecy, although alone,
Best with thyself accompanied, seek’st not
Social communication, yet, so pleas’d,
Canst raise thy creature to what height thou wilt 430
Of union, or communion, deify’d ;
I by conversing cannot these erect
From prone, nor in their ways complacency find.’
Thus I embolden’d spake, and freedom us’d
Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain’d 435
This answer from the gracious voice divine :

“ ‘ Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleas’d,
And find thee knowing not of beasts alone,
Which thou hast rightly nam’d, but of thyself,

Expressing well the spi'rit within thee free, 440
My image, not imparted to the brute,
Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee
Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,
And be so minded still ; I, ere thou spak'st,
Knew it not good for Man to be alone, 445
And no such company as then thou saw'st
Intended thee, for trial only brought,
To see how thou could'st judge of fit and meet.
What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd
Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self, 450
Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.'

“ He ended, or I heard no more, for now
My earthly by his heav'nly overpower'd,
Which it had long stood under, strain'd to th' height
In that celestial colloquy sublime, 455
As with an object that excels the sense,
Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair
Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd
By nature as in aid, and clos'd mine eyes.
Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the cell 460
Of fancy, my internal sight, by which
Abstract, as in a trance, methought I saw,
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
Still glorious before whom awake I stood ;
Who, stooping, open'd my left side, and took 465
From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,
And life-blood streaming fresh ; wide was the wound,
But suddenly with flesh fill'd up and heal'd :
The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands ;
Under his forming hands a creature grew, 470
Manlike, but diff'rent sex so lovely fair,

That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd
And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before, 475

And into all things from her air inspir'd
The spi'rit of love and amorous delight.
She disappear'd, and left me dark ; I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure : 480

When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all Earth, or Heaven could bestow
To make her amiable. On she came,

Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unseen, 485

And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd

Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites :

Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her eye,

In ev'ry gesture dignity and love.

I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud : 490

“ ‘ This turn hath made amends ; thou hast fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,

Giver of all things fair, but fairest this

Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see

Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself 495

Before me ; Woman is her name, of Man

Extracted : for this cause he shall forego

Father and mother, and to' his wife adhere ;

And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.'

“ She heard me thus, and tho' divinely brought,
Yet innocence and virgin modesty, 501

Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,

That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,



*On she came,
Led by her heav'nly Maker though unseen.*
Book 3 line 484.

London: Published Oct. 26. 1799. by T. H. Tinsall N^o 304 Holborn.

Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,
The more desirable, or, to say all, 505
Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,
Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd :
I follow'd her ; she what was honour knew,
And with obsequious majesty approv'd
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bow'r 510
I led her blushing like the morn : all Heav'n,
And happy constellations, on that hour
Shed their selectest influence ; the earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill ;
Joyous the birds ; fresh gales and gentle airs 515
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,
Disporting, 'till the am'rous bird of night
Sung spousal, and bid haste the ev'ning-star
On his hill-top, to light the bridal lamp. 520

“ Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought
My story to the sum of earthly bliss
Which I enjoy, and must confess to find
In all things else delight indeed, but such
As, us'd, or not, works in the mind no change, 525
Nor vehement desire, these delicacies
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flow'rs,
Walks, and the melody of birds ; but here
Far otherwise, transported I behold,
Transported touch ; here passion first I felt, 530
Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else
Superior and unmov'd, here only weak
Against the charm of beauty's pow'rful glance.
Or nature fail'd in me, and left some part
Not proof enough such object to sustain, 535

Or from my side subducting, took perhaps
More than enough; at least on her bestow'd
Too much of ornament, in outward show
Elaborate, of inward less exact.
For well I understand in the prime end 540
Of nature her th' inferior, in the mind
And inward faculties, which most excel,
In outward also her resembling less
His image who made both, and less expressing
The character of that dominion giv'n 545
O'er other creatures; yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do, or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best; 550
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her
Loses discount'nanc'd, and like folly shows;
Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made 555
Occasionally'; and, to consummate all,
Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic plac'd."

To whom the Angel with contracted brow: 560
" Accuse not nature, she hath done her part;
Do thou but thine, and be not diffident
Of wisdom; she deserts thee not, if thou
Dismiss not her, when most thou need'st her nigh,
By attribúting overmuch to things 565
Less excellent, as thou thyself perceiv'st.
For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so?

An outside? fair, no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cherishing, thy hon'ring, and thy love,
Not thy subjection: weigh with her thyself; 570
Then value. Oft-times nothing profits more
Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right
Well manag'd; of that skill the more thou know'st,
The more she will acknowledge thee her head,
And to realities yield all her shows: 575
Made so adorn for thy delight the more,
So awful, that with honour thou may'st love
Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.
But if the sense of touch, whereby mankind
Is propagated, seem such dear delight 580
Beyond all other, think the same vouchsaf'd
To cattle and each beast; which would not be
To them made common and divulg'd, if ought
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue
The soul of man, or passion in him move. 585
What high'er in her society thou find'st
Attractive, human, rational, love still;
In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
Wherein true love consists not: love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat 590
In reas'on, and is judicious, is the scale
By which to heav'nly love thou may'st ascend;
Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause
Among the beasts no mate for thee was found."

To whom thus, half-abash'd, Adam reply'd: 595
" Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor ought
In procreation common to all kinds
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,
And with mysterious reverence I deem),

So much delights me, as those graceful acts, 600
Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions, mix'd with love
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one soul ;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair 605
More grateful than harmonious sound to th' ear,
Yet these subject not ; I to thee disclose
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd,
Who meet with various objects, from the sense
Variously representing ; yet still free, 610
Approve the best, and follow' what I approve.
To love thou blam'st me not, for love, thou say'st,
Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and guide :
Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask ;
Love not the heav'nly Spi'rits, and how their love 615
Express they, by looks only', or do they mix
Irradiance, virtual, or immediate touch?"

To whom the Angel, with a smile that glow'd
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,
Answer'd : " Let it suffice thee that thou know'st 620
Us happy', and without love no happiness.
Whatever pure thou in the body' enjoy'st
(And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
In eminence, and obstacle find none
Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars ; 625
Easier than air with air, if Spi'rits embrace,
Total they mix, union of pure with pure
Desiring ; nor restrain'd conveyance need
As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.
But I can now no more ; the parting sun 630
Beyond the earth's green Cape and verdant Isles

Hesperian sets, my signal to depart.
Be strong, live happy', and love, but first of all
Him, whom to love is to obey, and keep
His great command; take heed lest passion sway 635
Thy judgment to do ought, which else free will
Would not admit: thine and of all thy sons
The weal, or woe in thee is plac'd; beware.
I in thy persevering shall rejoice,
And all the Blest: stand fast; to stand, or fall 640
Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.
Perfect within, no outward aid require;
And all temptation to transgress repel."

So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus
Follow'd with benediction. "Since to part, 645
Go, heav'nly Guest, ethereal Messenger,
Sent from whose sov'reign goodness I adore.
Gentle to me and affable hath been
Thy condescension, and shall be' honour'd ever
With grateful memory: thou to mankind 650
Be good and friendly still, and oft return."

So parted they; the Angel up to Heav'n
From the thick shade, and Adam to his bow'r.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, having compassed the Earth, with meditated guile returns as a mist, by night, into Paradise; enters into the serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labours, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart. Adam consents not, alleging the danger, lest that enemy, of whom they were forewarned, should attempt her found alone. Eve, loath to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make trial of her strength : Adam at last yields. The serpent finds her alone ; his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve, wondering to hear the Serpent speak, asks how he attained to human speech and such understanding not 'till now : the Serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain tree in the garden he attained both to speech and reason, 'till then void of both. Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the tree of knowledge forbidden. The Serpent, now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat : she, pleased with the taste, deliberates awhile whether to impart thereof to Adam or not ; at last brings him of the fruit, and relates what persuaded her to eat thereof. Adam at first amazed, but perceiving her lost, resolves, through vehemence of love, to perish with her ; and, extenuating the trespass, eats also of the fruit. The effects thereof in them both : they seek to cover their nakedness ; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IX.

NO more of talk, where God, or Angel-guest
With Man, as with his friend, familiar us'd
To sit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repast, permitting him the while
Venial discourse unblam'd : I now must change 5
Those notes to tragic ; foul distrust, and breach
Disloyal, on the part of Man, revolt,
And disobedience ; on the part of Heav'n,
Now alienated, distance and distaste,
Anger and just rebuke, and judgment giv'n, 10
That brought into this world a world of woe,
Sin and her shadow Death, and Misery,
Death's harbinger. Sad task ! yet argument
Not less, but more heroic, than the wrath
Of stern Achilles on his foe pursu'd, 15
Thrice fugitive, about Troy-wall ; or rage
Of Turnus for Lavinia disespous'd ;
Or Neptune's ire, or Juno's, that so long
Perplex'd the Greek and Cytherea's son ;

If answerable style I can obtain 20
Of my celestial patroness, who deigns
Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,
And dictates to me slumb'ring, or inspires
Easy my unpremeditated verse :
Since first this subject for heroic song 25
Pleas'd me, long choosing, and beginning late ;
Not sedulous by nature to indite
Wars, hitherto the only argument.
Heroic deem'd, chief mast'ry to dissect,
With long and tedious havoc, fabled knights 30
In battles feign'd ; the better fortitude
Of patience and heroic martyrdom
Unsung ; or to describe races and games,
Or tilting furniture, emblazon'd shields,
Impresses quaint, caparisons and steeds ; 35
Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights
At joust and tournament ; then marshal'd feast
Serv'd up in hall with sew'rs, and seneshals ;
The skill of artifice, or office mean,
Not that which justly gives heroic name 40
To person, or to poem. Me of these
Nor skill'd, nor studious, higher argument
Remains, sufficient of itself to raise
That name, unless an age too late, or cold
Climate, or years, damp my intended wing 45
Depress'd ; and much they may, if all be mine,
Not her's who brings it nightly to my ear.

The sun was sunk, and after him the star
Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring
Twilight upon the earth, short arbiter 50
'Twixt day and night ; and now from end to end

Night's hemisphere had veil'd th' horizon round :
When Satan, who late fled before the threats
Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improv'd
In meditated fraud and malice, bent 55
On man's destruction, maugre what might hap
Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd
By night he fled, and at midnight return'd
From compassing the earth, cautious of day,
Since Uriel, regent of the sun, descry'd 60
His entrance, and forewarn'd the Cherubim
That kept their watch ; thence, full of anguish driv'n,
The space of sev'n continued nights he rode
With darkness, thrice the equinoctial line
He circled, four times cross'd the car of night 65
From pole to pole, traversing each colúre ;
On th' eighth return'd, and on the coast, averse
From entrance, or Cherubic watch, by stealth
Found unsuspected way. There was a place,
Now not, tho' sin, not time, first wrought the change,
Where Tigris at the foot of Paradise 71
Into a gulf shot under ground, 'till part
Rose up a fountain by the tree of life :
In with the river sunk, and with it rose
Satan involv'd in rising mist, then sought 75
Where to lie hid ; sea he had search'd, and land,
From Eden over Pontus, and the pool
Mæotis, up beyond the river Ob ;
Downward as far antarctic ; and in length
West from Orontes to the ocean barr'd 80
At Darién, thence to the land where flows
Ganges and Indus. Thus the orb he roam'd
With narrow search, and, with inspection deep,

Consider'd ev'ry creature, which of all
Most opportune might serve his wiles, and found 85
The serpent subtlest beast of all the field.
Him, after long debate, irresolute
Of thoughts revolv'd, his final sentence chose
Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom
To enter, and his dark suggestions hide 90
From sharpest sight: for in the wily snake,
Whatever sleights, none would suspicious mark,
As from his wit and native subtlety
Proceeding, which in other beasts observ'd,
Doubt might beget of diabolic pow'r 95
Active within, beyond the sense of brute.
Thus he resolv'd; but first, from inward grief,
His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd:

“ O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not preferr'd
More justly, seat worthier of Gods, as built 100
With second thoughts, reforming what was old!
For what God after better worse would build?
Terrestrial Heav'n, danc'd round by other Heav'ns
That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,
Light above light, for thee alone, as seems, 105
In thee concentring all their precious beams
Of sacred influence! As God in Heav'n
Is centre, yet extends to all, so thou
Centring receiv'st from all those orbs; in thee,
Not in themselves, all their known virtue' appears
Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth 111
Of creatures animate with gradual life
Of growth, sense, reason, all summ'd up in Man.
With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,
If I could joy in ought, sweet interchange 115

Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
Now land, now sea, and shores with forests crown'd,
Rocks, dens, and caves! But I in none of these
Find place, or refuge; and the more I see
Pleasures about me, so much more I feel 120
Torment within me', as from the hateful siege
Of contraries; all good to me becomes
Bane, and in Heav'n much worse would be my state.
But neither here seek I, no, nor in Heav'n,
To dwell, unless by mast'ring Heav'n's Supreme; 125
Nor hope to be myself less miserable
By what I seek, but others to make such
As I, though thereby worse to me redound:
For only in destroying I find ease
To my relentless thoughts; and him destroy'd, 130
Or won to what may work his utter loss,
For whom all this was made, all this will soon
Follow, as to him link'd in weal, or woe,
In woe then; that destruction wide may range.
To me shall be the glory sole among 135
Th' infernal Pow'rs, in one day to have marr'd
What he Almighty styl'd, six nights and days
Continued making, and who knows how long
Before had been contriving? though perhaps
Not longer than since I in one night freed 140
From servitude inglorious well nigh half
Th' angelic name, and thinner left the throng
Of his adorers: he to be aveng'd,
And to repair his numbers thus impair'd,
Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd 145
More Angels to create, if they at least
Are his created, or to spite us more,
Determin'd to advance into our room

A creature form'd of earth, and him endow,
Exalted from so base original, 150
With heav'nly spoils, our spoils. What he decreed
He' effected ; Man he made, and for him built
Magnificent this world, and earth his seat,
Him lord pronounc'd, and, O indignity !
Subjected to his service Angel-wings, 155
And flaming ministers, to watch and tend
Their earthly charge : of these the vigilance
I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist
Of midnight vapour, glide obscure, and pry
In ev'ry bush and brake, where hap may find 160
The serpent sleeping, in whose mazy folds
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
O foul descent ! that I who erst contended
With Gods to sit the high'est, am now constrain'd
Into a beast, and mix'd with bestial slime, 165
This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
That to the height of deity aspir'd ;
But what will not ambition and revenge
Descend to ? Who aspires must down as low
As high he soar'd, obnoxious, first, or last 170
To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long back on itself recoils :
Let it ; I reckon not, so it light well aim'd,
Since higher I fall short, on him who next
Provokes my envy, this new favorite 175
Of Heav'n, this man of clay, son of despite,
Whom us the more to spite his Maker rais'd
From dust. Spite then with spite is best repaid."

So saying, through each thicket, dank, or dry,
Like á black mist low creeping, he held on 180
His midnight search, where soonest he might find

The serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found
In labyrinth of many a round self-roll'd,
His head the midst, well stor'd with subtle wiles.
Not yet in horrid shade, or dismal den, 185
Nor nocent yet, but on the grassy herb
Fearless, unfear'd he slept: in at his mouth
The Devil enter'd, and his brutal sense,
In heart, or head, possessing, soon inspir'd
With act intelligential; but his sleep 190
Disturb'd not, waiting close th' approach of morn.
Now, when as sacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flow'rs, that breath'd
Their morning-incense, when all things that breathe
From th' earth's great altar send up silent praise 195
To the Creator, and his nostrils fill
With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,
And join'd their vocal worship to the quire
Of creatures wanting voice; that done, partake
The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs: 200
Then cômune how that day they best may ply
Their growing work; for much their work outgrew
The hands' dispatch of two gârd'ning so wide,
And Eve first to her husband thus began:

“ Adam, well may we labour still to dress 205
This garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flow'r,
Our pleasant task enjoin'd, but 'till more hands
Aid us, the work under our labour grows,
Luxurious by restraint; what we by day
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind, 210
One night, or two with wanton growth derides,
Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise,
Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present;

Let us divide our labours, thou where choice
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind
The woodbine round this arbour, or direct 216
The clasping ivy where to climb, while I,
In yonder spring of roses intermix'd
With myrtle, find what to redress 'till noon ;
For while so near each other thus all day 220
Our task we choose, what wonder if so near
Looks intervene and smiles, or object new
Casual discourse draw on, which intermits
Our day's work, brought to little, though begun
Early, and th' hour of supper comes unearn'd." 225
To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd :
" Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond
Compare above all living creatures dear,
Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd
How we might best fulfil the work which here 230
God hath assign'd us, nor of me shall pass
Unprais'd ; for nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.
Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd 235
Labour, as to debar us when we need
Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,
Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse
Of looks and smiles ; for smiles from reason flow,
To brute deny'd, and are of love the food, 240
Love, not the lowest end of human life.
For not to irksome toil, but to delight,
He made us, and delight to reason join'd.
These paths and bow'rs doubt not but our joint hands
Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide 245

As we need walk, 'till younger hands ere long
Assist us ; but if much converse perhaps
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield ;
For solitude sometimes is best society,
'And short retirement urges sweet return. 250

But other doubt possesses me, lest harm
Befall thee sever'd from me ; but thou know'st
What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe,
Envy'ing our happiness, and of his own
Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame 255

By sly assault ; and somewhere nigh at hand
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope, to find
His wish and best advantage, us asunder,
Hopeless to circumvent us join'd, where each
To other speedy aid might lend at need ; 260

Whether his first design be to withdraw
Our feälty from God, or to disturb
Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliss
Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more ;
Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side 265

That gave thee be'ing, still shades thee and protects :
The wife, where danger, or dishonour lurks,
Safest and seemlie'st by her husband stays,
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures."

To whom the virgin-majesty of Eve, 270
As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,
With sweet austere composure thus reply'd :

" Offspring of Heav'n and Earth, and all Earth's Lord,
That such an enemy we have, who seeks
Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn, 275
And from the parting Angel overheard,
As in a shady nook I stood behind,

Just then return'd at shut of ev'ning flow'rs.
But that thou should'st my firmness therefore doubt
To God, or thee, because we have a foe 280
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
His violence thou fear'st not, being such
As we, not capable of death, or pain,
Can either not receive, or can repel.
His fraud is then thy fear, which plain infers 285
Thy equal fear that my firm faith and love
Can by his fraud be shaken, or seduc'd ;
Thoughts which how found they harbour in thy breast,
Adam, misthought of her to thee so dear ?”

To whom with healing words Adam reply'd : 290
“ Daughter of God and Man, immortal Eve,
For such thou art, from sin and blame entire ;
Not diffident of thee do I dissuade
Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid
Th' attempt itself, intended by our foe. 295
For he who tempts, though' in vain, at least asperses
The tempted with dishonour foul, suppos'd
Not incorruptible of faith, not proof
Against temptation : thou thyself with scorn
And anger would'st resent the offer'd wrong, 300
Though ineffectual found ; misdeem not then,
If such affront I labour to avert
From thee alone, which on us both at once
The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare,
Or daring, first on me th' assault shall light. 305
Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn ;
Subtle he needs must be, who could seduce
Angels ; nor think superfluous others 'aid.
I from the influence of thy looks receive

Access in ev'ry virtue, in thy sight 310
More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were
Of outward strength ; while shame, thou looking on,
Shame to be overcome, or over-reach'd,
Would utmost vigour raise, and rais'd unite.

Why should'st not thou like sense within thee feel
When I am present, and thy trial choose 316
With me, best witness of thy virtue try'd ?”

So spake domestic Adam in his care
And matrimonial love ; but Eve, who thought
Less attributed to her faith sincere, 320
Thus her reply with accent sweet renew'd :

“ If this be our condition, thus to dwell
In narrow circuit straiten'd by a foe,
Subtle, or violent, we not endued
Single with like defence, wherever met, 325
How are we happy, still in fear of harm?
But harm precedes not sin ; only our foe
Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem
Of our integrity ; his foul esteem
Sticks no dishonour on our front, but turns 330
Foul on himself : then wherefore shunn'd, or fear'd
By us ? who rather double honour gain
From his surmise prov'd false, find peace within,
Favour from Heav'n, our witness from th' event.

And what is faith, love, virtue, unassay'd 335
Alone, without exterior help sustain'd ?
Let us not then suspect our happy state
Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,
As not secure to single, or combin'd.
Frail is our happiness, if this be so, 340
And Eden were no Eden thus expos'd.”

To whom thus Adam fervently reply'd :
“ O Woman, best are all things as the will
Of God ordain'd them ; his creating hand
Nothing imperfect, or deficient left 345
Of all that he created, much less Man,
Or ought that might his happy state secure,
Secure from outward force ; within himself
The danger lies, yet lies within his pow'r :
Against his will he can receive no harm. 350
But God left free the will ; for what obeys
Reason is free, and reason he made right,
But bid her well beware, and still erect,
Lest, by some fair appearing good surpris'd,
She dictate false, and misinform the will 355
To do what God expressly hath forbid.
Not then mistrust, but tender love, enjoins,
That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.
Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
Since reason not impossibly may meet 360
Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.
Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
Were better, and most likely if from me 365
Thou sever not: trial will come unsought.
Would'st thou approve thy constancy, approve
First thy obedience ; th' other who can know,
Not seeing the attempted, who attest ?
But if thou think trial unsought may find 370
Us both securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st,
Go ; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more ;
Go in thy native innocence, rely

On what thou hast of virtue, summon all,
For God tow'ards thee hath done his part, do thine."

So spake the patriarch of mankind; but Eve 376
Persisted, yet submit, though last, reply'd:

"With thy permission, then, and thus forewarn'd,
Chiefly by what thy own last reas'ning words
Touch'd only, that our trial, when least sought, 380
May find us both perhaps far less prepar'd,
The willinger I go, nor much expect
A foe so proud will first the weaker seek;
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse." 384

Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand
Soft she withdrew, and, like a Wood-Nymph light,
Oread, or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
Betook her to the groves, but Delia's self
In gait surpass'd, and Goddess-like deport,
Though not as she with bow and quiver arm'd, 390
But with such gard'ning tools as art yet rude,
Guiltless of fire, had form'd, or Angels brought.
To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd,
Likest she seem'd, Pomona when she fled
Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime, 395
Yet virgin of Proserpina, from Jove.
Her long with ardent look his eye pursu'd
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated, she to him as oft engag'd 400
To be return'd by noon amid the bow'r,
And all things in best order to invite
Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.
O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapless Eve,
Of thy presum'd return! event perverse! 405

Thou never from that hour in Paradise
Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose ;
Such ambush hid among sweet flow'rs and shades
Waited with hellish rancour imminent
To intercept thy way, or send thee back 410
Despoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliss.
For now, and since first break of dawn, the Fiend,
Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come,
And on his quest, where likeliest he might find,
The only two of mankind, but in them 415
The whole included race, his purpos'd prey,
In bow'r and field he sought, where any tuft
Of grove, or garden-plat more pleasant lay,
Their tendance, or plantation for delight ;
By fountain, or by shady rivulet 420
He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find
Eve separate ; he wish'd, but not with hope
Of what so seldom chanc'd, when to his wish,
Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,
Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood, 425
Half spy'd, so thick the roses bushing round
About her glow'd, oft stooping to support
Each flow'r of slender stalk, whose head, though gay
Carnation, purple, azure', or speck'd with gold,
Hung drooping unsustain'd ; them she up-stays 430
Gently with myrtle-band, mindless the while
Herself, though fairest unsupported flow'r,
From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.
Nearer he drew, and many a walk travers'd
Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm, 435
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen,
Among thick-woven arborets and flow'rs

Imborder'd on each bank, the hand of Eve :
Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd
Or of reviv'd Adonis, or renown'd 440
Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son,
Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.
Much he the place admir'd, the person more.
As one who, long in pop'lous city pent, 445
Where houses thick and sew'rs annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms,
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine, 450
Of dairy', each rural sight, each rural sound ;
If chance with nymph-like step fair virgin pass,
What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more,
She most, and in her look sums all delight :
Such pleasure took the Serpent to behold 455
This flow'ry plat, the sweet recess of Eve
Thus early, thus alone ; her heav'nly form
Angelic, but more soft and feminine
Her graceful innocence, her ev'ry air
Of gesture, or least action, overaw'd 460
His malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought :
That space the Evil one abstracted stood
From his own ev'il, and for the time remain'd
Stupidly good, of enmity disarm'd, 465
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge ;
But the hot Hell that always in him burns,
Though in mid Heav'n, soon ended his delight,
And tortures him now more, the more he sees

Of pleasure not for him ordain'd : then soon 470
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites :

“ Thoughts, whither have ye led me ? with what sweet
Compulsion thus transported to forget
What hither brought us ! hate, not love, nor hope
Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste 476
Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,
Save what is in destroying ; other joy
To me is lost. Then let me not let pass
Occasion which now smiles ; behold alone 480
The woman, opportune to all attempts,
Her husband, for I view far round, not nigh,
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould, 485
Foe not formidable, exempt from wound,
I not ; so much hath Hell debas'd, and pain
Enfeebled me, to what I was in Heav'n.
She fair, divinely fair, fit love for Gods,
Not terrible, though terror be in love 490
And beauty, not approach'd by stronger hate,
Hate stronger, under shew of love well feign'd,
The way which to her ruin now I tend.”

So spake the en'my of mankind, enclos'd
In serpent, inmate bad, and toward Eve 495
Address'd his way, not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear,
Circular base of rising folds, that tow'r'd,
Fold above fold, a surging maze, his head
Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes ; 500
With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erect



*He glads
Of her attention gain'd, with serpent tongue
His fraudulent temptation thus began.* Book 9, line 523.

London: Published 7th April 1800, by T. Hoptonstall Holborn.

Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass
Floated redundant: pleasing was his shape,
And lovely; never since of serpent kind
Lovelier, not those that in Illyria chang'd 505
Hermioné and Cadmus, or the God
In Epidaurus; nor to which transform'd
Ammonian Jove, or Capito'line was seen,
He with Olympias, this with her who bore
Scipio the height of Rome. With tract oblique 510
At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd
To interrupt, side-long he works his way.
As when a ship, by skilful steersman wrought,
Nigh river's mouth, or foreland, where the wind
Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail: 515
So varied he, and of his tortuous train
Curl'd many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,
To lure her eye; she busied heard the sound
Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as us'd
To such disport before her through the field, 520
From every beast, more duteous at her call,
Than at Circean call the herd disguis'd.
He bolder now, uncall'd before her stood,
But as in gaze admiring: oft he bow'd
His turret-crest, and sleek enamel'd neck, 525
Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.
His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length
The eye of Eve to mark his play; he glad
Of her attention gain'd, with serpent-tongue
Organic, or impulse of vocal air, 530
His fraudulent temptation thus began:

“ Wonder not, sov'reign Mistress, if perhaps

Thou canst, who art sole wonder; much less arm
Thy looks, the Heav'n of mildness, with disdain,
Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze 535
Insatiate, I thus single, nor have fear'd
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.
Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair!
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
By gift, and thy celestial beauty' adore, 540
With ravishment beheld, there best beheld
Where universally admir'd; but here
In this enclosure wild, these beasts among,
Beholders rude, and shallow to discern
Half what in thee is fair, one man except, 545
Who sees thee'; (and what is one?) who should'st be seen
A Goddess among Gods, ador'd and serv'd
By Angels numberless, thy daily train."

So glaz'd the Tempter, and his proem tun'd;
Into the heart of Eve his words made way, 550
Though at the voice much marvelling: at length
Not unamaz'd she thus in answer spake:
"What may this mean? language of man pronounc'd
By tongue of brute, and human sense express'd?
The first at least of these I thought deny'd 555
To beasts, whom God on their creation-day
Created mute to all articu'late sound;
The latter I demur, for in their looks
Much reas'on, and in their actions, oft appears.
Thee, Serpent, subtlest beast of all the field 560
I knew, but not with human voice endued;
Redouble then this miracle, and say,
How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how

To me so friendly grown above the rest
Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight: 565
Say, for such wonder claims attention due."

To whom the guileful tempter thus reply'd :
" Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve,
Easy to me it is to tell thee all
What thou command'st, and right thou should'st be'
obey'd : 570

I was at first as other beasts that graze
The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,
As was my food ; nor ought but food discern'd,
Or sex, and apprehended nothing high ;
Till on a day, roving the field, I chanc'd 575
A goodly tree far distant to behold,
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mix'd,
Ruddy and gold : I nearer grew to gaze ;
When from the boughs a savoury odour blown,
Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense 580
Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats
Of ewe, or goat dropping with milk at ev'n,
Unsuck'd of lamb, or kid, that tend their play.
To satisfy the sharp desire I had
Of tasting those fair apples, I resolv'd 585
Not to defer ; hunger and thirst at once,
Pow'rful persuaders, quicken'd at the scent
Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keen.

About the mossy trunk I wound me soon,
For high from ground the branches would require
Thy utmost reach, or Adam's : round the tree 591
All other beasts that saw, with like desire
Longing and envying stood, but could not reach,
Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung

Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill 595
I spar'd not, for such pleasure till that hour
At feed, or fountain never had I found.
Sated at length, ere long I might perceive
Strange alteration in me, to degree
Of reason in my inward pow'rs, and speech 600
Wanted not long, though to this shape retain'd.
Thenceforth to speculations high, or deep
I turn'd my thoughts, and with capacious mind
Consider'd all things visible in Heav'n,
Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good : 605
But all that fair and good in thy divine
Semblance, and in thy beauty's heav'nly ray,
United I beheld; no fair to thine
Equivalent, or second, which compell'd
Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come 610
And gaze, and worship thee, of right declar'd
Sov'reign of creatures, universal Dame."

So talk'd the spirited sly Snake; and Eve,
Yet more amaz'd, unwary thus reply'd :
" Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt 615
The virtue of that fruit, in thee first prov'd :
But say, where grows the tree, from hence how far?
For many are the trees of God that grow
In Paradise, and various, yet unknown
To us, in such abundance lies our choice, 620
As leaves a greater store of fruit untouch'd,
Still hanging incorruptible, till men
Grow up to their provision, and more hands
Help to disburden Nature of her birth."

To whom the wily Adder, blithe and glad : 625
" Empress, the way is ready, and not long,

Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,
Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past
Of blowing myrrh and balm; if thou accept
My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon." 630

"Lead then," said Eve. He leading swiftly roll'd
In tangles, and made intricate seem straight,
To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest; as when a wand'ring fire,
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night 635
Condenses, and the cold environs round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,
Which oft, they say, some evil Spi'rit attends,
Hov'ring and blazing with delusive light,
Misleads th' amaz'd night-wand'rer from his way 640
To bogs and mires, and oft through pond, or pool,
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far,
So glister'd the dire Snake, and into fraud
Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the tree
Of prohibition, root of all our woe; 645
Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake:

"Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming hither,
Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to' excess,
The credit of whose virtue rests with thee,
Wond'rous indeed, if cause of such effects. 650
But of this tree we may not taste, nor touch;
God so commanded, and left that command
Sole daughter of his voice; the rest, we live
Law to ourselves, our reason is our law."

To whom the Tempter guilefully reply'd: 655
"Indeed? hath God then said that of the fruit
Of all these garden-trees ye shall not eat,
Yet Lords declar'd of all in earth, or air?"

To whom thus Eve yet sinless: “Of the fruit
Of each tree in the garden we may eat, 660
But of the fruit of this fair tree, amidst
The garden, God hath said, ‘Ye shall not eat
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.’ ”

She scarce had said, tho’ brief, when, now more bold,
The Tempter, but with shew of zeal and love 665
To Man, and indignation at his wrong,
New part puts on, and as to passion mov’d,
Fluctuates disturb’d, yet comely and in act
Rais’d, as of some great matter to begin.

As when of old some orator renown’d, 670
In Athens, or free Rome, where eloquence
Flourish’d, since mute, to some great cause address’d,
Stood in himself collected, while each part,
Motion, each act, won audience ere the tongue,
Sometimes in height began, as no delay 675
Of preface brooking through his zeal of right:
So standing, moving, or to height up-grown,
The Tempter, all impassion’d, thus began:

“O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving Plant,
Mother of science, now I feel thy pow’r 680
Within me clear, not only to discern
Things in their causes, but to trace the ways
Of highest agents, deem’d however wise.
Queen of this universe, do not believe
Those rigid threats of death; ye shall not die: 685
How should ye? by the fruit? it gives you life
To knowledge; by the threat’ner? look on me,
Me who have touch’d and tasted, yet both live,
And life more perfect have attain’d than fate
Meant me, by vent’ring higher than my lot. 690

Shall that be shut to Man, which to the Beast
Is open? or will God incense his ire
For such a petty trespass, and not praise
Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain
Of death denounc'd, whatever thing death be, 695
Deterr'd not from achieving what might lead
To happier life, knowledge of good and evi'l;
Of good, how just? of evi'l, if what is evi'l
Be real, why not known, since easier shunn'd?
God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just; 700
Not just, not God; not fear'd then, nor obey'd:
Your fear itself of death removes the fear.
Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,
Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,
His worshippers; he knows that in the day 705
Ye eat thereof, your eyes that seem so clear,
Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then
Open'd and clear'd, and ye shall be as Gods,
Knowing both good and evil as they know.
That ye shall be as Gods, since I as Man, 710
Internal Man, is but proportion meet;
I of brute human, ye of human Gods.
So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on Gods; death to be wish'd,
Tho' threaten'd, which no worse than this can bring.
And what are Gods, that Man may not become 716
As they, participating God-like food?
The Gods are first, and that advantage use
On our belief, that all from them proceeds;
I question it, for this fair earth I see, 720
Warm'd by the sun, producing ev'ry kind,
Them nothing: if they all things, who enclos'd

Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,
That whoso eats thereof, forthwith attains
Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies 725
Th' offence, that Man should thus attain to know?
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree
Impart against his will, if all be his?
Or is it envy, and can envy dwell
In heav'nly breasts? These, these, and many more
Causes import your need of this fair fruit. 731
Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste."

He ended, and his words, replete with guile,
Into her heart too easy entrance won.
Fix'd on the fruit she gaz'd, which to behold 735
Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound
Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd
With reason, to her seeming, and with truth;
Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and wak'd
An eager appetite, rais'd by the smell 740
So sav'ry of that fruit, which with desire,
Inclinable now grown to touch, or taste,
Solicited her longing eye; yet first,
Pausing awhile, thus to herself she mus'd: 744

"Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits,
Though kept from man, and worthy to be' admir'd,
Whose taste, too long forborn, at first essay
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The tongue not made for speech to speak thy praise:
Thy praise he also, who forbids thy use, 750
Conceals not from us, naming thee the tree
Of knowledge, knowledge both of good and evi'l;
Forbids us then to taste, but his forbidding
Commends thee more, while it infers the good

By thee communicated, and our want : 755

For good unknown, sure is not had, or had

And yet unknown, is as not had at all.

In plain, then, what forbids he but to know,

Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise ?

Such prohibitions bind not. But if death 760

Bind us with after-bands, what profits then

Our inward freedom ? In the day we eat

Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die.

How dies the Serpent ? he hath eat'n and lives,

And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,

Irrational till then. For us alone 766

Was death invented ? or to us deny'd

This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd ?

For beasts it seems : yet that one beast which first

Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy 770

The good befall'n him, author unsuspect,

Friendly to man, far from deceit, or guile.

What fear I then, rather what know to fear

Under this ignorance of good and ev'il,

Of God, or death, of law, or penalty ? 775

Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,

Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,

Of virtue to make wise : what hinders then

To reach, and feed at once both body' and mind ?"

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour 780

Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat :

Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat,

Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe

That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk

The guilty Serpent, and well might, for Eve, 785

Intent now wholly on her taste, nought else

Regarded, such delight till then, as seem'd,
In fruit she never tasted, whether true,
Or fancy'd so, through expectation high
Of knowledge, nor was Godhead from her thought.
Greedy she ingorg'd without restraint, 791
And knew not eating death. Sate at length,
And heighten'd as with wine, jocund and boon,
Thus to herself she pleasingly began :

“ O sov'reign, virtuous, precious of all trees 795
In Paradise, of operation blest
To sapience, hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,
And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end
Created ; but henceforth my early care,
Not without song, each morning, and due praise, 800
Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden ease
Of thy full branches, offer'd free to all ;
Till dieted by thee I grow mature
In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know ;
Though others envy what they cannot give ; 805
For had the gift been theirs, it had not here
Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,
Best guide ; not follo'wing thee I had remain'd
In ignorance ; thou open'st wisdom's way,
And giv'st access, though secret she retire. 810
And I perhaps am secret ; Heav'n is high,
High, and remote to see from thence distinct
Each thing on earth ; and other care perhaps
May have diverted from continual watch
Our great forbidding, safe with all his spies 815
About him. But to Adam in what sort
Shall I appear ! Shall I to him make known
As yet my change, and give him to partake

Full happiness with me, or rather not,
But keep the odds of knowledge in my pow'r 820
Without co-partner? so to add what wants
In female sex, the more to draw his love,
And render me more equal, and perhaps,
A thing not undesirable, sometime
Superior; for inferior who is free? 825
This may be well: but what if God have seen,
And death ensue? then I shall be no more,
And Adam, wedded to another Eve,
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;
A death to think. Confirm'd then I resolve, 830
Adam shall share with me in bliss, or woe:
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
I could endure, without him live no life."

So saying, from the tree her step she turn'd,
But first low rev'rence done, as to the Pow'r 835
That dwelt within, whose presence had infus'd
Into the plant scintial sap, deriv'd
From nectar, drink of Gods. Adam the while,
Waiting desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest flow'rs a garland to adorn 840
Her tresses, and her rural labours crown,
As reapers oft are wont their harvest-queen.
Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay'd;
Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill, 845
Misgave him; he the falt'ring measure felt;
And forth to meet her went, the way she took
The morn when first they parted; by the tree
Of knowledge he must pass, there he her met,
Scarce from the tree returning; in her hand 850

A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smil'd,
New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.
To him she hasted ; in her face excuse
Came prologue, and apology too prompt,
Which with bland words at will she thus address'd :

“ Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stay ? 856
Thee I have miss'd, and thought it long, depriv'd
Thy presence, agony of love till now
Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more
Mean I to try, what rash untry'd I sought, 860
The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange
Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear.
This tree is not, as we are told, a tree
Of danger tasted, nor to ev'il unknown
Op'ning the way, but of divine effect 865
To open eyes, and make them Gods who taste ;
And hath been tasted such : the serpent wise,
Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying,
Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become,
Not dead, as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth 870
Endued with human voice and human sense,
Reas'ning to admiration, and with me
Persuasively hath so prevail'd, that I
Have also tasted, and have also found
Th' effects to correspond, op'ner mine eyes, 875
Dim erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,
And growing up to Godhead ; which for thee
Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.
For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss ;
Tedious, unshar'd with thee, and odious soon. 880
Thou therefore also taste, that equal lot
May join us, equal joy, as equal love ;

Lest thou, not tasting, different degree
Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce
De'ity for thee, when fate will not permit." 885

Thus Eve with count'nance blithe her story told;
But in her cheek distemper flushing glow'd.
On th' other side, Adam, soon as he heard
The fatal trespass done by Eve, amaz'd,
Astonied stood and blank, while horror chill 890
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd;
From his slack hand the garland wreath'd for Eve
Down dropt, and all the faded roses shed:
Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length
First to himself he inward silence broke: 895

“ O fairest of creation, last and best
Of all God's works, creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight, or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost! how on a sudden lost, 900
Defac'd, deflow'r'd, and now to death devote!
Rather how hast thou yielded to transgress
The strict forbiddance, how to violate
The sacred fruit forbidden? some curs'd fraud
Of en'my hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown, 905
And me with thee hath ruin'd, for with thee
Certain my resolution is to die.
How can I live without thee, how forego
Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly join'd,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn! 910
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart; no, no, I feel
The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,

Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state 915
Mine never shall be parted, bliss, or woe."

So having said, as one from sad dismay
Recomforted, and, after thoughts disturb'd,
Submitting to what seem'd remediless,
Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turn'd : 920

" Bold deed thou hast presum'd, advent'rous Eve,
And peril great provok'd, who thus hast dar'd,
Had it been only coveting to eye
That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence,
Much more to taste it under ban to touch. 925

But past who can recall, or done undo?
Not God omnipotent, nor Fate ; yet so
Perhaps thou shalt not die, perhaps the fact
Is not so heinous now, foretasted fruit,
Profan'd first by the serpent, by him first 930

Made common and unhallow'd ere our taste ;
Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives,
Lives as thou said'st, and gains to live as Man
Higher degree of life, inducement strong
To us, as likely tasting to attain 935

Proportional ascent, which cannot be
But to be Gods, or Angels Demi-Gods.
Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,
Though threat'ning, will in earnest so destroy
Us his prime creatures, dignify'd so high, 940

Set over all his works, which in our fall,
For us created, needs with us must fail,
Dependent made ; so God shall uncreate,
Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour lose,
Not well conceiv'd of God, who through his pow'r
Creation could repeat, yet would be loath 946

Us to abolish, lest the Adversary
Triumph and say, ‘ Fickle their state whom God
Most favours ; who can please him long ? Me first
He ruin’d, now Mankind ; whom will he next ?’ 950
Matter of scorn, not to be giv’n the Foe.
However, I with thee have fix’d my lot,
Certain to undergo like doom ; if death
Consort with thee, death is to me as life ;
So forcible within my heart I feel 955
The bond of nature draw me to my own,
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine ;
Our state cannot be sever’d, we are one,
One flesh ; to lose thee were to lose myself.”

So Adam, and thus Eve to him reply’d : 960
“ O glorious trial of exceeding love,
Illustrious evidence, example high !
Engaging me to emulate, but short
Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,
Adam ? from whose dear side I boast me sprung, 965
And gladly of our union hear thee speak,
One heart, one soul in both ; whereof good proof
This day affords, declaring thee resolv’d,
Rather than death, or ought than death more dread,
Shall separate us, link’d in love so dear, 970
To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,
If any be, of tasting this fair fruit,
Whose virtue (for of good still good proceeds,
Direct, or by occasion) hath presented
This happy trial of thy love, which else 975
So eminently never had been known.
Were it I thought death menac’d would ensue
This my attempt, I would sustain alone

The worst, and not persuade thee, rather die
Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact 980
Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly assur'd
Remarkably so late of thy so true,
So faithful love unequal'd; but I feel
Far otherwise th' event, not death, but life
Augmented, open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys, 985
Taste so divine, that what of sweet before
Hath touch'd my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.
On my experience, Adam, freely taste,
And fear of death deliver to the winds."

So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy 990
Tenderly wept, much won that he his love
Had so ennobled, as of choice to' incur
Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.
In recompence (for such compliance bad
Such recompence best merits) from the bough 995
She gave him of that fair enticing fruit
With lib'ral hand: he scrupled not to eat
Against his better knowledge, not deceiv'd,
But fondly overcome with female charm.
Earth trembled from her entrails, as again 1000
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan;
Sky low'r'd, and mutt'ring thunder, some sad drops
Wept at completing of the mortal sin
Original; while Adam took no thought,
Eating his fill, nor Eve to iterate 1005
Her former trespass fear'd, the more to sooth
Him with her lov'd society, that now,
As with new wine intoxicated both,
They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
Divinity within them breeding wings 1010

Wherewith to scorn the earth : but that false fruit
Far other operation first display'd,
Carnal desire inflaming ; he on Eve
Began to cast lascivious eyes ; she him
As wantonly repaid ; in lust they burn : 1015
Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move.

“ Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,
And elegant, of sapience no small part,
Since to each meaning favour we apply,
And palate call judicious ; I the praise 1020
Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.
Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd
From this delightful fruit, nor know till now
True relish, tasting ; if such pleasure be
In things to us forbidd'n, it might be wish'd, 1025
For this one tree had been forbidden ten.
But come, so well refresh'd, now let us play,
As meet is, after such delicious fare ;
For never did thy beauty, since the day
I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd 1030
With all perfections, so inflame my sense
With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now
Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree.”

So said he, and forebore not glance, or toy
Of amorous intent, well understood 1035
Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.
Her hand he seiz'd, and to a shady bank,
Thick overhead with verdant roof imbow'r'd,
He led her, nothing loath ; flow'rs were the couch,
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel, 1040
And hyacinth, earth's freshest softest lap.
There they their fill of love and love's disport

Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,
The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep
Oppress'd them, wearied with their am'rous play.
Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit, 1046
That with exhilarating vapour bland
About their spi'rits had play'd, and inmost pow'rs
Made err, was now exhal'd; and grosser sleep,
Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams 1050
Encumber'd, now had left them; up they rose
As from unrest, and, each the other viewing,
Soon found their eyes how open'd, and their minds
How darken'd; innocence, that as a veil
Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone,
Just confidence, and native righteousness, 1056
And honour from about them, naked left
To guilty shame; he cover'd, but his robe
Uncover'd more. So rose the Danite strong,
Herculean Samson, from the harlot-lap 1060
Of Philistéan Dalilah, and wak'd
Shorn of his strength. They destitute and bare
Of all their virtue: silent, and in face
Confounded long they sat, as stricken mute,
Till Adam, though not less than Eve abash'd, 1065
At length gave utt'rance to these words constrain'd:

“ O Eve, in evil hour thou did'st give ear
To that false worm, of whomsoever taught
To counterfeit Man's voice, true in our fall,
False in our promis'd rising; since our eyes 1070
Open'd we find indeed, and find we know
Both good and ev'il, good lost, and evil got,
Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,
Which leaves us naked thus, of honour void,

Of innocence, of faith, of purity, 1075
Our wonted ornaments now soil'd and stain'd,
And in our faces evident the signs
Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;
Ev'n shame, the last of evils: of the first
Be sure then. How shall I behold the face 1080
Henceforth of God, or Angel, erst with joy
And rapture so' oft beheld? those heav'nly shapes
Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze
Insufferably bright. O might I here
In solitude live savage, in some glade 1085
Obscur'd, where highest woods, impenetrable
To star, or sun-light, spread their umbrage broad
And brown as ev'ning! Cover me, ye Pines,
Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never see them more. 1090
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
What best may for the present serve to hide
The parts of each from other, that seem most
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen;
Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves together sew'd,
And girded on our loins, may cover round 1096
Those middle parts, that this new comer, shame,
There sit not, and reproach us as unclean."

So counsel'd he, and both together went
Into the thickest wood; there soon they chose 1100
The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renown'd,
But such as at this day to Indians known
In Malabar, or Decan, spreads her arms
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother-tree, a pillar'd shade 1106

High overarch'd, and echoing walks between ;
There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,
Shelters in cool, and tends his past'uring herds
At loop-holes cut thro' thickest shade. Those leaves
They gather'd, broad as Amazonian targe, 1111
And with what skill they had, together sew'd,
To gird their waist, vain cov'ring ! if to hide
Their guilt and dreaded shame ; O how unlike
To that first naked glory ! Such of late 1115
Columbus found th' American, so girt
With feather'd cincture, naked else and wild
Among the trees on isles and woody shores.
Thus fenc'd, and as they thought, their shame in part
Cover'd, but, not at rest, or ease of mind, 1120
They sat them down to weep ; nor only tears
Rain'd at their eyes, but high winds worse within
Began to rise, high passions, anger, hate,
Mistrust, suspicion, discord, and shook sore
Their inward state of mind, calm region once 1125
And full of peace, now tost and turbulent :
For understanding rul'd not, and the will
Heard not her lore, both in subjection now
To sensual appetite, who from beneath,
Usurping over sov'reign reason, claim'd 1130
Superior sway ; from thus distemper'd breast,
Adam, estrang'd in look and alter'd style,
Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd :

“ Would thou had'st hearken'd to my words, and stay'd
With me, as I besought thee, when that strange 1135
Desire of wand'ring this unhappy morn
I know not whence possess'd thee ; we had then
Remain'd still happy, not, as now, despoil'd

Of all our good, sham'd, naked, miserable.
Let none henceforth seek needless cause to' approve
The faith they owe; when earnestly they seek 1141
Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail."

To whom, soon mov'd with touch of blame, thus Eve:
" What words have pass'd thy lips, Adam severe!
Imput'st thou that to my default, or will 1145
Of wand'ring, as thou call'st it, which who knows
But might as ill have happen'd thou be'ing by,
Or to thyself perhaps? Had'st thou been there,
Or here th' attempt, thou could'st not have discern'd
Fraud in the Serpent, speaking as he spake; 1150
No ground of enmity between us known,
Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm.
Was I to' have never parted from thy side?
As good have grown there still a lifeless rib.
Be'ing as I am, why did'st not thou, the head, 1155
Command me absolutely not to go,
Going into such danger as thou said'st?
Too facile then thou did'st not much gainsay,
Nay, did'st permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
Had'st thou been firm and fix'd in thy dissent, 1160
Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me."

To whom then, first incens'd, Adam reply'd:
" Is this the love, is this the recompence
Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, express'd
Immutable when thou wert lost, not I, 1165
Who might have liv'd and joy'd immortal bliss,
Yet willingly chose rather death with thee?
And am I now upbraided as the cause
Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,
It seems, in thy restraint: what could I more? 1170

I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold
The danger, and the lurking enemy
That lay in wait; beyond this had been force,
And force upon free-will hath here no place.
But confidence then bore thee on, secure 1175
Either to meet no danger, or to find
Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps
I also err'd in overmuch admiring
What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought
No evil durst attempt thee; but I rue 1180
That error now, which is become my crime,
And thou th' accuser. Thus it shall befall
Him who to worth in woman over-trusting
Lets her will rule; restraint she will not brook,
And left to' herself, if evil thence ensue, 1185
She first his weak indulgence will accuse."

Thus they in mutual accusation spent
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning,
And of their vain contest appear'd no end.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK X.

PARADISE LOST. BOOK III.

I would have, I should have done, I would have
The danger, and the lucking, and the
That I am not, beyond the had been done,
And once upon the will have been up to the
For the sake of the

THE ARGUMENT.

Man's transgression known, the guardian Angels forsake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve their vigilance; and are approved, God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the transgressors, who descends and gives sentence accordingly; then in pity clothes them both, and re-ascends. Sin and Death, sitting till then at the gates of Hell, by wonderful sympathy, feeling the success of Satan in this new world, and the sin by Man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confined in Hell, but to follow Satan their sire up to the place of Man. To make the way easier from Hell to this world to and fro, they pave a broad highway or bridge over Chaos, according to the track that Satan first made; then, preparing for earth, they meet him, proud of his success, returning to Hell: their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium; in full assembly relates, with boasting, his success against Man; instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transformed with himself also suddenly into serpents, according to his doom given in Paradise; then, deluded with a shew of the forbidden tree springing up before them, they, greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death. God foretels the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but, for the present, commands his angels to make several alterations in the Heavens and elements. Adam, more and more perceiving his fallen condition, heavily bewails; rejects the condolment of Eve; she persists, and at length appeases him: then, to evade the curse likely to fall on their offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways, which he approves not, but, conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promise made them, that her seed should be revenged on the Serpent, and exhorts her, with him, to seek peace with the offended Deity by repentance and supplication.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK X.

MEANWHILE the heinous and despiteful act
Of Satan done in Paradise, and how
He in the serpent had perverted Eve,
Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,
Was known in Heav'n ; for what can 'scape the eye
Of God all-seeing, or deceive his heart 6
Omniscient ? who in all things wise and just,
Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the mind
Of Man, with strength entire, and free-will arm'd,
Complete to have discover'd and repuls'd 10
Whatever wiles, of foe, or seeming friend.
For still they knew, and ought to' have still remember'd,
The high injunction not to taste that fruit,
Whoever tempted ; which they not obeying,
Incurr'd (what could they less ?) the penalty, 15
And, manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall.
Up into Heav'n from Paradise in haste
Th' angelic guards ascended, mute and sad

For Man, for of his state by this they knew,
Much wond'ring how the subtle fiend had stol'n 20
Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news
From earth arriv'd at Heaven-gate, displeas'd
All were who heard; dim sadness did not spare
That time celestial visages, yet mix'd
With pity, violated not their bliss. 25

About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes
Th' ethereal people ran, to hear and know
How all befell: they tow'ards the throne supreme
Accountable made haste to make appear
With righteous plea their utmost vigilance, 30
And easily approv'd; when the most high
Eternal Father, from his secret cloud,
Amidst in thunder utter'd thus his voice:

“ Assembled Angels, and ye Pow'rs return'd
From unsuccessful charge, be not dismay'd, 35
Nor troubled at these tidings from the earth,
Which your sincerest care could not prevent,
Foretold so lately what would come to pass,
When first this tempter cross'd the gulf from Hell.
I told ye then he should prevail and speed 40
On his bad errand, Man should be seduc'd
And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
Against his Maker; no decree of mine
Concurring to necessitate his fall,
Or touch with lightest moment of impulse 45
His free-will, to her own inclining left
In even scale. But fall'n he is; and now
What rests but that the mortal sentence pass
On his transgression, death denounc'd that day?
Which he presumes already vain and void, 50

Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,
By some immediate stroke ; but soon shall find
Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.
Justice shall not return as bounty scorn'd.
But whom send I to judge them ? Whom but thee,
Vicegerent Son ? to thee I have transferr'd 56
All judgment, wheth'er in Heav'n, or Earth, or Hell.
Easy it may be seen that I intend
Mercy colleague with justice, sending thee
Man's friend, his mediator, his design'd 60
Both ransom and redeemer voluntary,
And destin'd Man himself to judge Man fall'n."

So spake the Father, and unfolding bright
Tow'ard the right hand his glory, on the Son
Blaz'd forth unclouded deity ; he full 65
Resplendent all his Father manifest
Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild :

" Father eternal, thine is to decree,
Mine both in Heav'n and Earth to do thy will
Supreme, that thou in me thy Son belov'd 70
May'st ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge
On earth these thy transgressors, but thou know'st,
Whoever judg'd, the worst on me must light,
When time shall be, for so I undertook
Before thee ; and not repenting, this obtain 75
Of right, that I may mitigate their doom
On me deriv'd ; yet I shall temper so
Justice with mercy', as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfy'd, and thee appease.
Attendance none shall need, nor train, where none
Are to behold the judgment, but the judg'd, 81
Those two ; the third best absent is condemn'd,

Convict by flight, and rebel to all law :
Conviction to the serpent none belongs."

Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose 85
Of high collat'ral glory' : him Thrones and Pow'rs,
Princedom, and Dominations, ministrant,
Accompanied to Heaven-gate, from whence
Eden and all the coast in prospect lay.

Down he descended straight ; the speed of Gods 90
Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes wing'd.
Now was the sun in western cadence low
From noon, and gentle airs, due at their hour
To fan the earth, now wak'd, and usher in
The ev'ning cool, when he from wrath more cool 95
Came, the mild judge and intercessor both
To sentence Man : the voice of God they heard
Now walking in the garden, by soft winds
Brought to their ears, while day declin'd ; they heard,
And from his presence hid themselves among 100
The thickest trees, both man and wife, till God
Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud.

" Where art thou, Adam, wont with joy to meet
My coming seen far off ? I miss thee here,
Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd with solitude, 105
Where obvious duty' ere while appear'd unsought :
Or come I less conspicuous, or what change
Absents thee, or what chance detains ? Come forth."

He came, and with him Eve, more loath, tho' first
To' offend, discount'nanc'd both, and discompos'd ;
Love was not in their looks, either to God 111
Or to each other, but apparent guilt,
And shame, and perturbation, and despair,
Anger, and obstinacy', and hate, and guile.

Whence Adam, falt'ring long, thus answer'd brief:

“ I heard thee in the gard'n, and of thy voice 116

Afraid, be'ing naked, hid myself.” To whom

The gracious judge without revile reply'd:

“ My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,

But still rejoic'd; how is it now become 120

So dreadful to thee? that thou' art naked, who

Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the tree,

Whereof I gave thee charge thou should'st not eat?”

To whom thus Adam, sore beset, reply'd:

“ O Heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand 125

Before my judge, either to undergo

Myself the total crime, or to accuse

My other self, the partner of my life;

Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,

I should conceal and not expose to blame 130

By my complaint; but strict necessity

Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,

Lest on my head both sin and punishment,

However insupportable, be all

Devolv'd; though should I hold my peace, yet thou

Would'st easily detect what I conceal. 136

This Woman, whom thou mad'st to be my help,

And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,

So fit, so acceptàble, so divine,

That from her hand I could suspect no ill, 140

And what she did, whatever in itself,

Her doing seem'd to justify the deed;

She gave me of the tree, and I did eat.”

To whom the sov'reign Presence thus reply'd:

“ Was she thy God, that her thou did'st obey 145

Before his voice, or was she made thy guide,

Superior, or but equal, that to her
Thou did'st resign thy manhood, and the place
Wherein God set thee' above her made of thee,
And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd 150
Her's in all real dignity? Adorn'd
She was indeed, and lovely to attract
Thy love, not thy subjection; and her gifts
Were such as under government well seem'd,
Unseemly to bear rule, which was thy part 155
And person, had'st thou known thyself aright."

So having said, he thus to Eve in few,
" Say, Woman, what is this which thou hast done?"
To whom sad Eve, with shame nigh overwhelm'd,
Confessing soon, yet not before her judge 160
Bold, or loquacious, thus abash'd reply'd:
" The Serpent me beguil'd, and I did eat."

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
To judgment he proceeded on th' accurs'd
Serpent though brute, unable to transfer 165
The guilt on him who made him instrument
Of mischief, and polluted from the end
Of his creation; justly then accurs'd,
As viti'ated in nature: more to know
Concern'd not Man (since he no further knew) 170
Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at last
To Satan, first in sin, his doom apply'd,
Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best:
And on the serpent thus his curse let fall:
" Because thou hast done this, thou art accurs'd 175
Above all cattle, each beast of the field;
Upon thy belly groveling thou shalt go,
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.

Between thee and the Woman I will put
Enmity, and between thine and her seed ; 180
Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel."

So spake this oracle, then verify'd
When Jesus, son of Mary, second Eve,
Saw Satan fall like lightning down from Heav'n,
Prince of the air ; then rising from his grave 185
Spoil'd Principalities and Pow'rs, triumph'd
In open show, and with ascension bright
Captivity led captive through the air,
The realm itself of Satan long usurp'd,
Whom he shall tread at last under our feet ; 190
Ev'n he who now foretold his fatal bruise,
And to the Woman thus his sentence turn'd :
" Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply
By thy conception ; children thou shalt bring
In sorrow forth ; and to thy husband's will 195
Thine shall submit ; he over thee shall rule."

On Adam last thus judgment he pronounc'd :
" Because thou' hast hearken'd to the' voice of thy wife,
And eaten of the tree, concerning which 199
I charg'd thee, say'ing, ' Thou shalt not eat thereof :'
Curs'd is the ground for thy sake ; thou in sorrow
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life ;
Thorns also' and thistles it shall bring thee forth
Unbid ; and thou shalt eat th' herb of the field,
In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, 205
Till thou return unto the ground ; for thou
Out of the ground wast taken, know thy birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return."

So judg'd he Man, both judge and saviour sent,
And th' instant stroke of death denounc'd, that day

Remov'd far off; then pitying how they stood 211
Before him naked to the air, that now
Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin
Thenceforth the form of servant to assume,
As when he wash'd his servants' feet, so now 215
As father of his family, he clad
Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,
Or as the snake with youthful coat repaid;
And thought not much to clothe his enemies:
Nor he their outward only with the skins 220
Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more
Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness,
Arraying, cover'd from his Father's sight.
To him with swift ascent he up return'd,
Into his blissful bosom reassum'd 225
In glory as of old; to him appears'd
All, tho' all-knowing, what had pass'd with Man
Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

Meanwhile, ere thus was sinn'd and judg'd on Earth,
Within the gates of Hell sat Sin and Death, 230
In counterview within the gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Far into Chaos, since the Fiend pass'd through,
Sin op'ning, who thus now to Death began.

“ O Son, why sit we here each other viewing 235
Idly, while Satan our great author thrives
In other worlds, and happier seat provides
For us his offspring dear? It cannot be
But that success attends him; if mishap,
Ere this he had return'd, with fury driv'n 240
By his avengers, since no place like this
Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.

Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,
Wings growing, and dominion giv'n me large
Beyond this deep; whatever draws me on, 245
Or sympathy or some connat'ral force
Pow'rful at greatest distance to unite
With secret amity things of like kind
By secretest conveyance. Thou, my shade
Inseparable, must with me along: 250
For Death from Sin no pow'r can separate.
But lest the difficulty' of passing back
Stay his return perhaps over this gulf
Impassable, impervious, let us try
Advent'rous work, yet to thy pow'r and mine 255
Not unagreeable, to found a path
Over this main from Hell to that new world
Where Satan now prevails, a monument
Of merit high to all th' infernal host,
Easing their passage hence, for intercourse, 260
Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.
Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn
By this new-felt attraction and instinct."

Whom thus the meagre Shadow answer'd soon:
"Go whither fate and inclination strong 265
Leads thee; I shall not lag behind, nor err
The way, thou leading, such a scent I draw
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste
The sav'our of Death from all things there that live:
Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest 270
Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid."

So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell
Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock
Of rav'nous fowl, though many a league remote,

Against the day of battle, to a field, 275
Where armies lie encamp'd, come flying, lur'd
With scent of living carcasses design'd
For death, the following day, in bloody fight:
So scented the grim feature, and up-turn'd
His nostril wide into the murky air, 280
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.
Then both from out Hell-gates into the waste
Wide anarchy of Chaos damp and dark
Flew diverse, and with pow'r (their pow'r was great)
Hov'ring upon the waters, what they met, 285
Solid, or slimy, as in raging sea
Tost up and down, together crowded drove
From each side shoaling tow'ards the mouth of Hell:
As when two polar winds, blowing adverse
Upon the Cronian sea, together drive 290
Mountains of ice, that stop th' imagin'd way
Beyond Petsora eastward, to the rich
Cathaian coast. The aggregated soil
Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry,
As with a trident smote, and fix'd as firm 295
As Delos floating once; the rest his look
Bound with Gorgonian rigour not to move;
And with asphaltic slime, broad as the gate,
Deep to the roots of Hell the gather'd beach
They fasten'd, and the mole immense wrought on
Over the foaming deep high arch'd, a bridge 301
Of length prodigious, joining to the wall
Immoveable of this now fenceless world
Forfeit to death; from hence a passage broad,
Smooth, easy, inoffensive down to Hell. 305
So, if great things to small may be compar'd,

Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,
From Susa his Memnonian palace high
Came to the sea, and over Hellespont
Bridging his way, Europe with Asia join'd, 310
And scourg'd with many a stroke th' indignant waves.
Now had they brought the work by wond'rous art
Pontifical a ridge of pendent rock,
Over the vex'd abyss, following the track
Of Satan to the self-same place where he 315
First lighted from his wing, and landed safe
From out of Chaos, to the outside bare
Of this round world: with pins of adamant
And chains they made all fast, too fast they made
And durable; and now in little space 320
The confines met of empyréan Heav'n
And of this World, and on the left hand Hell
With long reach interpos'd; three sev'ral ways
In sight, to each of these three places led.
And now their way to Earth they had descry'd, 325
To Paradise first tending, when behold
Satan in likeness of an Angel bright
Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering
His zenith, while the sun in Aries rose:
Disguis'd he came, but those his children dear 330
Their parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.
He, after Eve seduc'd, unminded slunk
Into the wood fast by, and changing shape
To' observe the sequel, saw his guileful act
By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded 335
Upon her husband, saw their shame that sought
Vain covertures; but when he saw descend
The Son of God to judge them, terrify'd

He fled, not hoping to escape, but shun
The present, fearing guilty what his wrath 340
Might suddenly inflict; that past, return'd
By night, and list'ning where the hapless pair
Sat in their sad discourse, and various plaint,
Thence gather'd his own doom, which understood
Not instant, but of future time, with joy 345
And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd,
And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot
Of this new wond'rous pontifice, unhop'd
Met who to meet him came, his offspring dear.
Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight 350
Of that stupendous bridge his joy increas'd.
Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair
Enchanting daughter, thus the silence broke:
“ O Parent, these are thy magnific deeds,
Thy trophies, which thou view'st as not thine own;
Thou art their author and prime architect: 356
For I no sooner in my heart divin'd,
(My heart, which by a secret harmony
Still moves with thine, join'd in connexion sweet,)
That thou on earth had'st prosper'd, which thy looks
Now also evidence, but straight I felt, 361
Though distant from thee worlds between, yet felt
That I must after thee with this thy son,
Such fatal consequence unites us three:
Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds, 365
Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure
Detain from following thy illustrious track.
Thou hast achiev'd our liberty, confin'd
Within Hell-gates till now, thou us impow'r'd
To fortify thus far, and over-lay 370



*Return'd
 By night and listning where the hapless pair
 Sat in their sad discourse and various plaint
 Thence gather'd his own doom:*

Book 10. Page 292.

Published June 1. 1800 by T. Hopinstall, 304. Holborn.

With this portentous bridge the dark abyss.
Thine now is all this world ; thy virtue' hath won
What thy hands builded not, thy wisdom gain'd
With odds what war hath lost, and fully' aveng'd
Our foil in Heav'n ; here thou shalt monarch reign,
There did'st not ; there let him still victor sway, 376
As battle hath adjudg'd, from this new world
Retiring, by his own doom alienated,
And henceforth monarchy with thee divide
Of all things parted by th' empyreal bounds, 380
His quadrature, from thy orbic'ular world,
Or try thee now more dang'rous to his throne."

Whom thus the Prince of Darkness answer'd glad :
" Fair Daughter, and thou Son and Grandchild both,
High proof ye now have giv'n to be the race 385
Of Satan, (for I glory in the name,
Antagonist of Heav'n's Almighty King)
Amplly have merited of me, of all
Th' infernal empire, that so near Heav'n's door
Triumphal with triumphal act have met, 390
Mine with this glorious work, and made one realm
Hell and this world, one realm, one continent
Of easy thorough-fare. Therefore while I
Descend through darkness, on your road with ease,
To my associate Pow'rs, them to acquaint 395
With these successes, and with them rejoice,
You two this way, among these num'rous orbs,
All yours, right down to Paradise descend ;
There dwell and reign in bliss, thence on the earth
Dominion exercise, and in the air, 400
Chiefly on Man, sole lord of all declar'd,
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.

My substitutes I send ye, and create
Plenipotent on earth, of matchless might
Issuing from me : on your joint vigour now 405
My hold of this new kingdom all depends,
Through Sin to Death expos'd by my exploit.
If your joint pow'r prevail, th' affairs of Hell
No detriment need fear ; go and be strong."

So saying, he dismiss'd them ; they with speed 410
Their course through thickest constellations held,
Spreading their bane, the blasted stars look'd wan,
And planets, planet-struck, real eclipse
Then suffer'd. Th' other way Satan went down
The causey to Hell-gate ; on either side 415
Disparted Chaos over-built exclaim'd,
And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd,
That scorn'd his indignation : through the gate,
Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd,
And all about found desolate ; for those 420
Appointed to sit there had left their charge,
Flown to the upper world ; the rest were all
Far to th' inland retir'd, about the walls
Of Pandemonium, city and proud seat
Of Lucifer, so by allusion call'd, 425
Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd.
There kept their watch the legions, while the Grand
In council sat, solicitous what chance
Might intercept their empe'ror sent ; so he
Departing gave command, and they observ'd. 430
As when the Tartar from his Russian foe
By Astracan over the snowy plains
Retires, or Bactrian Sophi from the horns
Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond

The realm of Aladule, in his retreat 435
To Tauris, or Casbeen : so these, the late
Heav'n-banish'd host, left desert utmost Hell
Many a dark league, reduc'd in careful watch
Round their metropolis, and now expecting
Each hour their great advent'rer from the search 440
Of foreign worlds. He through the midst, unmark'd,
In show plebeian Angel militant
Of lowest order, pass'd ; and from the door
Of that Plutonian hall, invisible,
Ascended his high throne, which under state 445
Of richest texture spread, at th' upper end
Was plac'd in regal lustre. Down a while
He sat, and round about him saw unseen :
At last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head
And shape star-bright appear'd, or brighter, clad 450
With what permissive glory since his fall
Was left him, or false glitter. All amaz'd
At that so sudden blaze, the Stygian throng
Bent their aspéct, and whom they wish'd, beheld,
Their mighty chief return'd : loud was th' acclaim ;
Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting peers 456
Rais'd from their dark Divan, and with like joy
Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand
Silence, and with these words, attention won :

“ Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Pow'rs,
For in possession such, not only' of right, 461
I call ye and declare ye now, return'd,
Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
Triumphant out of this infernal pit
Abominable, accurs'd, the house of woe, 465
And dungeon of our tyrant : now possess,

As Lords, a spacious world, to' our native Heav'n
Little inferior, by my' adventure hard
With peril great achiev'd. Long were to tell
What I have done, what suffer'd, with what pain 470
Voyag'd th' unreal, vast, unbounded deep
Of horrible confusion, over which,
By Sin and Death, a broad way now is pav'd
To expedite your glorious march; but I
Toil'd out my uncouth passage, forc'd to ride 475
Th' untractable abyss, plung'd in the womb
Of unorig'inal Night and Chaos wild,
That jealous of their secrets, fiercely' oppos'd
My journey strange, with clamorous uproar
Protesting Fate supreme; thence how I found 480
The new-created world, which fame in Heav'n
Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful,
Of absolute perfection, therein Man
Plac'd in a Paradise, by our exile
Made happy. Him by fraud I have seduc'd 485
From his Creator, and, the more to' increase
Your wonder, with an apple; he thereat
Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up
Both his beloved Man and all his world,
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us, 490
Without our hazard, labour, or alarm,
To range in, and to dwell, and over Man
To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.
True is, me also he hath judg'd, or rather
Me not, but the brute serpent in whose shape 495
Man I deceiv'd: that which to me belongs
Is enmity, which he will put between
Me and mankind; I am to bruise his heel;

His seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head.
A world who would not purchase with a bruise, 500
Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account
Of my performance: what remains, ye Gods,
But up and enter now into full bliss?"

So having said, awhile he stood, expecting
Their universal shout and high applause 505
To fill his ear; when, contrary, he hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn; he wonder'd, but not long
Had leisure, wond'ring at himself now more; 510
His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,
His arms clung to his ribs; his legs intertwining
Each other, till supplanted down he fell
A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,
Reluctant, but in vain, a greater pow'r 515
Now rul'd him, punish'd in the shape he sinn'd
According to his doom. He would have spoke,
But hiss for hiss return'd with forked tongue
To forked tongue, for now were all transform'd
Alike, to serpents all, as accessories 520
To his bold riot: dreadful was the din
Of hissing through the hall, thick swarming now
With complicated monsters' head and tail,
Scorpion, and Asp, and Amphisbæna dire,
Cerastes horn'd, Hydrus, and Elops drear, 525
And Dipsas (not so thick swarm'd once the soil
Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the isle
Ophi'usa;) but still greatest he the midst,
Now Dragon grown, larger than whom the sun
Engender'd in the Pythian vale on slime, 530

Hugh Python, and his pow'r no less he seem'd
Above the rest still to retain. They all
Him follow'd, issuing forth to th' open field,
Where all yet left of that revolted rout,
Heav'n-fall'n, in station stood, or just array, 535
Sublime with expectation when to see
In triumph issuing forth their glorious chief.
They saw, but other sight instead, a crowd
Of ugly serpents, horror on them fell,
And horrid sympathy; for what they saw 540
They felt themselves now changing; down their arms,
Down fell both spear and shield, down they as fast,
And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form,
Catch'd by contagion, like in punishment,
As in their crime. Thus was th' applause they meant
Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame, 546
Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There stood
A grove hard by, sprung up with this their change,
His will who reigns above, to aggravate
Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like that 550
Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve
Us'd by the Tempter: on that prospect strange
Their earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining
For one forbidden tree a multitude
Now ris'n, to work them further woe, or shame; 555
Yet parch'd with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,
Though to delude them sent, could not abstain,
But on they roll'd in heaps, and up the trees
Climbing, sat thicker than the snaky locks
That curl'd Megæra: greedily they pluck'd 560
The fruitage fair to sight, like that which grew
Near that bitum'inous lake where Sodom flam'd;

This more delusive, not the touch, but taste
Deceiv'd ; they fondly thinking to allay
Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit 565
Chew'd bitter ashes, which th' offended taste
With spatt'ring noise rejected : oft they' assay'd,
Hunger and thirst constraining, drugg'd as oft,
With hatefullest disrelish writh'd their jaws
With soot and cinders fill'd ; so oft they fell 570
Into the same illusion, not as Man
Whom they triumph'd once laps'd. Thus were they
plagu'd

And worn with famine, long and ceaseless hiss,
Till their lost shape, permitted, they resum'd,
Yearly enjoin'd, some say, to undergo 575
This annual humbling certain number'd days,
To dash their pride, and joy for Man seduc'd.
However, some tradition they dispers'd
Among the Heathen of their purchase got,
And fabled how the Serpent, whom they call'd 580
Ophion with Eurynome, the wide
Encroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule
Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driv'n
And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.

Meanwhile in Paradise the hellish pair 585
Too soon arriv'd, Sin there in pow'r before,
Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
Habitual habitant ; behind her Death
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale horse : to whom Sin thus began : 590

“ Second of Satan sprung, all-conqu'ring Death,
What think'st thou of our empire now, tho' earn'd
With travel difficult, not better far

Than still at Hell's dark threshold to' have sat watch,
Unnam'd, undreaded, and thyself half starv'd?" 595
Whom thus the Sin-born monster answer'd soon:
"To me, who with eternal famine pine,
Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heav'n,
There best, where most with ravine I may meet;
Which here, tho' plenteous, all too little seems 600
To stuff this maw, this vast unhide-bound corpse."

To whom th' incestuous mother thus reply'd:
"Thou therefore on these herbs, and fruits, and flow'rs,
Feed first, on each beast next, and fish, and fowl,
No homely morsels; and whatever thing 605
The scythe of Time mows down, devour unspar'd;
Till I in Man residing through the race,
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all infect,
And season him thy last and sweetest prey."

This said, they both betook them sev'ral ways, 610
Both to destroy, or unimmortal make
All kinds, and for destruction to mature
Sooner, or later; which th' Almighty seeing,
From his transcendent seat the Saints among,
To those bright Orders utter'd thus his voice: 615

"See with what heat these dogs of Hell advance
To waste and havock yonder world, which I
So fair and good created, and had still
Kept in that state, had not the folly' of Man
Let in these wasteful furies, who impute 620
Folly to me, so doth the prince of Hell
And his adherents, that with so much ease
I suffer them to enter and possess
A place so heav'nly, and conniving seem
To gratify my scornful enemies, 625

That laugh, as if transported with some fit
Of passion, I to them had quitted all,
At random yielded up to their misrule ;
And know not that I call'd and drew them thither,
My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth 630
Which Man's polluting sin with taint hath shed
On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh burst
With suck'd and glutted offal, at one sling
Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son,
Both Sin, and Death, and yawning Grave, at last, 635
Through Chaos hurl'd, obstruct the mouth of Hell
For ever, and seal up his rav'nous jaws.
Then Heav'n and Earth renew'd shall be made pure
To sanctity that shall receive no stain :
Till then the curse pronounc'd on both precedes."

He ended, and the heav'nly audience loud 641
Sung Hallelujah, as the sound of seas
Through multitude that sung : " Just are thy ways,
Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works ;
Who can extenu'ate thee ?" Next, to the Son, 645
" Destin'd restorer of mankind, by whom
New Heav'n and Earth shall to the ages rise,
Or down from Heav'n descend." Such was their song,
While the Creator, calling forth by name
His mighty Angels, gave them sev'ral charge, 650
As sorted best with present things. The sun
Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
As might affect the earth with cold and heat
Scarce tolerable, and from the north to call
Decrepit winter, from the south to bring 655
Solstitial summer's heat. To the blank moon
Her office they prescrib'd to th' other five

Their planetary motions and aspects
In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite
Of noxious efficacy', and when to join 660
In synod unbenign; and taught the fix'd
Their influence malignant when to show'r,
Which of them rising with the sun, or falling,
Should prove tempestuous: to the winds they set
Their corners, when with bluster to confound 665
Sea, air, and shore, the thunder when to roll
With terror through the dark aërial hall.
Some say he bid his Angels turn askance
The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more
From the sun's axle; they with labour push'd 670
Oblique the centre globe: some say the sun
Was bid turn reins from th' equinoctial road,
Like distant breadth to Taurus with the sev'n
Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins
Up to the Tropic Crab; thence down amain 675
By Leo and the Virgin and the Scales,
As deep as Capricorn, to bring in change
Of seasons to each clime; else had the spring
Perpetual smil'd on earth with verdant flow'rs,
Equal in days and nights, except to those 680
Beyond the polar circles; to them day
Had unbenighted shone, while the low sun,
To recompense his distance, in their sight
Had rounded still th' horizon, and not known
Or east, or west, which had forbid the snow 685
From cold Estotiland, and south as far
Beneath Magellan. At that tasted fruit
The sun, as from Thyestean banquet, turn'd
His course intended; else how had the world

Inhabited, though sinless, more than now, 690
Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?
These changes in the Heav'ns, tho' slow, produc'd
Like change on sea and land, sideral blast,
Vapour, and mist, and exhalation hot,
Corrupt and pestilent. Now from the north 695
Of Norumbega, and the Samoëd shore,
Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice,
And snow and hail, and stormy gust and flaw,
Boreas and Cæcias, and Argestes loud,
And Thrascias, rend the woods, and seas up-turn; 700
With adverse blast up-turns them from the south
Notus, and Afer, black with thund'rous clouds
From Serrali'ona; thwart of these as fierce
Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent winds,
Eurus and Zephyr, with their lat'ral noise, 705
Sirocco, and Libecchio. Thus began
Outrage from lifeless things; but Discord first,
Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational,
Death introduc'd through fierce antipathy:
Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,
And fish with fish; to graze the herb all leaving, 711
Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe
Of Man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim
Glar'd on him passing. These were from without
The growing miseries, which Adam saw 715
Already' in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,
To sorrow' abandon'd, but worse felt within,
And in a troubled sea of passion tost,
Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint.

“ O miserable of happy'! is this the end 720
Of this new glorious world, and me so late

The glory of that glory', who now become
Accurs'd of blessed! hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my height
Of happiness! yet well, if here would end 725
The mis'ry; I deserv'd it, and would bear
My own deservings; but this will not serve;
All that I eat, or drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated curse. O voice, once heard
Delightfully, 'Increase and multiply', 730
Now death to hear! for what can I increase,
Or multiply, but curses on my head?
Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curse
My head? 'Ill fare our ancestor impure, 735
For this we may thank Adam'; but his thanks
Shall be the execration; so besides
Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound,
On me, as on their nat'ral centre, light 740
Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys
Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!
Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
To mould me Man, did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me, or here place 745
In this delicious garden? as my will
Concurr'd not to my be'ing, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my dust,
Desirous to resign and render back
All I receiv'd, unable to perform 750
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I sought not. To the loss of that,
Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added

The sense of endless woes? Inexplicable
Thy justice seems; yet to say truth, too late 755
I thus contest; then should have been refus'd
Those terms whatever, when they were propos'd:
Thou did'st accept them; wilt thou' enjoy the good,
Then cavil the conditions? and though God
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son 760
Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,
'Wherefore did'st thou beget me'? I sought it not:
Would'st thou admit for his contempt of thee
That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,
But natural necessity begot. 765
God made thee' of choice his own, and of his own
To serve him; thy reward was of his grace,
Thy punishment then justly' is at his will.
Be' it so, for I submit; his doom is fair,
That dust I am, and shall to dust return: 770
O welcome hour whenever! why delays
His hand to execute what his decree
Fix'd on this day? why do I over-live,
Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out
To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet 775
Mortality my sentence, and be earth
Insensible, how glad would lay me down
As in my mother's lap? there I should rest
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears, no fear of worse. 780
To me and to my offspring would torment me
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die,
Lest that pure breath of life, the spi'rit of Man
Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish 785

With this corporeal clod ; then in the grave,
Or in some other dismal place, who knows
But I shall die a living death ? O thought
Horrid, if true ! yet why ? it was but breath
Of life that sinn'd ; what dies but what had life 790
And sin ? the body properly hath neither.
All of me then shall die : let this appease
The doubt, since human reach no further knows.
For though the Lord of all be infinite,
Is his wrath also ? be it, Man is not so, 795
But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise
Wrath without end on Man whom death must end ?
Can he make deathless death ? that were to make
Strange contradiction, which to God himself
Impossible is held, as argument 800
Of weakness, not of pow'r. Will he draw out,
For anger's sake, finite to infinite
In punish'd Man, to satisfy his rigour
Satisfy'd never ? that were to extend
His sentence beyond dust and nature's law, 805
By which all causes else, according still
To the reception of their matter, act,
Not to th' extent of their own sphere. But say
That death be not one stroke, as I suppos'd,
Bereaving sense, but endless misery 810
From this day onward, which I feel begun
Both in me, and without me, and so last
To perpetuity ; ay me ! that fear
Comes thund'ring back with dreadful revolution
On my defenceless head ; both Death and I 815
Am found eternal, and incorp'rate both,
Nor I on my part single, in me all

Posterity stands curs'd : fair patrimony
That I must leave ye, Sons ; O were I able
To waste it all myself, and leave ye none ! 820
So disinherited how would ye bless
Me, now your curse ! Ah, why should all mankind
For one man's fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,
If guiltless ? But from me what can proceed,
But all corrupt, both mind and will deprav'd, 825
Not to do only, but to will the same
With me ? how can they then acquitted stand
In sight of God ? Him after all disputes
Forc'd I absolve : all my evasions vain,
And reas'nings, tho' through mazes, lead me still 830
But to my own conviction : first and last
On me, me only, as the source and spring
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due ;
So might the wrath. Fond wish ! could'st thou support
That burden, heavier than the earth to bear, 835
Than all the world much heavier, though divided
With that bad Woman ? Thus what thou desir'st,
And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope
Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
Beyond all past example and future, 840
To Satan only like both crime and doom.
O conscience, into what abyss of fears
And horrors hast thou driv'n me ; out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd !"

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud 845
Through the still night, not now, as ere Man fell,
Wholesome, and cool, and mild, but with black air
Accompani'd, with damps and dreadful gloom,

Which to his evil conscience represented
All things with double terror: on the ground 850
Out-stretch'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
Curs'd his creation, Death as oft accus'd
Of tardy execution, since denounc'd
The day of his offence. "Why comes not Death,"
Said he, "with one thrice-acceptáble stroke 855
To end me? shall truth fail to keep her word?
Justice divine not hasten to be just?
But Death comes not at all, justice divine
Mends not her slowest pace, for pray'rs, or cries.
O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bow'rs, 860
With other echo late I taught your shades
To answer, and resound far other song."
Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,
Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,
Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd: 865
But her with stern regard he thus repell'd:

"Out of my sight, thou Serpent; that name best
Befits thee with him leagu'd, thyself as false
And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy shape,
Like his, and colour serpentine, may show 870
Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee
Henceforth; lest that too heav'nly form pretended,
To hellish falsehood snare them. But for thee
I had persisted happy', had not thy pride
And wand'ring vanity, when least was safe, 875
Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd
Not to be trusted, longing to be seen,
Though by the Dev'il himself, him overweening
To over-reach, but with the Serpent meeting,

Fool'd and beguil'd, by him thou, I by thee, 880
To trust thee from my side, imagin'd wise,
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,
And understood not all was but a show
Rather than solid virtue', all but a rib
Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears, 885
More to the part sinister, from me drawn,
Well if thrown out, as supernumerary
To my just number found. O why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest Heav'n
With Spirits masculine, create at last 890
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With Men as Angels without feminine,
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? this mischief had not then befall'n, 895
And more that shall befall, innumerable
Disturbances on earth through female snares,
And strait conjunction with this sex: for either
He never shall find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake; 900
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse, or if she love, with-held
By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound 905
To a fell adversary', his hate, or shame:
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound."

He added not, and from her turn'd; but Eve,
Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,
And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet 911

Fell humble, and embracing them, besought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint;

“ Forsake me not thus, Adam ; witness Heav’n
What love sincere, and rev’rence in my heart 915

I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceiv’d ; thy suppliant

I beg, and clasp thy knees ; bereave me not,
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,

Thy counsel in this uttermost distress, 920

My only strength and stay : forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist ?

While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace, both joining,

As join’d in injuries, one enmity 925

Against a foe by doom express assign’d us,
That cruel Serpent. On me exercise not

Thy hatred, for this misery befall’n,

On me already lost, me than thyself

More miserable ; both have sinn’d, but thou 930

Against God only’, I against God and thee,

And to the place of judgment will return,

There with my cries impórtune Heav’n, that all

The sentence from thy head remov’d may light

On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe, 935

Me, me only, just object of his ire.”

She ended weeping, and her lowly plight,

Immoveable till peace obtain’d from fault

Acknowledg’d and deplor’d, in Adam wrought

Commiseration ; soon his heart relented 940

Tow’ards her, his life so late and sole delight,

Now at his feet submissive in distress,

Creature so fair his reconcilement seeking,

His counsel whom she had displeas'd, his aid :
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost, 945
And thus with peaceful words up-rais'd her soon :

“ Unwary', and too desirous, as before,
So now of what thou know'st not, who desir'st
The punishment all on thyself; alas,
Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain 950
His full wrath, whose thou feel'st as yet least part,
And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If pray'rs
Could alter high decrees, I to that place
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be visited, 955
Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiv'n,
To me committed, and by me expos'd.
But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive,
In offices of love, how we may lighten 960
Each other's burden, in our share of woe;
Since this day's death denounc'd, if ought I see,
Will prove no sudden, but a slow-pac'd evil,
A long day's dying, to augment our pain,
And to our seed (O hapless seed !) deriv'd.” 965

To whom thus Eve, recov'ring heart, reply'd :
“ Adam, by sad experiment I know
How little weight my words with thee can find,
Found so erroneous, thence by just event
Found so unfortunate; nevertheless, 970
Restor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain
Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart,
Living, or dy'ing, from thee I will not hide
What thoughts in my unquiet breast are ris'n, 975
Tending to some relief of our extremes,

Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,
As in our evils, and of easier choice.
If care of our descent perplex us most,
Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd 980
By Death at last; and miserable it is
To be to others cause of misery,
Our own begott'en, and of our loins to bring
Into this cursed world a woeful race,
That after wretched life must be at last 985
Food for so foul a monster; in thy pow'r
It lies, yet ere conception to prevent
The race unblest, to be'ing yet unbegot.
Childless thou art, childless remain: so Death
Shall be deceiv'd his glut, and with us two 990
Be forc'd to satisfy his rav'nous maw.
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain
From love's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet,
And with desire to languish without hope, 995
Before the present object languishing
With like desire, which would be misery
And torment less than none of what we dread;
Then, both ourselves and seed at once to free
From what we fear for both, let us make short, 1000
Let us seek Death, or he not found, supply
With our own hands his office on ourselves.
Why stand we longer shiv'ring under fears,
That shew no end but death, and have the pow'r,
Of many ways to die the shortest choosing, 1005
Destruction with destruction to destroy?"

She ended here, or vehement despair
Broke off the rest; so much of death her thoughts
Had entertain'd, as dy'd her cheeks with pale.

But Adam, with such counsel nothing sway'd, 1010
To better hopes his more attentive mind
Lab'ring had rais'd, and thus to Eve reply'd :
“ Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems
To argue in thee something more sublime
And excellent than what thy mind contemns ; 1015
But self-destruction therefore sought, refutes
That excellence thought in thee, and implies,
Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret
For loss of life and pleasure over-lov'd.
Or if thou covet death, as utmost end 1020
Of misery, so thinking to evade
The penalty pronounc'd, doubt not but God
Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire than so
To be forestall'd ; much more I fear lest death
So snatch'd will not exempt us from the pain 1025
We are by doom to pay ; rather such acts
Of contumacy' will provoke the Highest
To make death in us live. Then let us seek
Some safer resolution, which methinks
I have in view, calling to mind with heed 1030
Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise
The Serpent's head ; piteous amends, unless
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand foe
Satan, who in the serpent hath contriv'd
Against us this deceit : to crush his head 1035
Would be revenge indeed ; which will be lost
By death brought on ourselves, or childless days
Resolv'd as thou proposest ; so our foe
Shall 'scape his punishment ordain'd, and we
Instead shall double ours upon our heads. 1040
No more be mention'd then of violence

Against ourselves, and wilful barrenness,
That cuts us off from hope, and savours only
Rancour and pride, impatience and despite,
Reluctance against God and his just yoke 1045
Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild
And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd
Without wrath, or reviling; we expected
Immediate dissolution, which we thought
Was meant by death that day, when lo, to thee 1050
Pains only in child-bearing were foretold,
And bringing forth, soon recompens'd with joy,
Fruit of thy womb: on me the curse aslope
Glanc'd on the ground; with labour I must earn
My bread; what harm? Idleness had been worse;
My labour will sustain me; and lest cold, 1056
Or heat should injure us, his timely care
Hath unbesought provided, and his hands
Cloth'd us unworthy, pitying while he judg'd;
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear 1060
Be open, and his heart to pity' incline,
And teach us further by what means to shun
Th' inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow?
Which now the sky with various face begins
To shew us in this mountain, while the winds 1065
Blow moist and keen, shatt'ring the graceful locks
Of these fair spreading trees; which bids us seek
Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish
Our limbs benumb'd, ere this diurnal star
Leave cold the night, how we, his gather'd beams
Reflected, may with matter sere foment, 1071
Or by collision of two bodies grind
The air attrite to fire, as late the clouds

Justling, or push'd with winds rude in their shock
Tine the slant lightning, whose thwart flame, driv'n down,
Kindles the gummy bark of fir, or pine, 1076
And sends a comfortable heat from far,
Which might supply the sun : such fire to use,
And what may else be remedy, or cure
To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,
He will instruct us praying, and of grace 1081
Beseeching him, so as we need not fear
To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd
By him with many comforts, till we end
In dust, our final rest and native home. 1085
What better can we do, than to the place
Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall
Before him reverent, and there confess
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Wat'ring the ground, and with our sighs the air 1090
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow' unfeign'd, and humiliation meek ?
Undoubtedly he will relent and turn
From his displeasure ; in whose look serene,
When angry most he seem'd, and most severe, 1095
What else but favour, grace, and mercy shone ?"

So spake our father penitent, nor Eve
Felt less remorse : they forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell
Before him reverent, and both confess'd 1100
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears
Wat'ring the ground, and with their sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow' unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

Justing, or push'd with winds rude in their shock
 The the lightning, whose downward drive, down
 Kindles the gunny bark of fir, or pine,
 1078 And sends a comfortable heat from far,
 Which might supply the sun: such due to use,
 And what may else be remedy, or cure,
 To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought.
 He will instruct us praying, and of grace
 1081 Beseeching him, so as we need not fear
 To pass commodiously this life, sustained
 By him with many comforts, till we end
 1083 In dust, our final rest and native home.
 What better can we do, than to the place
 Repenting where he judg'd us, penance fall
 Before him reverent, and their comfort
 Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
 1090 Waiting the ground, and with our eyes the air
 Frequenting, sent from heav'n counter, in sign
 Of sorrow, unright, and humiliation meet
 Undoubtedly he will relent and turn
 From his displeasure; in whose look serene,
 When angry most he seem'd, and most severe,
 1097 What else but favour, grace, and mercy shone?
 So spare our father penitent, nor let
 Fell test restore: they forthwith to the place
 Repenting where he judg'd them, prostrate fall
 1100 Before him reverent, and both confest
 Humbly their faults, and pardon beg'd, with tears
 Waiting the ground, and with their eyes the air
 Frequenting, sent from heav'n counter, in sign
 Of sorrow, unright, and humiliation meet.
 1103

PARADISE LOST

BOOK XI

THE RECOVERY

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents now repenting, and intercedes for them. God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a band of Cherubim to dispossess them; but first to reveal to Adam future things. Michael's coming down. Adam shews to Eve certain ominous signs; he discerns Michael's approach, goes out to meet him: the Angel denounces their departure. Eve's lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits. The Angel leads him up to a high hill, sets before him in vision what shall happen till the Flood.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XI.

THUS they in lowliest plight repentant stood
Praying, for from the mercy-seat above
Prevenient grace descending had remov'd
The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh
Regen'rate grow instead, that sighs now breath'd 5
Unutterable, which the Spi'rit of pray'r
Inspir'd, and wing'd for Heav'n with speedier flight
Than loudest oratory : yet their port
Not of mean suitors, nor important less
Seem'd their petition, than when th' ancient pair 10
In fables old, less ancient yet than these,
Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore
The race of mankind drown'd, before the shrine
Of Themis stood devout. To Heav'n their pray'rs
Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds 15
Blown vagabond, or frustrate : in they pass'd
Dimensionless through heav'nly doors ; then clad
With incense, where the golden altar fum'd,

By their great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father's throne : them the glad Son 20
Presenting, thus to intercede began :

“ See, Father, what first fruits on earth are sprung
From thy implanted grace in Man, these sighs
And pray'rs, which in this golden censer, mix'd
With incense, I, thy priest, before thee bring, 25
Fruits of more pleasing savour from thy seed
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
Which his own hand manuring all the trees
Of Paradise could have produc'd, ere fall'n
From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear 30
To supplication, hear his sighs though mute ;
Unskilful with what words to pray, let me
Interpret for him, me his advocate
And propitiation ; all his works on me,
Good, or not good, ingraft, my merit those 35
Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay.
Accept me, and in me from these receive
The smell of peace tow'rd mankind ; let him live
Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days
Number'd, though sad, till death, his doom, (which I
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse) 41
To better life shall yield him, where with me
All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss,
Made one with me, as I with thee am one.”

To whom the Father, without cloud, serene : 45
“ All thy request for Man, accepted Son,
Obtain ; all thy request was my decree :
But longer in that Paradise to dwell,
The law I gave to nature him forbids :
Those pure immortal elements that know 50



*These sighs
And prayers, which in this golden censor mix'd
With incense, I thy priest before thee bring. Book II. line 23.*

London. Pub^d May 1. 1800 by T. H. B. & Co. Holborn.

And took their seats ; till from his throne supreme
Th' Almighty thus pronounc'd his sov'reign will.

“ O Sons, like one of us Man is become
To know both good and evil, since his taste 85
Of that defended fruit ; but let him boast
His knowledge of good lost, and evil got ;
Happier had it suffic'd him to have known
Good by itself, and evil not at all.

He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite, 90
My motions in him ; longer than they move,
His heart I know, how variable and vain
Self-left. Lest therefore his now bolder hand
Reach also of the tree of life, and eat,
And live for ever, dream at least to live 95
For ever, to remove him I decree,
And send him from the garden forth to till
The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil.

“ Michael, this my behest have thou in charge ;
Take to thee from among the Cherubim 100
Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the Fiend,
Or in behalf of Man, or to invade
Vacant possession, some new trouble raise :
Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God,
Without remorse, drive out the sinful pair, 105
From hallow'd ground th' unholy, and denounce
To them, and to their progeny, from thence
Perpetual banishment. Yet, lest they faint
At the sad sentence rigorously urg'd,
For I behold them soften'd and with tears 110
Bewailing their excess, all terror hide.
If patiently thy bidding they obey,

Dismiss them not disconsolate ; reveal
To Adam what shall come in future days,
As I shall thee enlighten ; intermix 115
My cov'nant in the Woman's seed renew'd ;
So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace :
And on the east side of the garden place,
Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,
Cherubic watch, and of a sword the flame 120
Wide-waving, all approach far off to fright,
And guard all passage to the tree of life :
Lest Paradise a receptacle prove
To Spirits foul, and all my trees their prey,
With whose stol'n fruit Man once more to delude."

He ceas'd ; and th' archangelic Pow'r prepar'd 126
For swift descent, with him the cohort bright
Of watchful Cherubim ; four faces each
Had, like a double Janus, all their shape
Spangled with eyes, more numerous than those 130
Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drowse,
Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the past'ral reed
Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Meanwhile,
To re-salute the world with sacred light,
Leucothea wak'd, and with fresh dews embalm'd 135
The earth, when Adam and first matron Eve
Had ended now their orisons, and found
Strength added from above, new hope to spring
Out of despair, joy, but with fear yet link'd ;
Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd : 140

" Eve, easily may faith admit that all
The good which we enjoy from Heav'n descends ;
But that from us ought should ascend to Heav'n
So prevalent as to concern the mind

Of God high-blest, or to incline his will, 145
Hard to belief may seem; yet this will pray'r,
Or one short sigh of human breath, up-borne
Ev'n to the seat of God. For since I sought
By pray'r th' offended Deity to' appease,
Kneel'd, and before him humbled all my heart, 150
Methought I saw him placable and mild,
Bending his ear; persuasion in me grew
That I was heard with favour; peace return'd
Home to my breast, and to my memory
His promise, that thy seed shall bruise our foe; 155
Which then not minded in dismay, yet now
Assures me that the bitterness of death
Is past, and we shall live. Whence hail to thee,
Eve, rightly call'd, mother of all mankind,
Mother of all things living, since by thee 160
Man is to live, and all things live for man."

To whom thus Eve with sad demeanour meek :
" Ill worthy I such title should belong
To me transgressor, who, for thee ordain'd
A help, became thy snare; to me reproach 165
Rather belongs, distrust and all dispraise :
But infinite in pardon was my judge,
That I, who first brought death on all, am grac'd
The source of life; next favourable thou,
Who highly thus to' entitle me vouchsaf'st, 170
Far other name deserving. But the field
To labour calls us now with sweat impos'd,
Though after sleepless night; for see, the morn,
All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins
Her rosy progress smiling; let us forth, 175
I never from thy side henceforth to stray,

Where'er our day's work lies, though now enjoin'd
Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,
What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks?
Here let us live, though in fall'n state, content." 180

So spake, so wish'd much-humbled Eve, but fate
Subscrib'd not; Nature first gave signs, impress'd
On bird, beast, air, air suddenly eclips'd
After short blush of morn; nigh in her sight
The bird of Jove, stoop'd from his airy tour, 185
Two birds of gayest plume before him drove:
Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods
First hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace,
Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind;
Direct to th' eastern gate was bent their flight. 190
Adam observ'd, and with his eye the chase
Pursuing, not unmov'd, to Eve thus spake:

" O Eve, some further change awaits us nigh,
Which Heav'n by these mute signs in nature shews,
Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn 195
Us haply too secure of our discharge
From penalty, because from death releas'd
Some days; how long, and what till then our life,
Who knows, or more than this, that we are dust,
And thither must return and be no more? 200
Why else this double object in our sight
Of flight pursu'd in th' air, and o'er the ground,
One way the self-same hour? why in the east
Darkness ere day's mid-course, and morning light
More orient in yon western cloud, that draws 205
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
And slow descends, with something heav'nly fraught?"

He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly bands
Down from a sky of jasper lighted now

In Paradise, and on a hill made halt, 210
A glorious apparition, had not doubt
And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye.
Not that more glorious, when the Angels met
Jacob in Mahanaïm, where he saw
The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright; 215
Nor that which on the flaming mount appear'd
In Dothan, cover'd with a camp of fire,
Against the Syrian king, who to surprise
One man, assassin-like, had levied war,
War unproclaim'd. The princely Hierarch 220
In their bright stand there left his Pow'rs to seize
Possession of the garden; he alone,
To find where Adam shelter'd, took his way,
Not unperceiv'd of Adam, who to Eve,
While the great visitant approach'd, thus spake: 225
“ Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps
Of us will soon determine, or impose
New laws to be observ'd; for I descry,
From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill,
One of the heav'nly host, and by his gait 230
None of the meanest, some great Potentate
Or of the Thrones above, such majesty
Invests him coming; yet not terrible,
That I should fear, nor sociäbly mild,
As Raphaël, that I should much confide, 235
But solemn and sublime, whom not to' offend,
With rev'rence I must meet, and thou retire.”
He ended; and th' Arch-Angel soon drew nigh,
Not in his shape celestial, but as man
Clad to meet man; over his lucid arms 240
A military vest of purple flow'd,
Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain

Of Sarrah, worn by kings and heroes old
In time of truce ; Iris had dipt the woof ;
His starry helm unbuckled shew'd him prime 245
In manhood where youth ended ; by his side
As in a glist'ring zodiac hung the sword,
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.
Adam bow'd low ; he kingly from his state
Inclin'd not ; but his coming thus declar'd : 250

“ Adam, Heav'n's high behest no preface needs :
Sufficient that thy pray'rs are heard, and Death,
Then due by sentence when thou did'st transgress,
Defeated of his seizure many days,
Giv'n thee of grace, wherein thou may'st repent, 255
And one bad act with many deeds well done
May'st cover : well may then thy Lord appeas'd
Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim ;
But longer in this Paradise to dwell
Permits not ; to remove thee I am come, 260
And send thee from the garden forth to till
The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil.”

He added not, for Adam at the news
Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
That all his senses bound ; Eve, who unseen 265
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discover'd soon the place of her retire.

“ O unexpected stroke, worse than of Death !
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise ? thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades, 270
Fit haunt of Gods ? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flow'rs,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last 275

At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first op'ning bud, and gave ye names,
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount?
Thee lastly, nuptial bow'r, by me adorn'd 280
With what to sight, or smell was sweet, from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?" 285

Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild:
" Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine:
Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes 290
Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy native soil."

Adam by this from the cold sudden damp
Recov'ring, and his scatter'd spi'rits return'd,
To Michael thus his humble words address'd: 295

" Celestial, wheth'er among the Thrones, or nam'd
Of them the high'est, for such of shape may seem
Prince above princes, gently hast thou told
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
And in performing end us; what besides 300
Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,
Our frailty can sustain, thy tiding bring,
Departure from this happy place, our sweet
Recess, and only consolation left
Familiar to our eyes, all places else 305
Inhospitable' appear and desolate,
Nor knowing us nor known: and if by pray'r
Incessant I could hope to change the will

Of him who all things can, I would not cease
To weary him with my assiduous cries : 310
But pray'r against his absolute decree
No more avails than breath against the wind,
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth :
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
This most afflicts me, that, departing hence, 315
As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd
His blessed count'nance ; here I could frequent
With worship place by place where he vouchsaf'd
Presence divine, and to my sons relate,
On this mount he appear'd, under this tree 320
Stood visible, among these pines his voice
I heard, here with him at this fountain talk'd :
So many grateful altars I would rear
Of grassy turf, and pile up ev'ry stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory, 325
Or monument to ages, and thereon
Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flow'rs.
In yonder nether world where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or footstep trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet, recall'd 330
To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
Of glory, and far off his steps adore."

To whom thus Michael with regard benign :
" Adam, thou know'st Heav'n his, and all the Earth,
Not this rock only ; his omnipresence fills 336
Land, sea, and air, and ev'ry kind that lives,
Fomented by his virtual pow'r and warm'd :
All th' earth he gave thee to possess and rule,
No despicable gift ; surmise not then 340

His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd
Of Paradise, or Eden : this had been
Perhaps thy capi'tal seat, from whence had spread
All generations, and had hither come
From all the ends of th' earth, to celebrate 345
And rev'rence thee their great progenitor.
But this pre-eminence thou' hast lost, brought down
To dwell on even ground now with thy sons :
Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain
God is as here, and will be found alike 350
Present, and of his presence many a sign
Still following thee, still compassing thee round
With goodness and paternal love, his face
Express, and of his steps the track divine.
Which that thou may'st believe, and be confirm'd,
Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent 356
To shew thee what shall come in future days
To thee and to thy offspring ; good with bad
Expect to hear, supernal grace contending
With sinfulness of men ; thereby to learn 360
True patience, and to temper joy with fear
And pious sorrow, equally inur'd
By moderation either state to bear,
Prosperous, or adverse : so shalt thou lead
Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure 365
Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend
This hill ; let Eve (for I have drench'd her eyes)
Here sleep below, while thou to foresight wak'st ;
As once thou slept'st, while she to life was form'd."

To whom thus Adam gratefully reply'd : 370
" Ascend, I follow thee, safe Guide, the path
Thou lead'st me', and to the hand of Heav'n submit,

However chast'ning, to the evil turn
My obvious breast, arming to overcome
By suff'ring, and earn rest from labour won, 375
If so I may attain." So both ascend
In the visions of God. It was a hill
Of Paradise the highest, from whose top
The hemisphere of earth in clearest ken
Stretch'd out to th' amplest reach of prospect lay. 380
Not high'er that hill, or wider looking round,
Whereon for diff'rent cause the Tempter set
Our second Adam in the wilderness,
To shew him all earth's kingdoms and their glory.
His eye might there command wherever stood 385
City of old, or modern fame, the seat
Of mightiest empire, from the destin'd walls
Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,
And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
To Paquin of Sinæan kings, and thence 390
To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul
Down to the golden Chersonese, or where
The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since
In Hispahan, or where the Russian Ksar
In Moscow, or the Sultan in Bizance, 395
Turchestan-born; or could his eye not ken
Th' empire of Negus to his utmost port
Ercoco, and the less maritime kings
Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,
And Sofala, thought Ophir, to the realm 400
Of Congo, and Angola farthest south;
Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount
The kingdoms of Almansor, Fez and Sus,
Morocco, and Algiers, and Tremisen;

On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway
The world : in spi'rit perhaps he also saw 406
Rich Mexico the seat of Montezume,
And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat
Of Atabalipa, and yet unspoil'd
Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons 410
Call El Dorado. But to nobler sights
Michael from Adam's eyes the film remov'd,
Which that false fruit that promis'd clearer sight
Had bred ; then purg'd with euphrasy and rue
The visual nerve, for he had much to see ; 415
And from the well of life three drops instill'd.
So deep the pow'r of these ingredients pierc'd,
E'en to the inmost seat of mental sight,
That Adam now, enforc'd to close his eyes,
Sunk down, and all his spi'rits became entranc'd ; 420
But him the gentle Angel by the hand
Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd :

“ Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first behold
Th' effects which thy origi'nal crime hath wrought
In some to spring from thee, who never touch'd 425
Th' excepted tree, nor with the Snake conspir'd,
Nor sinn'd thy sin, yet from that sin derive
Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.”

His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,
Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves 430
New-reap'd, the other part sheep-walks and folds ;
I' th' midst an altar as the land-mark stood,
Rustic, of grassy sord ; thither anon
A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought
First fruits, the green ear, and the yellow sheaf, 435
Uncull'd, as came to hand ; a shepherd next,

More meek, came with the firstlings of his flock
Choicest and best; then sacrificing, laid
The inwards and their fat, with incense strow'd,
On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd. 440
His off'ring soon propitious fire from Heav'n
Consum'd with nimble glance, and grateful steam;
The other's not, for his was not sincere;
Whereat he inly rag'd, and, as they talk'd,
Smote him into the midriff with a stone 445
That beat out life; he fell, and deadly pale
Groan'd out his soul with gushing blood effus'd.
Much at that sight was Adam in his heart
Dismay'd, and thus in haste to th' Angel cry'd:

“ O Teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n
To that meek man, who well had sacrific'd; 451
Is pi'ety thus and pure devotion paid?”

T' whom Michael thus, he also mov'd, reply'd:
“ These two are brethren, Adam, and to come
Out of thy loins; th' unjust the just hath slain, 455
For envy that his brother's off'ring found
From Heav'n acceptance; but the bloody fact
Will be aveng'd, and th' other's faith approv'd
Lose no reward, though here thou see him die,
Rolling in dust and gore.” To which our sire: 460

“ Alas, both for the deed and for the cause!
But have I now seen Death? Is this the way
I must return to native dust? O sight
Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!” 465

To whom thus Michaël: “ Death thou hast seen
In his first shape on man; but many shapes
Of Death, and many are the ways that lead
To his grim cave, all dismal; yet to sense

More terrible at th' entrance than within. 470
Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,
By fire, flood, famine, by intemp'rance more
In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
Before thee shall appear; that thou may'st know 475
What misery th' inabstinence of Eve
Shall bring on men. Immediately a place
Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisome, dark,
A lazar-house it seem'd, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseas'd, all maladies 480
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
Of heart-sick agony, all fev'rous kinds,
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,
Demoniac phrenzy, moping melancholy, 485
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
Marasmus and wide-wasting pestilence,
Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.
Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; Despair
Tended the sick busiest from couch to couch; 490
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invok'd
With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.
Sight so deform what heart of rock could long
Dry-ey'd behold? Adam could not, but wept, 495
Though not of woman born; compassion quell'd
His best of man, and gave him up to tears,
A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess:
And, scarce recov'ring words, his plaint renew'd:
“ O miserable mankind, to what fall 500
Degraded, to what wretched state reserv'd!
Better end here unborn. Why is life giv'n

To be thus wrested from us? rather why
Obtruded on us thus? who, if we knew
What we receive, would either not accept 505
Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,
Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus
Th' image of God in man, created once
So goodly and erect, though faulty since,
To such unsightly suff'rings be debas'd 510
Under inhuman pains? Why should not man,
Retaining still divine similitude
In part, from such deformities be free,
And for his Maker's image sake exempt?"

" Their Maker's image," answered Michael, " then
Forsook them, when themselves they vilify'd 516
To serve ungovern'd appetite, and took
His image whom they serv'd, a brutish vice,
Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.
Therefore so abject is their punishment, 520
Disfig'uring not God's likeness, but their own,
Or if his likeness, by themselves defac'd,
While they pervert pure nature's healthful rules
To loathsome sickness, worthily, since they
God's image did not rev'rence in themselves." 525

" I yield it just," said Adam, " and submit.
But is there yet no other way, besides
These painful passages, how we may come
To death, and mix with our connat'ural dust?"

" There is," said Michael, " if thou well observe
The rule of not too much, by temp'rance taught, 531
In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return :
So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop 535

Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for death mature.
This is old age ; but then thou must out-live
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change
To wither'd, weak, and grey ; thy senses then 540
Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego,
To what thou hast ; and for the air of youth,
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign
A melancholy damp of cold and dry,
To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume 545
The balm of life." To whom our ancestor :

" Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong
Life much, bent rather how I may be quit
Fairest and easiest of this cumb'rous charge,
Which I must keep till my appointed day 550
Of rend'ring up, and patiently attend
My dissolution." Michaël reply'd :

" Nor love thy life, nor hate ; but what thou liv'st
Live well, how long, or short permit to Heav'n :
And now prepare thee for another sight." 555

He look'd, and saw a spacious plain, whereon
Were tents of various hue ; by some were herds
Of cattle grazing ; others, whence the sound
Of instruments that made melodious chime
Was heard, of harp and organ ; and who mov'd 560
Their stops and chords were seen ; his volant touch
Instinct through all porportions low and high
Fled and pursu'd transverse the res'onant fugue.
In other part stood one who at the forge,
Lab'ring, two massy clods of ir'on and brass 565
Had melted, (whether found where casual fire
Had wasted woods on mountain, or in vale,
Down to the veins of earth, thence gliding hot

To some cave's mouth, or whether wash'd by stream
From under-ground) the liquid ore he drain'd 570
Into fit moulds prepar'd; from which he form'd
First his own tools; then, what might else be wrought
Fusile, or grav'n in metal. After these,
But on the hither side, a diff'rent sort
From the high neighb'ring hills, which was their seat,
Down to the plain descended: by their guise 576
Just men they seem'd, and all their study bent
To worship God aright, and know his works
Not hid, nor those things last which might preserve
Freedom and peace to men: they on the plain 580
Long had not walk'd, when from the tents behold
A bevy of fair women, richly gay
In gems and wanton dress; to th' harp they sung
Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on.
The men, though grave, ey'd them, and let their eyes
Rove without rein, till in the amorous net 586
Fast caught, they lik'd, and each his liking chose;
And now of love they treat, till th' ev'ning star,
Love's harbinger, appear'd; then all in heat
They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke 590
Hymen, then first to marriage-rites invok'd:
With feast and music all the tents resound.
Such happy interview and fair event
Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands, flow'rs,
And charming symphonies, attach'd the heart 595
Of Adam, soon inclin'd t' admit delight,
The bent of nature; which he thus express'd:
“ True op'ner of mine eyes, prime Angel blest,
Much better seems this vision, and more hope

Of peaceful days portends, than those two past ; 600
Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse,
Here nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends."

To whom thus Michael : " Judge not what is best
By pleasure, though to nature seeming meet,
Created, as thou art, to nobler end, 605
Holy and pure, conformity divine.

Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the tents
Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race
Who slew his brother ; studious they appear
Of arts that polish life, inventors rare, 610
Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spirit
Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.

Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget ;
For that fair female-troop thou saw'st, that seem'd
Of Goddesses so blithe, so smooth, so gay, 615

Yet empty of all good, wherein consists
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise ;
Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye. 620

To these that sober race of men, whose lives
Religious titled them the sons of God,
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame,
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles
Of these fair atheists, and now swim in joy, 625
Ere long to swim at large ; and laugh, for which
The world ere long a world of tears must weep."

To whom thus Adam of short joy bereft :
" O pity' and shame, that they who to live well
Enter'd so fair, should turn aside to tread 630

Paths indirect, or in the midway faint!
But still I see the tenor of Man's woe
Holds on the same, from Woman to begin."

"From man's effem'inate slackness it begins,"
Said th' Angel, "who should better hold his place
By wisdom, and superior gifts receiv'd. 636
But now prepare thee for another scene."

He look'd, and saw wide territory spread
Before him, towns, and rural works between,
Cities of men with lofty gates and tow'rs, 640
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threat'ning war,
Giants of mighty bone, and bold emprise:
Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,
Single, or in array of battle rang'd,
Both horse and foot, nor idly must'ring stood; 645
One way a band select from forage drives
A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine,
From a fat meadow ground; or fleecy flock,
Ewes and their bleating lambs, over the plain,
Their booty; scarce with life the shepherds fly, 650
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray;
With cruel tournament the squadrons join;
Where cattle pastur'd late, now scatter'd lies,
With carcasses and arms, th' ensanguin'd field
Deserted: others to a city strong 655
Lay siege, encamp'd; by batt'ry, scale, and mine,
Assaulting; others from the wall defend
With dart and jav'lin, stones and sulph'urous fire;
On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.
In other part the scepter'd heralds call 660
To council in the city-gates: anon
Grey-headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd,

Assemble, and harangues are heard, but soon
In factious opposition, till at last
Of middle age one rising, eminent 665
In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,
Of justice, of religion, truth and peace,
And judgment from above : him old and young
Exploded, and had seiz'd with violent hands,
Had not a cloud descending snatch'd him thence 670
Unseen amid the throng : so violence
Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law,
Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.
Adam was all in tears, and to his guide
Lamenting turn'd full sad : " O what are these, 675
Death's ministers, not men, who thus deal death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thousandfold the sin of him who slew
His brother : for of whom such massacre
Make they but of their brethren, men of men ? 680
But who was that just man, whom had not Heav'n
Rescu'd, had in his righteousness been lost ? "

To whom thus Michael : " These are the product
Of those ill-mated marriages thou saw'st ;
Where good with bad were match'd, who of themselves
Abhor to join ; and, by imprudence mix'd, 686
Produce prodigious births of body', or mind.
Such were these giants, men of high renown ;
For in those days might only shall be' admir'd,
And valour and heroic virtue call'd ; 690
To overcome in battle, and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human glory, and for glory done

Of triumph, to be stil'd great conquerors, 695
Patrons of mankind, Gods, and sons of Gods,
Destroyers rightlier call'd, and plagues of men.
Thus fame shall be achiev'd, renown on earth,
And what most merits fame in silence hid.
But he, the sev'nth from thee, whom thou beheld'st
The only righteous in a world perverse, 701
And therefore hated, therefore so beset
With foes for daring single to be just,
And utter odious truth, that God would come
To judge them with his Saints : him the most high,
Rapt in a balmy cloud, with winged steeds 706
Did, as thou saw'st, receive, to walk with God
High in salvation and the climes of bliss,
Exempt from death ; to shew thee what reward
Awaits the good, the rest what punishment ; 710
Which, now direct thine eyes, and soon behold."

He look'd, and saw the face of things quite chang'd ;
The brazen throat of war had ceas'd to roar ;
All now was turn'd to jollity and game,
To luxury and riot, feast and dance, 715
Marrying, or prostituting, as befel,
Rape, or adultery, where passing fair
Allur'd them ; thence from cups to civil broils.
At length a rev'rend sire among them came,
And of their doings great dislike declar'd, 720
And testify'd against their ways ; he oft
Frequented their assemblies, whereso met,
Triumphs, or festivals, and to them preach'd
Conversion and repentance, as to souls
In prison under judgments imminent ; 725
But all in vain : which when he saw, he ceas'd

Contending, and remov'd his tents far off;
Then from the mountain hewing timber tall,
Began to build a vessel of huge bulk,
Measur'd by cubit, length, and breadth, and height,
Smear'd round with pitch, and in the side a door 731
Contriv'd, and of provisions laid in large
For man and beast: when, lo, a wonder strange!
Of ev'ry beast, and bird, and insect small,
Came sev'ns, and pairs, and enter'd in, as taught 735
Their order: last the sire, and his three sons
With their four wives; and God made fast the door.
Meanwhile the south wind rose, and with black wings
Wide hov'ring, all the clouds together drove
From under Heav'n; the hills to their supply 740
Vapour, and exhalation dusk and moist,
Sent up amain; and now the thicken'd sky
Like a dark ceiling stood; down rush'd the rain
Impetuous, and continu'd till the earth
No more was seen; the floating vessel swum 745
Uplifted, and secure with beaked prow
Rode tilting o'er the waves; all dwellings else
Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp
Deep under water roll'd, sea cover'd sea,
Sea without shore; and in their palaces, 750
Where luxury late reign'd, sea-monsters whelp'd
And stabled; of mankind, so num'rous late,
All left, in one small bottom swum imbark'd.
How did'st thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
The end of all thy offspring, end so sad, 755
Depopulation! thee another flood,
Of tears and sorrow' a flood thee also drown'd,
And sunk thee as thy sons; till, gently rear'd

By th' Angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last,
Though comfortless, as when a father mourns 760
His children, all in view destroy'd at once ;
And scarce to th' Angel utter'dst thus thy plaint.

“ O visions ill foreseen ! better had I
Liv'd ignorant of future, so had borne
My part of evil only, each day's lot 765
Enough to bear ; those now, that were dispens'd
The burd'n of many ages, on me light
At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth
Abortive, to torment me, ere their being,
With thought that they must be. Let no man seek
Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall 771

Him, or his children ; ev'il he may be sure,
Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,
And he the future evil shall no less
In apprehension than in substance feel 775
Grievous to bear : but that care now is past,
Man is not whom to warn ; those few, escap'd
Famine and anguish, will at last consume
Wand'ring that wat'ry desert. I had hope,
When violence was ceas'd, and war on earth, 780
All would have then gone well, peace would have
crown'd,

With length of happy days, the race of man :
But I was far deceiv'd ; for now I see
Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste.
How comes it thus ? unfold, celestial Guide, 785
And whether here the race of men will end.”

To whom thus Michael : “ Those whom last thou
saw'st
In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they
First seen in acts of prowess eminent

And great exploits, but of true virtue void ; 790
Who, having spilt much blood, and done much waste,
Subduing nations, and achiev'd thereby
Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,
Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,
Surfeit, and lust, till wantonness and pride 795
Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.
The conquer'd also, and enslav'd by war,
Shall with their freedom lost all virtue lose,
And fear of God, from whom their piety feign'd,
In sharp contest of battle, found no aid 800
Against invaders ; therefore, cool'd in zeal,
Thenceforth shall practise how to live secure,
Worldly, or dissolute, on what their lords
Shall leave them to enjoy ; for th' earth shall bear
More than enough, that temp'rance may be try'd :
So all shall turn degen'rate, all deprav'd, 806
Justice and temp'rance, truth and faith forgot ;
One man exempt, the only son of light
In a dark age, against example good,
Against allurements, custom, and a world 810
Offended ; fearless of reproach and scorn,
Or violence, he of their wicked ways
Shall them admonish, and before them set
The paths of righteousness, how much more safe,
And full of peace, denouncing wrath to come 815
On their impenitence ; and shall return
Of them derided, but of God observ'd
The one just man alive ; by his command
Shall build a wond'rous ark, as thou beheld'st,
To save himself and household from amid'st 820
A world devote to universal wrack.
No sooner he with them of man and beast

Select for life shall in the ark be lodg'd,
And shelter'd round, but all the cataracts
Of Heav'n, set open on the earth, shall pour 825
Rain day and night; all fountains of the deep,
Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp
Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise
Above the highest hills: then shall this mount
Of Paradise by might of waves be mov'd 830
Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,
With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift,
Down the great river to the op'ning gulf,
And there take root an island salt and bare,
The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews' clang:
To teach thee that God attributes to place 836
No sanctity, if none be thither brought
By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
And now what further shall ensue, behold."

He look'd, and saw the ark-hull on the flood, 840
Which now abated; for the clouds were fled,
Driv'n by a keen north-wind, that blowing dry
Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decay'd;
And the clear sun on his wide wat'ry glass
Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew, 845
As after thirst, which made their flowing shrink
From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole
With soft foot tow'ards the deep, who now had stopt
His sluices, as the Heav'n his windows shut.
The ark no more now floats, but seems on ground
Fast on the top of some high mountain fix'd. 851
And now the tops of hills as rocks appear;
With clamour thence the rapid currents drive
Tow'ards the retreating sea their furious tide.

Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies, 855
And after him, the surer messenger,
A dove, sent forth once and again to spy
Green tree, or ground whereon his foot may light;
The second time returning, in his bill
An olive-leaf he brings, pacific sign : 860
Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark
The ancient sire descends with all his train;
Then with up-lifted hands, and eyes devout,
Grateful to Heav'n, over his head beholds
A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow 865
Conspicuous with three listed colours gay,
Betok'ning peace from God, and cov'nant new.
Whereat the heart of Adam, erst so sad,
Greatly rejoic'd, and thus his joy broke forth :

“ O thou, who future things canst represent 870
As present, heav'nly' Instructor, I revive
At this last sight, assur'd that man shall live
With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.
Far less I now lament for one whole world
Of wicked sons destroy'd, than I rejoice 875
For one man found so perfect and so just,
That God vouchsafes to raise another world
From him, and all his anger to forget.
But say, what mean those colour'd streaks in Heav'n
Distended as the brow of God appeas'd, 880
Or serve they as a flow'ry verge to bind
The fluid skirts of that same wat'ry cloud,
Lest it again dissolve and show'r the earth ?”

To whom th' Archangel: “ Dext'rously thou aim'st;
So willingly doth God remit his ire, 885
Though late repenting him of man deprav'd,

Griev'd at his heart, when looking down he saw
The whole earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh
Corrupting each their way ; yet those remov'd,
Such grace shall one just man find in his sight, 890
That he relents, not to blot out mankind,
And makes a cov'nant never to destroy
The earth again by flood, nor let the sea
Surpass his bounds, nor rain to drown the world
With man therein, or beast ; but when he brings 895
Over the earth a cloud, will therein set
His triple-colour'd bow, whereon to look,
And call to mind his cov'nant : day and night,
Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoary frost,
Shall hold their course, till fire purge all things new,
Both Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell."

Glanc'd at his heart, when looking down he saw
The whole camp fill'd with violence, and all flesh
Corrupting each other's way, yet those remain'd
Such grace shall one day meet in his sight.
That he relent, not to blot out mankind,
And make a cov'nant new to destroy
The earth again by flood, nor let the sea
Surpass his bounds, nor ruin to cover the world.
With man therein, or beast: but when he brings
Over the earth a cloud, will therein sit
His rapt-colour'd bow, wherewith to look
And call to mind his covenant day and night,
Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoar-frost,
Shall hold their course, till the angels sing new,
Both Man and Beast, wherein the just shall dwell.

PARADISE LOST.

THE ARCHBISHOP.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Angel Michael continues from the flood to relate what shall succeed ; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain who that Seed of the Woman shall be which was promised Adam and Eve in the fall. His incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension ; the state of the church till his second coming. Adam, greatly satisfied and recomforted by these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael ; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams composed to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XII.

AS one who in his journey bates at noon,
Though bent on speed ; so here th' Archangel paus'd
Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restor'd,
If Adam ought perhaps might interpose ;
Then with transition sweet new speech resumes : 5

“ Thus thou hast seen one world begin and end ;
And man as from a second stock proceed.
Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceive
Thy mortal sight to fail ; objects divine
Must needs impair and weary human sense. 10
Henceforth what is to come I will relate,
Thou, therefore, give due audience, and attend.
This second source of men, while yet but few,
And while the dread of judgment past remains
Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity, 15
With some regard to what is just and right,
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace,
Lab'ring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,

Corn, wine, and oil ; and, from the herd, or flock
Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid, 20
With large wine-off'rings pour'd, and sacred feast,
Shall spend their days in joy unblam'd, and dwell
Long time in peace, by families and tribes,
Under paternal rule : till one shall rise
Of proud ambitious heart, who, not content 25
With fair equality, fraternal state,
Will arrogate dominion undeserv'd
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
Concord and law of nature from the earth,
Hunting (and men not beasts shall be his game) 30
With war and hostile snare such as refuse
Subjection to his empire tyrannous :
A mighty hunter thence he shall be styl'd
Before the Lord, as in despite of Heav'n,
Or from Heav'n claiming second sov'reignty ; 35
And from rebellion shall derive his name,
Though of rebellion others he accuse.
He with a crew, whom like ambition joins
With him, or under him to tyrannize,
Marching from Eden tow'ards the west, shall find 40
The plain, wherein a black bitum'inous gurge
Boils out from under ground, the mouth of Hell :
Of brick, and of that stuff they cast to build
A city' and tow'r, whose top may reach to Heav'n ;
And get themselves a name, lest, far dispers'd 45
In foreign lands, their memory be lost,
Regardless whether good, or evil fame.
But God, who oft descends to visit men
Unseen, and through their habitations walks
To mark their doings, them beholding soon, 50

Comes down to see their city, ere the tow'r
Obstruct Heav'n-tow'rs, and in derision sets
Upon their tongues a various spi'rit to rase
Quite out their native language, and instead
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown. 55
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud
Among the builders; each to other calls
Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,
As mock'd, they storm: great laughter was in Heav'n,
And looking down, to see the hubbub strange. 60
And hear the din; thus was the building left
Ridic'ulous, and the work Confusion nam'd."

Whereto thus Adam fatherly displeas'd:
" O execrable son, so to aspire
Above his brethren, to himself assuming 65
Authority usurp'd, from God not giv'n:
He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,
Dominion absolute; that right we hold
By his donation, but man over men
He made not lord: such title to himself 70
Reserving, human left from human free.
But this usurper his encroachment proud
Stays not on man; to God his tow'r intends
Siege and defiance. Wretched man! what food
Will he convey up thither to sustain 75
Himself and his rash army, where thin air
Above the clouds will pine his entrails gross,
And famish him of breath, if not of bread?"

To whom thus Michael: " Justly thou abhorr'st
That son, who on the quiet state of men 80
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
Rational liberty; yet know withal,

Since thy orig'inal lapse, true liberty
Is lost, which always with right reason dwells
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being. 85
Reason in man obscur'd, or not obey'd,
Immediately inordinate desires
And upstart passions catch the government
From reason, and to servitude reduce
Man till then free. Therefore since he permits 90
Within himself unworthy pow'rs to reign
Over free reason, God in judgment just
Subjects him from without to violent lords;
Who oft as undeservedly inthrall
His outward freedom: tyranny must be, 95
Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse,
Yet sometimes nations will decline so low
From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,
But justice, and some fatal curse annex'd,
Deprives them of their outward liberty, 100
Their inward lost. Witness th' irrev'rent son
Of him who built the ark, who for the shame
Done to his father heard this heavy curse,
“ Servant of servants,” on his vicious race.
Thus will this latter, as the former world, 105
Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last,
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
His presence from among them, and avert
His holy eyes; resolving from thenceforth
To leave them to their own polluted ways; 110
And one peculiar nation to select
From all the rest, of whom to be invoc'd,
A nation from one faithful man to spring:
Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,

Bred up in idol-worship. O that men 115
(Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,
(While yet the patriarch liv'd, who scap'd the flood,)
As to forsake the living God, and fall
To worship their own work in wood and stone
For Gods! Yet him God the most High vouchsafes
To call by vision from his father's house, 121
His kindred and false Gods, into a land
Which he will show him, and from him will raise
A mighty nation, and upon him show'r
His benediction so, that in his seed 125
All nations shall be blest; he straight obeys,
Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes.
I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith
He leaves his Gods, his friends, and native soil
Ur of Chaldæa, passing now the ford 130
To Haran, after him a cumb'rous train
Of herds and flocks, and num'rous servitude;
Not wand'ring poor, but trusting all his wealth
With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains; I see his tents 135
Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighb'ring plain
Of Moreh; there by promise he receives
Gift to his progeny of all that land,
From Hamath northward to the desert south,
(Things by their names I call, though yet unnam'd)
From Hermon east to the great western sea; 141
Mount Hermon, yonder sea, each place behold
In prospect, as I point them; on the shore
Mount Carmel; here the double-founted stream
Jordan, true limit eastward; but his sons 145
Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.

This ponder, that all nations of the earth
Shall in his seed be blessed ; by that seed
Is meant thy great deliv'rer, who shall bruise
The Serpent's head ; whereof to thee anon 150
Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This patriarch blest,
Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,
A son, and of his son a grand-child leaves,
Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown ;
The grand-child with twelve sons increas'd departs
From Canaan, to a land hereafter call'd 156
Egypt, divided by the river Nile ;
See where it flows, disgorging at sev'n mouths
Into the sea : to sojourn in that land
He comes invited by a younger son 160
In time of dearth, a son whose worthy deeds
Raise him to be the second in that realm
Of Pharaoh : there he dies, and leaves his race
Growing into a nation, and now grown
Suspected to a sequent king, who seeks 165
To stop their over-growth, as inmate guests
Too num'rous ; whence of guests he makes them slaves
Inhospitably', and kills their infant males :
Till by two brethren (those two brethren call
Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claim 170
His people from inthralment, they return
With glory' and spoil back to their promis'd land.
But first the lawless tyrant, who denies
To know their God, or message to regard,
Must be compell'd by signs and judgments dire ; 175
To blood unshed the rivers must be turn'd ;
Frogs, lice, and flies, must all his palace fill
With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land ;

His cattle must of rot and murrain die ;
Botches and blains must all his flesh emboss, 180
And all his people ; thunder mix'd with hail,
Hail mix'd with fire, must rend th' Egyptian sky,
And wheel on th' earth, devouring where it rolls ;
What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,
A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down 185
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green ;
Darkness must over-shadow all his bounds,
Palpable darkness, and blot out three days ;
Last with one midnight-stroke all the first born
Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds 190
The river-dragon tam'd at length submits
To let his sojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as ice
More harden'd after thaw, till in his rage
Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea 195
Swallows him with his host, but them lets pass
As on dry land between two crystal walls,
Aw'd by the rod of Moses so to stand
Divided, till his rescued gain their shore.
Such wond'rous pow'r God to his saints will lend, 200
Though present in his Angel, who shall go
Before them in a cloud, and pill'ar of fire,
By day a cloud, by night a pill'ar of fire,
To guide them in their journey, and remove
Behind them, while th' obdurate king pursues. 205
All night he will pursue, but his approach
Darkness defends between till morning watch ;
Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud
God, looking forth, will trouble all his host,
And craze their chariot-wheels : when, by command,

Moses once more his potent rod extends 211
Over the sea ; the sea his rod obeys ;
On their embattled ranks the waves return,
And over-whelm their war : the race elect
Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance 215
Through the wild desert, not the readiest way,
Lest ent'ring on the Canaanite alarm'd
War terrify them inexperienced, and fear
Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather
Inglorious life with servitude ; for life 220
To noble and ignoble is more sweet
Untrain'd in arms, where rashness leads not on.
This also shall they gain by their delay
In the wide wilderness, there they shall found
Their government, and their great senate choose 225
Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordain'd :
God from the mount of Sinai, whose gray top
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself
In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpet's sound,
Ordain them laws ; part such as appertain 230
To civil justice, part religious rites
Of sacrifice, informing them, by types
And shadows, of that destin'd Seed to bruise
The Serpent, by what means he shall achieve
Mankind's deliv'rance. But the voice of God 235
To mortal ear is dreadful ; they beseech
That Moses might report to them his will,
And terror cease ; he grants what they besought,
Instructed that to God is no access
Without medi'ator, whose high office now 240
Moses in figure bears, to introduce
One greater, of whose day he shall foretel,

And all the prophets in their age the times
Of great Messi'ah shall sing. Thus laws and rites
Establish'd, such delight hath God in men, 245
Obedient to his will, that he vouchsafes
Among them to set up his tabernacle,
The holy One with mortal men to dwell :
By his prescript a sanctu'ary is fram'd
Of cedar, over-laid with gold, therein 250
An ark, and in the ark his testimony,
The records of his cov'nant, over these
A mercy-seat of gold between the wings
Of two bright Cherubim ; before him burn
Sev'n lamps, as in a zodiac representing 255
The heav'nly fires ; over the tent a cloud
Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night,
Save when they journey, and at length they come,
Conducted by his Angel, to the land
Promis'd to Abra'ham and his seed. The rest 260
Were long to tell, how many battles fought,
How many kings destroy'd, and kingdoms won,
Or how the sun shall in mid Heav'n stand still
A day entire, and night's due course adjourn,
Man's voice commanding, ' Sun, in Gibeon stand,
And thou, Moon, in the vale of Aijalon, 266
Till Israel overcome ;' so call the third
From Abra'ham, son of Isaac, and from him
His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win."

Here Adam interpos'd : " O sent from Heav'n,
Enlightner of my darkness, gracious things 271
Thou hast reveal'd, those chiefly which concern
Just Abra'ham and his seed : now first I find
Mine eyes true op'ning, and my heart much eas'd,

Erewhile perplex'd with thoughts what would become
Of me and all mankind ; but now I see 276
His day, in whom all nations shall be blest,
Favour unmerited by me, who sought
Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.
This yet I apprehend not, why to those, 280
Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth,
So many and so various laws are giv'n ;
So many laws argue so many sins
Among them ; how can God with such reside ?”

To whom thus Michael : “ Doubt not but that sin
Will reign among them, as of thee begot ; 286
And therefore was law giv'n them to evince
Their nat'ural 'pravity, by stirring up
Sin against law to fight : that when they see
Law can discover sin, but not remove, 290
Save by those shadowy expiations weak,
The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude
Some blood more precious must be paid for man,
Just for unjust, that in such righteousness,
To them by faith imputed, they may find 295
Justification towards God, and peace
Of conscience, which the law by ceremonies
Cannot appease, nor man the moral part
Perform, and, not performing, cannot live,
So law appears imperfect, and but giv'n 300
With purpose to resign them in full time
Up to a better cov'nant, disciplin'd
From shadowy types to truth, from flesh to spi'rit,
From imposition of strict laws to free
Acceptance of large grace, from servile fear 305
To filial, works of law to works of faith.

And therefore shall not Moses, though of God
Highly belov'd, be'ing but the minister
Of law, his people into Canaan lead ;
But Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call, 310
His name and office bearing, who shall quell
The adversary Serpent, and bring back,
Through the world's wilderness, long wander'd man
Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.
Meanwhile they, in their earthly Canaan plac'd, 315
Long time shall dwell and prosper ; but when sins
National interrupt their public peace,
Provoking God to raise them enemies ;
From whom as oft he saves them penitent,
By judges first, then under kings ; of whom 320
The second, both for piety renown'd,
And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive
Irrevocable, that his regal throne
For ever shall endure ; the like shall sing
All prophecy, that of the royal stock 325
Of David (so I name this king) shall rise
A Son, the Woman's seed to thee foretold,
Foretold to Abra'ham, as in whom shall trust
All nations, and to kings foretold, of kings
The last, for of his reign shall be no end. 330
But first a long succession must ensue,
And his next son, for wealth and wisdom fam'd,
The clouded ark of God, till then in tents
Wand'ring, shall in a glorious temple' inshrine.
Such follow him as shall be register'd 335
Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scroll,
Whose foul idolatries, and other faults,
Heap'd to the pop'ular sum, will so incense

God, as to leave them, and expose their land,
Their city', his temple, and his holy ark, 340
With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey
To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw'st
Left in confusion, Babylon thence call'd.
There in captivity he lets them dwell
The space of sev'nty years, then brings them back,
Rememb'ring mercy, and his cov'nant sworn 346
To David, stablish'd as the days of Heav'n.
Return'd from Babylon, by leave of kings
Their lords, whom God dispos'd, the house of God
They first re-edify, and for a while 350
In mean estate live moderate, till grown
In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;
But first among the priests dissension springs,
Men who attend the altar, and should most
Endeavour peace: their strife pollution brings 355
Upon the temple' itself; at last they seize
The sceptre, and regard not David's sons,
Then lose it to a stranger, that the true
Anointed king Messiah might be born
Barr'd of his right; yet at his birth a star, 360
Unseen before in Heav'n, proclaims him come,
And guides the eastern sages, who inquire
His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold,
His place of birth a solemn Angel tells
To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night; 365
They gladly thither haste, and by a quire
Of squadron'd Angels hear his carol sung,
A virgin is his mother, but his sire
The pow'r of the most High; he shall ascend
The throne hereditary', and bound his reign 370

With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the Heav'ns."
He ceas'd, discerning Adam with such joy
Surcharg'd, as had like grief been dew'd in tears,
Without the vent of words, which these he breath'd :

“ O prophet of glad tidings, finisher 375
Of utmost hope ! now clear I understand
What oft my steadiest thoughts have search'd in vain ;
Why our great expectation should be call'd
The seed of Woman. Virgin Mother, hail,
High in the love of Heav'n, yet from my loins 380
Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son
Of God most High ; so God with Man unites.
Needs must the Serpent now his cap'ital bruise
Expect with mortal pain : say where and when 384
Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the victor's heel ?”

To whom thus Michael : “ Dream not of their fight,
As of a duel, or the local wounds
Of head, or heel : not therefore joins the Son
Manhood to Godhead, with more strength to foil
Thy enemy ; nor so is overcome 390
Satan, whose fall from Heav'n, a deadlier bruise
Disabled not to give thee thy death's wound :
Which he, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,
Not by destroying Satan, but his works
In thee and in thy seed. Nor can this be, 395
But by fulfilling that which thou did'st want,
Obedience to the law of God, impos'd
On penalty of death, and suff'ring death,
The penalty of thy transgression due,
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow : 400
So only can high justice rest appaid.
The law of God exact he shall fulfil

Both by obedience and by love, though love
Alone fulfil the law ; thy punishment
He shall endure by coming in the flesh 405
To a reproachful life and cursed death,
Proclaiming life to all who shall believe
In his redemption, and that his obedience
Imputed becomes theirs by faith, his merits
To save them, not their own, though legal works. 410
For this he shall live hated, be blasphem'd,
Seiz'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemn'd
A shameful and accurs'd, nail'd to the cross
By his own nation, slain for bringing life ;
But to the cross he nails thy enemies, 415
The law that is against thee, and the sins
Of all mankind, with him there crucify'd,
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust
In this his satisfaction : so he dies,
But soon revives ; death over him no pow'r 420
Shall long usurp ; ere the third dawning light
Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,
Thy ransom paid, which man from death redeems,
His death for man, as many as offer'd life 425
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace
By faith not void of works. This God-like act
Annuls thy doom, the death thou should'st have dy'd,
In sin for ever lost from life ; this act
Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength, 430
Defeating sin and death, his two main arms,
And fix far deeper in his head their stings
Than temp'ral death shall bruise the victor's heel,
Or theirs whom he redeems, a death like sleep,

A gentle wafting to immortal life. 435
Nor after resurrection shall he stay
Longer on earth than certain times to' appear
To his disciples, men who in his life
Still follow'd him; to them shall leave in charge
To teach all nations what of him they learn'd 440
And his salvation, them who shall believe
Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign
Of washing them from guilt of sin to life
Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if so befall,
For death, like that which the Redeemer dy'd. 445
All nations they shall teach; for from that day
Not only to the sons of Abra'ham's loins
Salvation shall be preach'd, but to the sons
Of Abra'ham's faith wherever through the world;
So in his seed all nations shall be blest. 450
Then to the Heav'n of Heav'ns he shall ascend
With victory, triumphing through the air
Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise
The Serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains
Through all his realm, and there confounded leave;
Then enter into glory, and resume 456
His seat at God's right hand, exalted high
Above all names in Heav'n; and thence shall come,
When this world's dissolution shall be ripe,
With glory' and pow'r to judge both quick and dead,
To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward 461
His faithful, and receive them into bliss,
Whether in Heav'n, or Earth, for then the Earth
Shall all be Paradise, far happier place
Than this of Eden, and far happier days." 465

So spake th' Arch-Angel Michaël, then paus'd,
As at the world's great period ; and our sire,
Replete with joy and wonder, thus reply'd :

“ O Goodness infinite, Goodness immense !
That all this good of evil shall produce, 470
And evil turn to good ; more wonderful
Than that which by creation first brought forth
Light out of darkness ! Full of doubt I stand,
Whether I should repent me now of sin
By me done and occasion'd, or rejoice 475
Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring,
To God more glory, more good will to men
From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.
But say, if our Deliv'rer up to Heav'n
Must re-ascend, what will betide the few 480
His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,
The enemies of truth ? who then shall guide
His people, who defend ? will they not deal
Worse with his followers than with him they dealt ?”

“ Be sure they will,” said th' Angel ; “ but from Heav'n
He to his own a Comforter will send, 486
The promise of the Father, who shall dwell
His Spi'rit within them, and the law of faith,
Working thro' love, upon their hearts shall write,
To guide them in all truth, and also arm 490
With spi'ritual armour, able to resist
Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts,
What man can do against them, not afraid,
Though to the death, against such cruelties
With inward consolations recompens'd, 495
And oft supported so as shall amaze

Their proudest persecutors: for the Spi'rit
Pour'd first on his Apostles, whom he sends
To' evangelize the nations, then on all
Baptiz'd, shall them with wond'rous gifts endue 500
To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,
As did their Lord before them. Thus they win
Great numbers of each nation to receive
With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n: at length,
Their ministry perform'd, and race well run, 505
Their doctrine and their story written left,
They die; but in their room, as they forewarn,
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,
Who all the sacred mysteries of Heav'n
To their own vile advantages shall turn 510
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
With superstitions and traditions taint,
Left only in those written records pure,
Though not but by the Spirit understood.
Then shall they seek to' avail themselves of names,
Places, and titles, and with these to join 516
Secular pow'r, though feigning still to act
By spi'ritual, to themselves appropriating
The Spi'rit of God, promis'd alike and giv'n
To all believers; and from that pretence, 520
Spi'ritual laws by carnal pow'r shall force
On ev'ry conscience; laws which none shall find
Left them inroll'd, or what the Spi'rit within
Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then
But force the Spi'rit of grace itself, and bind 525
His consort liberty? what, but unbuild
His living temples, built by faith to stand,
Their own faith, not another's? for on earth

Who against faith and conscience can be heard
Infallible? Yet many will presume : 530
Whence heavy persecution shall arise
On all who in the worship persevere
Of spi'rit and truth ; the rest, far greater part,
Will deem in outward rites and specious forms
Religion satisfy'd ; truth shall retire 535
Bestruck with sland'rous darts, and works of faith
Rarely be found : so shall the world go on,
To good malignant, to bad men benign,
Under her own weight groaning, till the day
Appear of respiration to the just, 540
And vengeance to the wicked, at return
Of him so lately promis'd to thy aid,
The Woman's Seed, obscurely then foretold,
Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,
Last in the clouds from Heav'n to be reveal'd 545
In glory of the Father, to dissolve
Satan with his perverted world, then raise
From the conflagrant mass, purg'd and refin'd,
New Heav'ns, new earth, ages of endless date,
Founded in righteousness, and peace, and love, 550
To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss."
He ended ; and thus Adam last reply'd :
" How soon hath thy prediction, Seër blest,
Measur'd this transient world, the race of time,
Till time stand fix'd ? beyond is all abyss, 555
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.
Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain ;
Beyond which was my folly to aspire. 560

Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,
And love with fear the only God, to walk
As in his presence, ever to observe
His providence, and on him sole depend,
Merciful over all his works, with good 565
Still overcoming evil, and by small
Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
By simply meek ; that suffering for truth's sake
Is fortitude to highest victory, 570
And to the faithful, death the gate of life ;
Taught this by his example, whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest."

To whom thus also th' Angel last reply'd :
" This having learn'd, thou hast attain'd the sum 575
Of wisdom ; hope no higher, though all the stars
Thou knew'st by name, and all th' ethereal pow'rs,
All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,
Or works of God in Heav'n, air, earth, or sea,
And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst, 580
And all the rule, one empire ; only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,
By name to come call'd charity, the soul
Of all the rest ; then wilt thou not be loath 585
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee, happier far.
Let us descend now therefore from this top
Of speculation ; for the hour precise
Exacts our parting hence ; and see the guards, 590
By me encamp'd on yonder hill, expect
Their motion, at whose front a flaming sword,

In signal of remove, waves fiercely round :
We may no longer stay. Go, waken Eve ;
Her also I with gentle dreams have calm'd 595
Portending good, and all her spi'rits compos'd
To meek submission : thou at season fit
Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,
Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,
The great deliverance by her seed to come 600
(For by the Woman's seed) on all mankind ;
That ye may live, which will be many days,
Both in one faith unanimous though sad,
With cause for evils past, yet much more cheer'd
With meditation on the happy end." 605

He ended, and they both descend the hill ;
Descended, Adam to the bow'r where Eve
Lay sleeping ran before, but found her wak'd ;
And thus with words not sad she him receiv'd :
" Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I
know ; 610
For God is also' in sleep, and dreams advise,
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress
Wearied I fell asleep : but now lead on ;
In me is no delay ; with thee to go 615
Is to stay here ; without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwilling ; thou to me
Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.
This further consolation yet secure 620
I carry hence ; though all by me is lost,
Such favour I unworthy am vouchsaf'd,
By me the promis'd Seed shall all restore."



*In either hand the hastning Angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct. Book 12 line 638.*

Published June 4. 1800. by T. Heptinstall 30 4 Holborn.

So spake our mother Eve, and Adam heard
Well pleas'd, but answer'd not; for now too nigh 625
Th' Arch-Angel stood, and from the other hill
To their fix'd station, all in bright array,
The Cherubim descended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
Ris'n from a river o'er the marish glides, 630
And gathers ground fast at the lab'rer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd
The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the Libyan air adust, 635
Began to parch that temp'rate clime; whereat
In either hand the hast'ning Angel caught
Our ling'ring parents, and to th' eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappear'd. 640
They, looking back, all th' eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropt, but wip'd them soon.
The world was all before them, where to choose 646
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

FINIS.

In the Press, and speedily will be published,

Printed and Embellished uniformly with this Volume,

PARADISE REGAINED,
SAMSON AGONISTES,

AND

ALL THE OTHER ENGLISH POEMS,

OF

JOHN MILTON.

WITH SELECT NOTES.

N. B. The Subscribers to *Paradise Lost*, who are pleased to extend their patronage to this Work, are respectfully informed that an early intimation of it shall secure to them a preference in the Impression of the Plates.

In the Press,

A BEAUTIFUL POCKET EDITION OF

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST:

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS,

FROM THE

CELEBRATED PICTURES

(IN THE LAST AND FORMER EXHIBITIONS)

BY

H. HOWARD, ESQ.

ENGRAVED BY

MESSRS. BROMLEY, HEATH, MILTON, NEAGLE, AND A. SMITH, R. A

The Paper and Typography will be of the first excellence, the whole forming the most unequalled Edition of that incomparable Poem. Early intimation to the Publisher, will secure First Impressions of the Plates.

N. B. The Subscribers only to the Super Royal Octavo Edition, may enrich that Work with the above Engravings, printed on Large Paper, at One Shilling each Print.

SUBSCRIBERS.

ASHLEY, Hon. Cropley, Gros-
vernor-place

Allen, Mr. Berners-street

Allett, — Esq. Powis-place

Allingham, Mr. J. St. John's-square

Allinson, Mr. Glass-house-street

Arderne, Mr. Borough High-st.

Aston, Mr. jun. Billiter-lane

Bedford, Duke of

Beverley, Earl of, Portman-square

Bute, Marchioness of, Hill-street

Bailey, Mr. Bridgwater-square,
Barbican

Bastie, Mr. Clerkenwell-close,
Clerkenwell

Bent, Samuel, Esq. Greenland-dock

Bent, R. Paternoster-row

Berryman, William, Esq. Penzance,
Cornwall

Bick, Mr. Mansion-house-street

Birril, Mr. Rosamond-street

Bishop, Mr. W. Dean-street, Fet-
ter-lane

Bishop, Mr. Thomas, Bookseller,
Birmingham—6 Copies

Bisset, Mr. James, Museum, do.

Blacks and Parry, Messrs. Leaden-
hall-street—50 Copies

Blackberd, Mr. C. Lombard-street
—6 Copies

Blanchard, Mr. Wine-office-court,
Fleet-street

Bordes Mr.

Borlase, John, Esq. Penzance,
Cornwall

Bowman, Mr. Watling-street

Bragge, C. Esq. M. P. Great
George-street

Bromley, Mr. W. Hammersmith

Burney, J. F. Esq. Lisle-street,
Leicester-square

Burton, Mr. J. Stanhope-street

Button, Mr. S. J. Paternoster-row

Buxton, Mr. J. Leicester

Cork, Right Hon. Earl of, Burling-
ton-street

Caslon, Mr. W. Salisbury-square,
Fleet-street—12 Copies

Chetwyn, Hon. Miss, Cumberland-
place

Clay, G. Esq. Old Broad-street

Cobb, T. Esq. Lombard-street—
25 Copies

Collins, J. Esq. jun. Berner-street

Collyer, Mr. W. Student, Homer-
ton

Conran, Miss, Bentick-street

Cooke, T. jun. King-st. Holborn

Cooke, Mr. W. Charles-street,
Hatton-garden

SUBSCRIBERS.

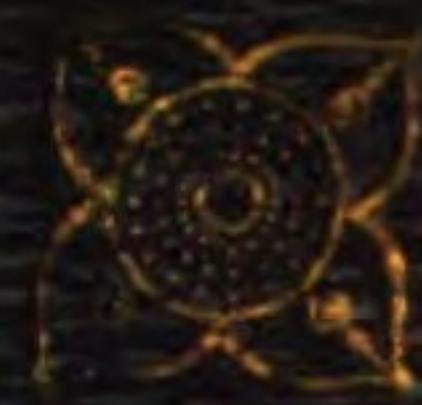
Corbould, R. Esq. John-street, Fitzroy-square	Fane, Francis, Esq. M. P. Great George-street
Coward and Pitts, Messrs. Tot- tenham-court-road	Feldon, A. J. Esq.
Cox, C. Esq. Bartlet's-buildings, Holborn	Fitch, Mr. Aveley
	Fletcher, P. B. Esq. Demerera
	Fletcher, Mr. Paddington-green
	Fowell, J. D. Esq. Essex-street, Strand
M'Donald, Lord, Great George-st.	Forster, Mr. Staples-buildings, Holborn
Damer, Hon. Lionel, M. P. ditto.	Foster, Rev. Dr. Wateringbury, Maidstone
Darby, Thomas E. Esq. Trinity- college, Cambridge	
Drummond, W. Esq. M. P. Por- tugal-street	
Davies, Mr. G. Rochester	Garnons, Mr. C. St. Paul's-church- yard
Deacon, Mr. Francis, Birmingham —2 Copies	Geisweiler, Mr. Parliament-street —6 Copies
Dixon, Mr. Colmore-row, Birm- ingham	Glanville, Mr. J. St. James's-street —25 Copies
Doig, Mr. A. Newcastle	Glover, Mr. C. Birmingham
Douglas, J. Esq. Charlotte-street	Goold, C. D. Esq. New York
Dove, Mr. Leicester	Gulston, Miss, Upper Berkley-st.
Duncan, Messrs. A. and J. Glas- gow—12 Copies	
Dunlop, Dr.	Hacket, Thomas, Esq. Dublin
Du Rover, Mr. Great St. Helens	Harper, Mr. G. Walsall, Staff.
	Hartcup, Miss, Devonshire-street, Queen-square
Egremont, Earl of, Grosvenor-pla.	Haslingden Mr.—6 Copies
Edwards, Bryan, Esq. M. P. Great George-street	Harvey, Mr. W. Hadleigh, Suff.
Earle and Hemet, Messrs. Alber- marle-street—25 Copies	Hayward, Mr. Maze, Southwark
Elkington, Mr. Birmingham	Hays, Mr. Patriot-sq. Bethnal-green
Elkin, Mr. Oxford-street	Heptinstall, Mr. John, Walsall
England, Rev. Mr. Stafford, near Dorchester	Heptinstall, Rev. Joseph, Beccles
Essex, T. Esq. Rathbone-place, Oxford-street	Heptinstall, Rev. John, Astbury, Cheshire
Etherington, Col. Albemarle-str.	Heptinstall, Mr. Joseph, Birming- ham
Eton, Mr. Birmingham	Heptinstall, Mr. James, ditto.
Evans, Rev. J. A. M. Pullin's-row, Islington	Herbert, Mr. Goswell-street
	Hering, Mr. C. St. Martin's-street, Leicester-square—12 Copies
Fitzwilliam, Right Hon. Earl, Grosvenor-square	Hext, Thomas, Esq. Lestwithiel, Cornwall
Fitzpatrick, Right Hon. Gen.	Hide, Mr. William, Princes-sq. Kenington
Frederic, Sir John, Bart. Caven- dish-square	Hollier, Mr. R.
	Holl, Mr. Upper Mary-le-bone-st.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Hookham, Mr. Jordan, New Bond-street—50 Copies	Milton, Mr. T. Martlett's-court, Bow-street
Horder, Mr. Basing-lane, Bread-street, Cheapside	Murdock, Mr. John, Glasgow—12 Copies
Hottman, Mr. Oxford-street—2 Copies	Murphy, John, Esq.
Howard, H. Esq. Poland street	Neagle, Mr. J. St. Chad's-row, Grays-inn-road
Howard, Mr. R. Watford, Herts.	Orme, Mr. Daniel, Holles-street, Cavendish-square
Howard, Mr. Friday-street	Oxley, Mr. Edward, Surgeon, Hull
Hughes, J. F. Wigmore-street—25 Copies	Page, Mr. James, Temple
Hurst, Mr. T. Paternoster row—6 ditto.	Page, Mr. Henry, James's-square, Bristol
Ibbetson, James, Esq. Wimpole-st.	Parker, Mr. W. Walsall
Ingledew, Mr.	Pawson, Mr. Essex-court, Temple
Ingram, John, Esq. Brighthelm-stone	Pellett, Mr. M. Newgate-street
James, Mr. J. Wood-street, Cheap-side	Percival, Mr. S. Clerkenwell-green
James, Mr. C. Crown-court, do.	Pigot, Miss, New Cavendish-street
Jones, Mr. Birmingham	Poole, Mr. Thomas, Chester—4 Copies
Keylets, Thomas, Esq. Kingston, Jamaica	Powell, Walter, Esq. Lombard-st.
Kemble, —, Esq. Lincoln's inn	Price, Mr. T. Bread-street
Kesteven, Thomas, Esq. Queen-sq.	Pritchard, Mr. Derby
Lawrence, Dr. M. P. Doctor's-commons	Pye, Mr. C. jun. Somers-town
Lee, Mr. Fleet-street—6 Copies	Russell, Lord John, Hamilton-st.
Lepard, Mr. B. James-street—12 Copies	Russell, Lord William, Charles-st.
Lewis, —, Esq. Chapel-street, Bedford-row	Ryder, Right Hon. Dud. Whitehall
Lister, Mr. G. Edmonton—6 Copies	Ramsey, Mr. R. Attercliff, near Sheffield
Little, W. Esq. Coventry	Reynolds, John, Esq. Bedford-sq.
Lloyd, John, Esq. Guildford-street	Richardson, J. Esq. M. P. Argyle-st.
Mackintosh, Mr. E. Haymarket	Riley, Mr. Old Bailey—12 Copies
Marinden, Mr. Birmingham	Robbins, Mr. Joseph, Tooley-st.—20 Copies
Martin, Mr. Davies-street	Rothwell, Mr. P. Little Russel-street, Bloomsbury
Maughan, Mr.	Russell, Miss M. A. Birmingham
Mayelston, —, Esq. Circus, Minories	Ruxby, Mr. Yarmouth
Millar, Mr. Cornhill	Ryan, Mr. Oxford-str.—6 Copies
	Spencer, Lord Chesterfield
	Stanley, Lord, M. P. Grosvenor-sq.
	Saunders, Mr. J. Hand-court, Upper Thames-street

SUBSCRIBERS.

Ruxby, Mr. Yarmouth	Thompson, Mr. B. Clerkenwell-green
Ryan, Mr. Oxford-str.—6 Copies	Tibbs, Mr. T. Golden-lane
Spencer, Lord Chesterfield	Timmins, Mr. S. Birmingham
Stanley, Lord, M.P. Grosvenor-square	Tomlinson, Mr. Surgeon, ditto
Saunders, Mr. J. Hand-court, Upper Thames-street	Tolley, Mr. W. ditto.
Symonds, Mr. H. D. Paternoster-row—50 Copies	Walker, Mr. J. Rosamond-street, Clerkenwell
Scarlet, Mr. N. Strand	Walker, Edmund, Esq. Sergeants Inn, Fleet-street
Sedgwick, J. Esq. Islington—2 Copies	Warner, Mr. John, Canterbury
Sedgwick, T. Esq. Argyle-street	Warre, Captain
Sewell, R. Esq. M.P. Great George-street	Westley, Mr. J. H. Strand—50 Copies
Sharpe, Mr. T. Bennet's-hill, Doctors-commons	West and Hughes, Messrs. Paternoster-row—12 Copies
Simmonds, Mr. W. Dublin	Whittingham, Mr.
Smith, Mr. T. Panyer-alley, Paternoster-row	Wigstead, Mr. Charing-cross—6 Copies
Stacy, Mr. J. Poland-street	Williams, Mr. T. Stationer's-co.
Stathem, T. F. Esq. Nottingham	Williamson, Mr. Birmingham
Storer, Mr. J. Chapel-st. Pentonville	Willmore, Mr. ditto
Storer, Mr. R. ditto	Willows, Mr. J. Leicester
Sully, Mr. S. Wiveliscombe, Somerset	Wilmshurst, Mr. T. jun. Brighton
Sutton, Mr. A. Long Acre—2 Copies	Wilson, D. H. Esq. Russell-place, Fitzroy-square
Sutton, Mr. Charles, Nottingham	Winchesters, Messrs. Strand—5 Copies
Swinton, S. Esq. East India House	Wolseley, Mr. Litchfield
Temple, Earl, M. P. Pall Mall	Woodthorp, Mr. V. Fetter-lane
Tarbutt, G. Esq. Landsdown-pl.	Woolley, Mr. Piccadilly
Taylor, G. Esq. Holborn-court, Gray's-inn	Worthington, Rev. H. Highbury-place, Islington
Taylor, W. Esq. Birchin-lane	Worthington, Mrs. ditto
Taylor, Mr. J. Tottenham-court New-road	Wyatt, Mr. J. Fleet-st.—25 Copies
	Yates, B. A. Esq. Howland-street
	Young, Mr. J. Portsmouth



Milton, John,

Paradise lost with the life of the author to which is prefixed the
celebrated critique by Sam. Johnson

London 1799

4 P.o.angl. 9 n

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10686283-5